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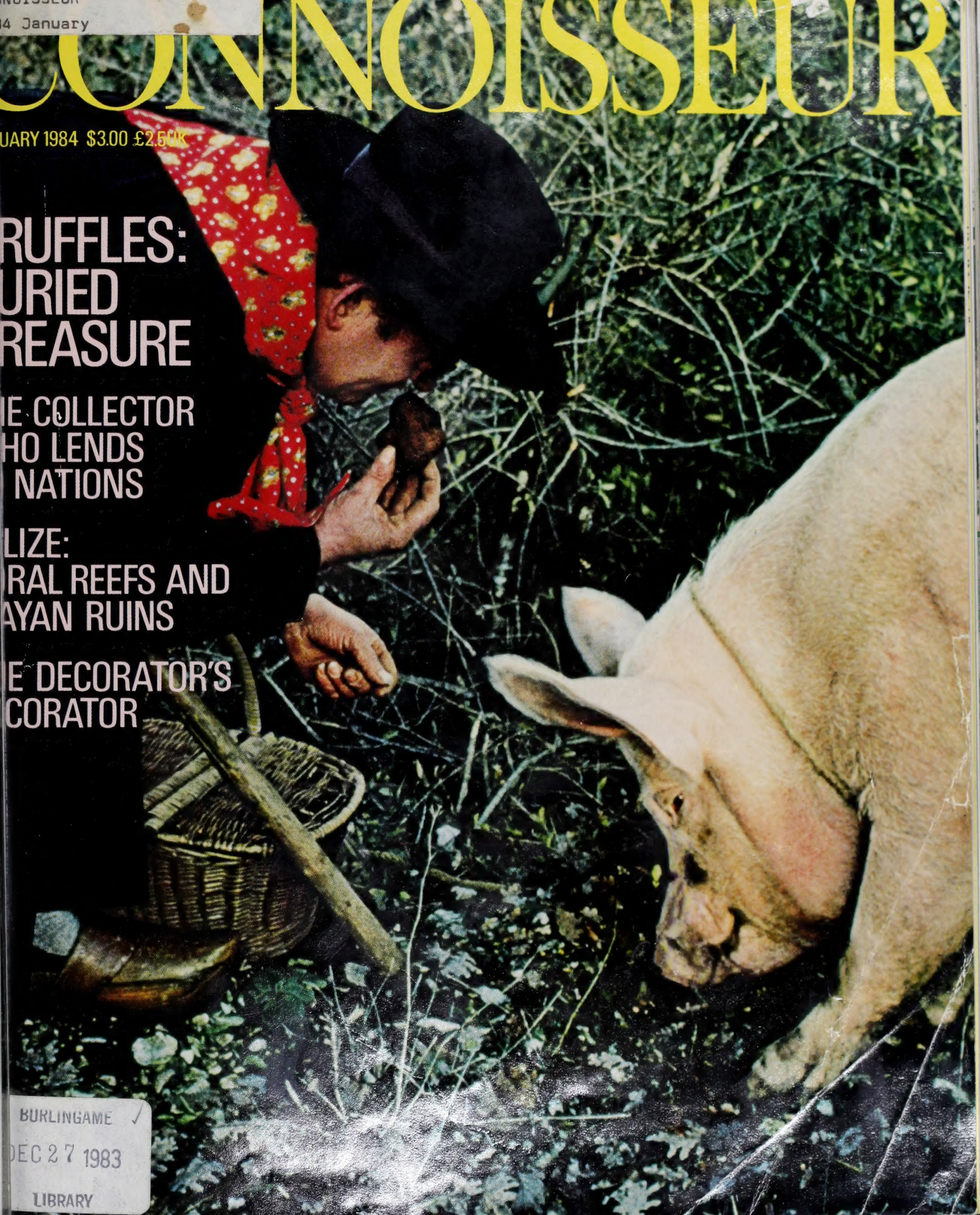

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CONNOISSEUR

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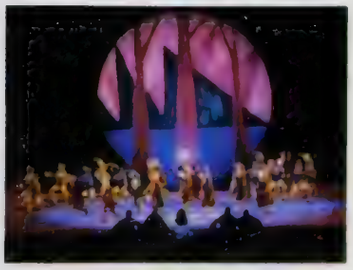

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CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

MY EYE by Thomas Hoving

How to Commission a Monument

Have you heard about the town out in God's country that decided to become truly cultured (and boost tourism) by commissioning a world-famous sculptor to create a monument commemorating the achievements of local history? The million-dollar fee was shared by the town, a manufacturing firm, and the National Endowment for the Arts.

The genius first came to town for a week to get the feel of the place and soak up its history. A year and a half later the sculpture—in rustable steel, bronze, and concrete, painted in Day-Glo colors—was delivered in giant pieces and welded together on its designated site, in front of City Hall. On the town's hundred-fiftieth anniversary, the masterpiece was unveiled for the populace.

How to describe it? Well, I'll be delicate. The thing is large, taking up the entire acre of lawn in City Hall Square. And it is a faithful rendition of history: not of the town, however, but of the artist's personal experiences during his week-long visit. The seven-day saga unfolds in a style that is both flamboyantly abstract and minutely realistic.

Day One contains a twenty-foot-long unmade bed, in painted concrete, representing the home where he stayed the first night, before being ousted because of certain lascivious advances toward his hostess, which themselves are graphically recorded in bronze. The five-foot-long bronze "bag" in the lower left is a dirty sock he mislaid.

Day Two is bolted to the first and depicts in concrete a ten-foot-high turkey, half-eaten, with the stuffing painted blood red.

Day Three commits to art the results of a fistfight after he smashed his rented car into a new Cadillac. Artistic license being what it is, the artist showed himself the victor.

Days (or rather nights) Four, Five, and Six are taken up with the huge—and grippingly realistic—representation of the three orgies the sculptor choreographed in the Red Apple Massage Parlor and Go-Go Lounge, on Lower Main Street. Remarkable attention has been given the flesh tones.

The seventh day, inscribed "a candid expression of my true feelings for this burg," can be characterized only as a hard-edged Bronx cheer in living color.

This story is apocryphal, of course, but certain real episodes have come close, like that of the Red Grooms sculpture in Denver, of a fight between cowboys and Indians, which enraged modern Indians and cowboys alike. In my opinion, cities, townships, and corporations ought to be vigorously encouraged to commission outdoor, monumental sculptures. But they should be cautious in doing so. Here, then, is a list of some of the approaches to consider.

After the momentary thrill of conceiving the idea has subsided, relax and think it over. Do you really want a sculpture? Embellishment can come in many stunning forms—like arrangements of trees or flowers. Formulate an attitude toward the sculptor. Are you going to ask him to be safe or neutral? or controversial? What style do you want? Decide, and tell him.

MARC ROSENTHAL

Remember that commissioning a work of art is an act of patronage and that patrons have every right to insist that the desired theme be treated in a specific way. Be certain that there is agreement with the artist on general principles. Demand that he make several visits to the site. Insist on seeing his preliminary studies. Whatever is commissioned ought to be something fresh and not a recycled piece. Obtain a guarantee that all changes you want will be made.

Also, try to avoid deciding the matter by jury or committee. A single taste czar is ideal. But if you must consult a group, make it small—no more than five. Never put a politician on it! Never put the architect of the building on the committee; they invariably detest a sculpture's getting in their way. Museum curators might be consulted, but I've found that on committees they are not very reliable. They become either too stiff or too flip, and in any case they lack a sense of outdoor scale. And by all means, include a lawyer.

Talk to the sculptor about practical matters. Be sure to establish, in writing, who has the copyright—for what, the original or copies? What about profits from reproductions? miniatures? Make certain that the piece can be moved physically and legally. Sculptures that are in place forever are what the world needs a lot less of. Specific instructions should be given as to where the sculpture should go if it is moved.

What is it going to cost to maintain the monument? Anything that is painted will become a burden. What's the climate going to do with concrete or steel? A work for multiple usage, like a playground, will be a mess. And it should never be a company logo (or the work of an artist-friend of the chairman of the board).

Who should the artist be—a local talent, a national name, or a foreigner? It doesn't matter. The only thing that counts is quality. Whatever the piece is, it should enhance the aesthetic environment, be a joy to those who have to live and work with it, and possess universal significance that will grow in quality as the years go on. Seven days in the life could [illegible] doubt it. □

TIM LEWIS

It is a fine New Year's Eve with plenty of dancing and champagne, and the clock strikes 1984. Anticlimax! Even without having made a resolution to that effect, one of the things we shall have to give up this time is the habit of using "1984" as shorthand for our inexorable, undesired future. When George Orwell postulated 1984 in 1948 it was a convenient never-never date for an anti-Utopia that seemed to be looming just beyond the horizon. Yet here it is, gazing at us coldly from our calendars, having crept up on us while we weren't looking.

As in ordinary years, we shall soon get used to writing it on letters and checks, and it will then have lost its residual power to send a shiver of apprehension down our spines: 1984, the year of Big Brother, will have become just plain old 1984. And by this time next year, it will be passé.

Where can we go from here? It's obvious that we cannot get along without a replacement date on which to fixate our fears and fantasies for the future. The year 2001 has been suggested, but it has the look of a gimcrack date, by and of the Hollywood clockwork. It could almost have been invented for a Las Vegas hotel—"Let's go down and see Frankie in the Baker's Dozen Revue at the 2001!"

We could jump ahead to 2084, but that sounds far too distant, in spite of the fact that (according to the latest census) there are now more than 32,000 Americans over a hundred years old, and many of the younger babies of our acquaintance will certainly live to see it. Then what about something closer—say, 1997? That won't do, either: we can't place our implacable destiny in the Gay Nineties. And the millennium itself, traditionally reserved for apocalypses, seems too medieval an answer in this secular age. Indeed, no other date has the iron taste of 1984—none has Orwell's grim parable to back it up. The trouble is that Orwell's intimations of our future are still far too relevant to the present to be relegated to the past. I suggest, therefore, that *1984* be reprieved, so that it can live to fight another day. Orwell's publishers could resolve the dilemma easily enough. Nineteen eighty-four was thirty-six years ahead of him when he conceived the book; let them bring out an updated version—"only the date has been changed to protect the innocent"—placed thirty-six years ahead of our time: *2020*, by George Orwell (a man with keen vision if there ever was one), in "a new and revised edition." At least our peace of mind when we are worrying about the irrevocable and the unattainable will be preserved. —*A. M. O'Sullivan*

Leakey Does It Again

It is not a simple affair to reckon with human origins, but in the BBC-produced television series *Making of Mankind*, which recently ran on PBS, Richard Leakey popularizes a complex science and lends a perspective that, in a mere five hours, stretches from the Paleocene to the present. The thirty-nine-year-old fossil finder and heir to the Leakey legacy contemplates, in particular, a phenomenon he terms "cultural overdrive" ("In so many ways, our culture transcends our biology") and, in general, a fossil record that belies that elusive moment when we became human—whatever that is. "If we weren't humans doing the classification, we wouldn't rank apes at the distance we do."

Since the TV series was filmed, Leakey has made a new discovery—as yet unreported as this goes to press—that could further refine our knowledge of just what sort of animal we are. "In Kenya we've just begun to retrieve fossils from a missing time gap," the anthropologist explained recently in his Nairobi office. He was referring to the early Miocene, a dark chapter dating back twenty-six million years, from which few fossils have been recovered and in which mystery abounds. The major source of excitement is "a fossil ape of about sixteen to eighteen million years of age that is very different from anything that has hitherto been found in Africa," Leakey reports. Still unnamed, the specimen is "a large, short-faced ape, unlike anything that is thought to have existed in that time period before."

The Leakey team found the fossil at a new dig site in northern Kenya, near the Ethiopian border. "It's near a place called Buluk," says Leakey, "and with some of the richest surface occurrences of bone I've seen. We've collected several exciting fossils, including this one that may prove to be an ancestor to the orangutan."

Just what this has to do with human origins is not yet clear, but the fossil adds further support to the theory that all primates—apes as well as man—originated in East Africa, even the Asian orangutan. With further analysis, the find could also supply new clues to answering one of the most baffling questions in anthropology: When did man and ape diverge onto their utterly distinct biological paths?

Will Leakey unearth a new link at Buluk?

DELTA WILLIS

Leakey is enthusiastic, to say the least, and he hopes to discover, over the next decade, "a very crucial link in our knowledge of human origins, with even more evidence that the apes of Asia originated in Africa." "As always," Leakey reiterates, "the key to any claim is more evidence," and the new site at Buluk seems to assure him of such. Indeed, research at the famous Koobi Fora camp, on the eastern shore of Lake Turkana, which figures so prominently in the PBS series and in the last decade of fossil discoveries, is being phased out in favor of the Buluk site. The old facilities, however, will be used for housing students of the fine art of fossil finding. And well-heeled travelers to Kenya can contemplate their meager beginnings by including Lake Turkana on their safari. After a dry, dusty search for the bones of a distant relative, there's nothing quite as invigorating as a swim in this "jade sea," where hippos and crocodiles keep a watchful eye on the only primate that finds it necessary to wear a swimming costume.

For further information regarding tours of Kenya dig sites, contact: The National Museums of Kenya, P. O. Box 40658, Nairobi, Kenya. —*Delta Willis*

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We nominate Saudi Arabia's newly opened King Khalid International Airport as one of the finest works of public architecture of the decade. It is located in the desert twenty-two miles north of Riyadh, and its terminals and mosque were designed by the American firm of Hellmuth, Obata & Kassabaum, who also created the splendid new Dallas–Fort Worth airport. Top and right: In a striking blend of classic Arab lines and modern concern for convenience, the terminals provide the latest amenities for travelers, set off by floods of natural light and leaping jets d'eau. Left: The mosque, crowned with a 133-foot-high dome, holds five thousand worshipers.

HERE COME THE CDS

Audio fans of the more hard-bitten sort have long waited for this. Now, at last, it is no longer just a promise dangling before them like the proverbial carrot before the donkey. After more than a decade of intensive development and a triumphant introduction in Europe and Japan, the laser disc has finally arrived in America. With an outlay of $700 to $1,000 for the special turntable needed to scan these tiny, grooveless discs, you can now revel in all-digital sound.

The laser disc—sometimes called compact disc, or CD for short—is the first fundamental departure from the traditional principle of the phonograph in over a hundred years. Ever since 1877, when Edison first conversed with his young brainchild about Mary's little lamb, the phonograph has depended on the actual musical wave form being traced by a stylus, and many of its tonal limitations are rooted in the mechanical character of this method. Now the phonograph breaks free from the shackles of its Victorian ancestry, trading the scraping needle for the weightless and disembodied touch of laser light and replacing the wiggly groove with a digital data stream.

All this is not just a case of technical overkill. It really does something for music. Subtle timbres unfold with startling clarity against a background of hushed silence, and massive chords spring forth like lightning from the night sky. In the total absence of surface noise, the music assumes an emotional immediacy normally experienced only in a live performance.

The laser "reads" only the abstract digital information representing the music, not the surface on which it is inscribed. Hence there are no pops, ticks, and crackles. Because nothing but light touches the disc, it never wears, and it lasts forever. And because there is no longer any conventional record groove to impose the limitations of its narrowness, the dynamic range of the music—that is, the span between soft and loud—can now for the first time be reproduced in its authentic natural proportion. A musician's expressive intent thus comes across with fortissimo exuberance or pianissimo delicacy unhampered and undiminished by technical constraints.

Now the first sizable shipments of laser discs and the associated playing equipment have arrived from Europe and the Orient—none being manufactured yet in the United States. As with other kinds of records, not all laser discs turn out to be equally good, and much depends on the aesthetic judgment and musical understanding of the recording engineers in each instance. But on the whole, the American debut of the laser disc has been auspicious and establishes the new recording method as the finest of all home music media.

While so far only a small repertoire exists on laser discs, the catalogue is growing steadily, and by year's end a good-sized library will be available. Meanwhile, here are eight of the latest laser discs combin-

ing outstanding musical merit with unmatched sonic excellence.

1. Mozart: Symphonies Nos. 40 and 41
   Bavarian State Radio Orchestra; R. Kubelik, cond.
   CBS MK36703
2. Beethoven: Symphony No. 6 ("Pastoral")
   Philharmonia Orchestra; V. Ashkenazy, cond.
   London 410 003-2
3. Bach: The Brandenburg Concertos 1, 2, 3
   Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields; N. Marriner, cond.
   Philips 400 076-2
4. Mozart: Piano Concertos Nos. 15 and 21
   Alfred Brendel, Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields; N. Marriner, cond.
   Philips 400 018-2
5. Tchaikovsky: Nutcracker Suite, Romeo and Juliet
   Cleveland Orchestra; L. Maazel, cond.
   Telarc CD-80068
6. Holst, Bach, and Handel
   Cleveland Symphonic Winds; F. Fennell, cond.
   Telarc CD-80038
7. Carl Orff: Carmina Burana
   Atlanta Symphony with chorus and soloists; R. Shaw, cond.
   Telarc CD 80056
8. Handel: Sonatas
   Heinz Holliger, oboe, and chamber ensemble
   Denon 38C37-7026 —*Hans Fantel*

ANGLOSPEAK

What on earth have the British done to our language?

Sure, a truck may be a lorry, a drugstore a chemist, and a car hood a bonnet . . . but must a Bordeaux be a claret, an escalator a lift, and a dessert a pudding? For that matter, why should a pudding dessert be a fool?

One guy is a bloke, but a teamful of blokes are the lads. Tubes are subways while subways are for walking under intersections. A stove is a cooker. A supermarket is the foods hall. "Ta" is either "good-bye" or "thanks," or "good-bye and thanks." You never line up, you queue, which is also what you do in a pool hall, except it's snooker. A nap is a kip, yet a kipper is a herring. The Bard could never have intended this.

The British don't even spell correctly, colouring all their words with appendaged *u*'s. Maybe that's to make up for the lack of letters in the spoken British alphabet. Eat is not what you do at dinnertime, it's what you expect all winter long from your radiators . . . which aren't radiators, they're fires. So long, too, *s*, as in "Luverly day, i'n'it?"

In parts of east London our native tongue is put to even sterner tests. Befriend a genuine Cockney and he or she may invite you to a rub-a-dub for a pig's ear. It rhymes with a "pub for a beer," except they don't make it that simple. The question comes out, "Ere, 'ows the rub for a pig's?"

You agree, so off you go down the apples and pears (stairs), wearing your best dickey dirt (shirt), hoping not to get too elephant's (elephant's trunk = drunk), knowing that if you wind up on the Rory (Rory O'More = floor), someone will hit you in the Chevy (Chevy Chase = face) with the fisherman's (fisherman's daughter = water) and send you off to the Pope (Pope o' Rome = home) and into the old Uncle (Uncle Ned = bed).

You figure it out.

How's a bushel or a Bob's (bushel of coke = bloke; Bob's me pal = gal) supposed to know what the 'ell they're going on about, Jimmy?

Jimmy? That's the way the Scots end every sentence, even if your name is Harry or Carol.

Sometimes even the British can't figure out what they've done to our language. Take the recent case of the Milk Marketing Board, Her Majesty's official purveyor of all things satin (satin and silk = milk). A couple of years ago they launched a great advertising campaign with billboards (known as hoardings) promising, "Milk's gotta lotta bottle." What they thought they were saying was that milk had a lot of gumption. But bottle means that in only some parts of the kingdom. In others it's bottle of cola = bowler (as in hat); bottle of fizz = whizz (a pickpocket); bottle of sauce = horse; bottle and stopper = copper (the fellow who nabs the whizz); bottle of water = daughter (a reverse on fisherman's); bottle of booze = shoes . . . and the most common usage, bottle of glass = derriere. —*Jeffrey Robinson*

TEXAS TRUFFLES

In the Texas hill country, between Austin and Johnson City, François Picart, an expatriate from the Périgord, thinks he has found the ideal combination of climate, topography, and soil chemistry for truffle farming (see article on page 56). This onetime snail farmer planted twenty healthy acres of young oaks to act as hosts for spores of the truffle-producing *Tuber melanosporum*. Five years from now, when

Picart's oaks may yield black diamonds.

he brings his first truffle to market, Picart's total investment (including land, seedlings, planting, fertilizing, and pruning) will run to about $6,500 per acre. Even at today's prices—the scarce black truffle brings $500 a pound—the first crop would wholesale for about $10,000. Subsequent crops should be larger and more lucrative . . . that is, if all goes as Picart hopes. However, not all agricultural experts are entirely confident about the project's potential for success. Undaunted, Picart has set up a greenhouse to produce truffle-bearing seedlings and has

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Rare Books Manuscripts Drawings

trained a Labrador retriever to locate fresh truffles—and to scare off truffle rustlers. "A single poacher can steal thousands of dollars of black diamonds a day," he says optimistically. —*David Lampe*

O Tempora!

The site of Rome's first and only artists' colony is going to rack and ruin. Villa Strohl'Fern was founded in 1880 by a wealthy Alsatian eccentric, Alfred Strohl, who abandoned his fatherland after the Franco-Prussian War. After far-flung peregrinations in Europe and Africa, he settled in Rome, adding to his name the suffix *Fern* (distant, in German), in reference to his self-imposed exile.

Determined to play patron of the arts on a grand scale, Strohl'Fern acquired a picturesque plot of parkland adjacent to Villa Borghese and built himself a pseudo-Gothic manor house. More-modest residences were erected for the international group of painters, writers, and musicians he intended to promote. Over the years their number included such major luminaries as the poet Rainer Maria Rilke, the sculptor Arturo Martini, the Impressionist painter Armando Spadini, the verismo composer Bruno Barilli, and the Isadora Duncan–inspired Braun sisters. The little colony was fraught with internal tensions, caused by the founder's despotic manner.

Rome may soon have to encase the Arch of Constantine in glass.

Recalled as a gloomy, Faust-like figure, Strohl'Fern cherished personal artistic ambitions: he composed "atrocious gavottes and even more dreadful poems," which he inflicted upon his talented captive audience.

Two wills were discovered after Strohl'Fern's death, in 1927, the first bequeathing the property to the city of Rome, the second, to France. The second eventually prevailed in court, and the uninhabited villa now belongs to the Lycée Chateaubriand, which has done little to preserve it.

Carelessness with her treasures, alas, marks all Rome. In the city proper, the authorities have finally gotten around to proposing a workable program for preserving Rome's equally decrepit ancient monuments. Unless traffic and pollution problems are solved promptly, major Roman landmarks will be totally encased in glass over the next few years. At least, that is what the superintendent of antiquities Adriano La Regina has demanded, in a heated showdown with government authorities. He says that "permanent protective structures," resembling large, air-conditioned greenhouses, must be erected to guard ancient monuments from smog and rain. Monuments will be selected for preservation under glass if they are important enough (the Arch of Constantine qualifies, while odd colonnades do not) and if they are too large to be transferred to a museum.

Obviously, the project is riddled with difficulties, especially with regard to cost, maintenance, and temperature control. Some years ago, a similar proposal came from UNESCO, when it suggested erecting a protective dome over the Acropolis, but the idea was wisely abandoned in favor of removing the temple of the Erechtheum to a museum. Meanwhile, puzzled Romans are wondering about the most important preservation problem of all: "If the air is bad for the buildings, why is it good for us?" —*Patricia Corbett*

CHOICE AUCTIONS

When the season opened, last September, we urged a sober back-to-basics for the auction industry. Now, at midseason, we pronounce the patient in pretty good shape. The necessary economies (shorter exhibition hours, less flamboyant catalogues, leaner staffing) have been imposed; the Sotheby takeover foolishness is behind us (although I am still waiting for Mr. Llewellyn to tell us why being peremptorily shelved by Mr. Taubman and his accountant was better "chemistry" than what Messrs Cogan and Swid had offered); and everyone's talking profits.

The key to all this good news is the absolutely splendid properties we've seen. Sotheby's had twenty paintings

The new season is gaining momentum. Left: Intricate Victorian cups at Doyle. Above: A quintessential Boucher, at Sotheby's.

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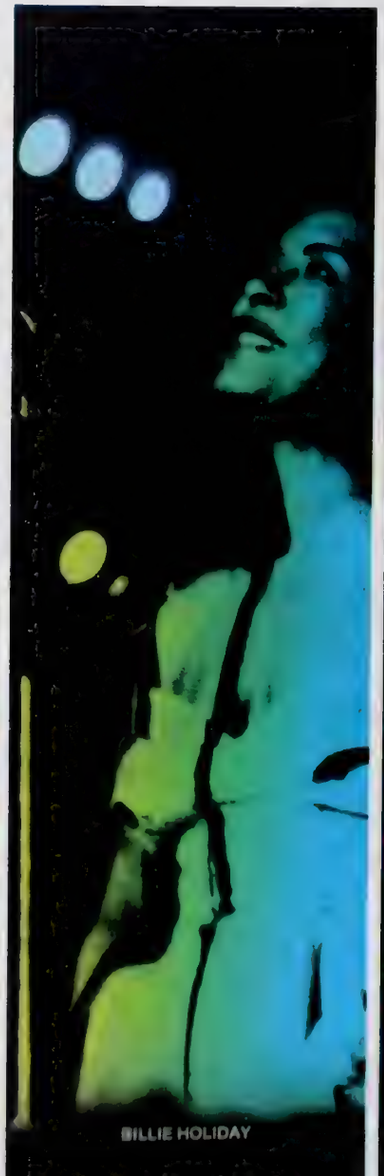

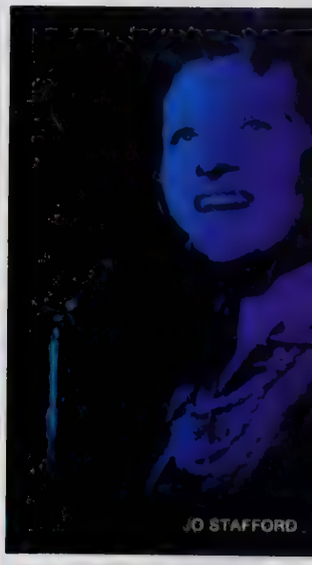

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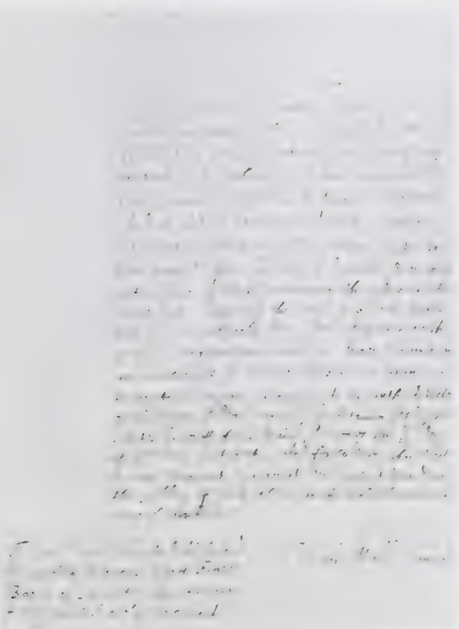


At Phillips, the document that conquered America; and a superb Tintore at Christie's.

from the late renowned contemporary-art dealer Robert Elkon, the Richard Bulls' important Chinese works of art, and the late Thomas Flannery's marvelous European works of art. Christie's biggest coup was the forty-one Impressionist and modern works from Paul Mellon, Henry McIlhenny, and the Evans collection, in November. And I must not fail to mention the Georges de Batz collection of Chinese ceramics, also that month.

This month's sales continue at the same qualitative pace.

New York—Christie's, January 18, 1984. Important old masters. Many a collector and curator will wish for a late Christmas present while reading this catalogue. Eleven still lifes from Paul Mellon, including Brueghel, Tintore, and van Veerendael. Also works by Canaletto, Reynolds, Romney, and Rubens. With no slight intended to the house expert Ian Kennedy's skills, this sale could sell itself.

New York—Sotheby's, January 19, 1984. Important old masters. Everyone's got old masters this month. The *Allegory of Sculpture* reproduced on page 15 is quintessential Boucher, and frankly, on this evidence, I can't believe he took himself any more seriously than I do (at $200,000–$300,000 it will be a precious bit of whimsy, though).

P.S. If you're in the U.K. before January 20, the "Treasured Possessions" exhibitions at Sotheby—including all manner of works of art and paintings from members of the Historic Houses Association—are an unparalleled *ad hoc* museum of the very best of British culture.

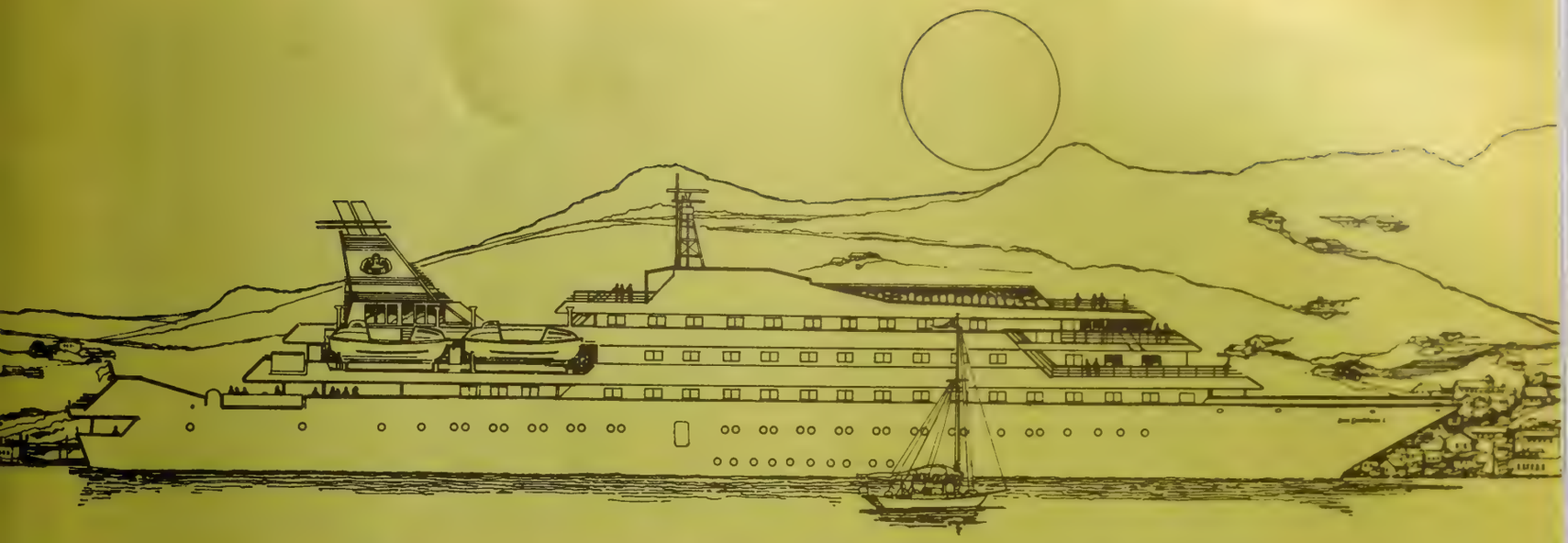
New York—Phillips, January 24, 1984. Americana. Too bad Phillips buries documents in these thematic sales. Their increasing success with the rare-documents category over the last two years has the big houses looking over their shoulders (at last!). Star of the show: the signed order from Charles II to his Privy Council to authorize Maj. Edmund Andros to reclaim New Amsterdam (New York) from the Dutch, irrevocably establishing Britain's position in North America. (Phillips is hiding in the "Refer Dept." on the estimate for this one.) Also, a previously unknown installment to the diary-sketchbooks of the American painter John LaFarge, chronicling his South Sea journey with Henry Adams in 1891, with some thirty sketches (estimated at $8,000 to $12,000).

New York—William Doyle Galleries, January 25, 1984. Important seventeenth- and eighteenth-century furniture and decoration. One man's "important" may only be the next fellow's "pretty good," but there are enough goodies here so I won't quibble. Good old-master paintings, as well (Boucher, Brueghel, van Balen). Virtually everything about the gilt silver-covered cups shown on the previous page (London, ca. 1845, John S. Hunt) suggests that there must be a story to this bizarre pair, which at $30,000–$40,000 ain't cheap. —*James R. Lyons*

Portrait of the Artist

Kate Greenaway bore little resemblance to the rosebud-lipped cherubs and lithe Pre-Raphaelite nymphs who graced her evocative nursery picture books. In her mid-thirties, at the peak of her vogue in Victorian England, Europe, and the United States, Greenaway (1846–1901) was described by an acquaintance as "short and dumpy, with hair turning grey and very unruly. Bright brown eyes, one with a slight droop of the lid." The artist herself confided, "I was given quite the wrong sort of body to live in, I am sure. I ought to have been taller, slimmer, and at any rate passably good-looking, so that my soul might have taken flights, my fancy might have expanded."

A few stiff and dour photographs of Greenaway have long been taken as corroboration of this unromantic image. Then, last June, in the back room of Bernard Quaritch, Ltd., a respected London bookshop, Justin G. Schiller, an antiquarian bookseller from New York who specializes in rare children's books, was handed a parcel loosely wrapped in aging brown paper that bore the tentatively penciled notation "Kate Greenaway?" Inside were a large genre illustration and two Victorian portraits in watercolor—one of an old man, the other of a woman of uncertain age. Schiller recognized the male portrait as being John Greenaway, a



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Simone del Tintore, Still Life with Zucchini, 28 x 37 in. (71 x 94 cm)
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The sale also contains property of various owners with works by Herri Met de Bles, Antonio Canaletto, Adriaen Coorte, Jan van Goyen, Sir Henry Raeburn, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Hubert Robert, George Romney, Sir Peter Paul Rubens and David Teniers the Younger.

For viewing times, catalogue information and further inquiries, please contact Ian Kennedy or Peggy Stone at 212/546-1178

CHRISTIE'S

respected engraver and the artist's father. To his well-tutored eye there was no question that the three works were by Kate Greenaway and that the woman was a hitherto-unknown self-portrait. Schiller purchased the illustrations, and back home in New York, he began to study the best-known Greenaway photographs.

There were decided impediments to a firm identification: the hair in his portrait appeared to be too blond, the subject looked more softly feminine than did Greenaway in any known photographs, and the costume was of too pale a hue. (Greenaway dressed in somber tones.) Schiller sent transparencies of the portrait to Rodney Engen, in London, author of a 1981 biography of Greenaway that documented publicly the twenty-year-long, predominantly one-sided love affair by correspondence that Greenaway carried on with the Oxford aesthete and eminent art critic John Ruskin.

Ruskin, twenty-seven years Greenaway's senior, had the not uncommon Victorian gentleman's penchant for prenubile girls. Infatuated with Greenaway's illustrations of tender-aged females, he began writing to the artist in 1880. Two years later the correspondents met at tea in Greenaway's London studio, and Ruskin became the most important influence in the artist's life. Exquisitely sensitive to his preference for fair-haired, willowy young women, she sent him gifts of her best watercolor work. Surely, had it been within her power, Kate Greenaway would have remade herself to fit Ruskin's perfect female image. Could Schiller's portrait be her own private experiment in matching her mentor's ideal?

Engen was convinced that it was her own work. "It looks right to me stylistically because she was fond of using tight brushwork backgrounds in sienna and ochre, the flesh-tones usually heightened with rose or pink. . . . The high neck, medallion on a ribbon, were styles she wore from childhood throughout her life . . . as she realized early on her best side for portraits {was} facing left."

Then Schiller again heard from Bernard Quaritch that from among the earlier purchases, made originally with the portrait, was a 1964 Christie's auction catalogue. Lot number 230 was described as "Greenaway (Kate): Oval Self-Portrait {?}, and oval portrait of an old man, painted in water-colour, mounted, height 18¼ in." Only then was the question mark erased, and you can now contemplate Greenaway's self-likeness at the Schiller-Wapner Galleries, in New York, without any nagging doubts. —*Selma G. Lanes*

Greenaway's mark was in the brushwork.

THE ULTIMATE RAFT TRIP

From the air the Bío-bío River looks like a giant silver snake slithering hundreds of miles down the Chilean Andes into the Pacific Ocean. On the ground the river is terrifying as it roars through the spectacular gorges of central Chile. But it is only on a small rubber raft, tossed in the maelstrom of its white-water rapids, that one can appreciate the full peril of its power. Since a daring first descent by the Sobek Expeditions group of California river runners, in 1978, the river has quickly earned a reputation among rafting enthusiasts as having the most exciting stretches of white water in the world.

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MICHAEL WINN

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As a veteran of the Colorado River and the Omo River, in Ethiopia, and after ten days immersed in the Bío-bío's daredevil rapids, I can testify on his behalf. There were nine of us in three fifteen-foot rafts, braving cataracts with names like "Jugbuster" and "Last Laugh." We clung to our lifeboat as it spun in wild circles, crashed against boulders, and dove over waterfalls into giant whirlpools without bottom. Mercifully, the river always saw fit to spit us out again.

To maintain our land legs, we took side hikes to hidden mountain lakes above the banks. On the slopes we encountered South America at its best—lush "monkey trees" and friendly Mapuche Indians, who live beside the river in log cabins and still weave their own clothes.

The Indians think the several hundred *norteamericanos* who raft past their villages every year are crazy, and they are right. Expeditioners attracted to the ultimate

The Bío-bío's grade plunges one hundred feet per mile.

white-water adventure are thrill seekers hooked on beauty and the power of an untameable river—"risk addicts," one boatman calls them.

The climax of the Bío-bío trip is a set of double-whammy rapids called "Lost Yak" (named after someone who lost his kayak there, though luckily not his life) and "Lava South," a salute to the famous "Lava Falls," on the Colorado River. A quick measure of their relative frothiness suggests why white-water lovers travel to the tip of South America to get splashed: the Colorado grade drops a mere seven feet per mile, average, while the Bío-bío plunges one hundred feet. Adventurers looking to wet their feet can contact Sobek Expeditions (Angel's Camp, CA 95222; 800-344-3284) for information on trips, which are offered from January to March, during the South American summer. —*Michael Winn*

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SCREEN, Lacquered chinoiserie six-panel screen, circa 1760.

ARMCHAIRS, An important pair of upholstered arm chairs decorated with parquetry of laburnum and sycamore, circa 1760.

TABLE, Early Regency oval amboyna tilt top table with calamander banding, circa 1810.

ACCESSORIES, Minton majolica teapot, circa 1860.

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hubbub by the man with the gavel as one of the codes by which tight-lipped dealers communicate their bids. But now even the antiques dealers are rationing their nods and winks during the country auctions at which they replenish their stock.

This follows a recent episode that could have come out of a postwar film comedy from Ealing Studios, but one with serious consequences for a ring of antiques dealers. The dealers had bought furniture from an auction at Lovegrove House, Aberystwyth, which left the owner, the farmer Christopher Price-Evans, unhappy at the unexpectedly low prices fetched. His suspicions were aroused by the lack of competition from bidders and the amount of nudging and winking going on. But even though the sale fetched some thousands of pounds less than he hoped, Price-Evans could do nothing.

Detective Chief Inspector Don Evans, however, could. D.C.I. Evans is the man who, two years ago, brought about the first successful prosecution under Britain's Auctions Bidding Agreement Act. In the Price-Evans episode, he was on his way home from the Aberystwyth police station when on a lonely road he saw the dealers' convoy of station wagons piled high with merchandise.

Sensing that the dealers were on their way to a "knock-out," or illegal sale where the goods are re-auctioned and the difference between the two sale prices split among the unsuccessful bidders, the policeman alerted headquarters and followed the convoy to a deserted beach.

Soon, the auction indeed got under way, but not before police cameras were there to record the scene. When officers moved in to arrest the dealers, one participant attempted to hide his catalogue of the official sale by stuffing it up the sweater of a female colleague.

Thus, caught red-handed, the ten dealers admitted their guilt. They were each fined 500 pounds and ordered to pay 300 pounds in legal costs.

It was an outcome that left only D.C.I. Evans happy. "I was in the right place at the right time and for the defendants I was the wrong man," he crowed. But the disappointed Price-Evans, who is considering private legal action against the dealers, says the fines are too low to be a deterrent. And the lawyer Lord Hooson, Q.C., who represented three of the dealers, complains that his clients are now "marked men," even though they had only followed a normal "pattern of life in the antiques world." —*Ross Davies*

Beware of Corporate Hotels

Differences between hotels reflect differences in management, and the very nature of corporate management is inimical to a truly deluxe hotel. What triggered this insight was the announcement last fall that Boston's legendary Ritz-Carlton has been sold to Atlanta's W. B. Johnson Companies (with previous credits as operators of Holiday Inns, Marriotts, real-estate developments, and food companies). As I learned during a recent visit to Boston, my concern for the Ritz-Carlton's future can be dramatized in part by comparing it with what has happened to the equally legendary Parker House at the hands of its own corporate managers.

Parker House and the Ritz are worlds apart. Located on the edge of Boston's booming financial district, Parker House is a clunky, 1927 version of Louis XVI's baroque, somewhat at odds with the insensitive and incongruous modernizations introduced by the Dunfey chain, an Aer Lingus subsidiary and the hotel's owner since 1969. Self-proclaimed "the nation's oldest continually operating hotel," the present building obscures Parker's vivid history. The nineteenth-century "Saturday Club" of its founder, Harvey Parker, was graced by Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Holmes, and even Dickens. The inimitable Artemis Ward wryly noted that "Harvard University was pleasantly and conveniently situated in the barroom of Parker's."

Today the Parker is a bouncy, idiosyncratically friendly place. Everyone from parking attendants to elevator operators chorically chant "Welcome to Parker House" at every turn and are determined to engage you in unwelcome small talk. The concierge rings up less than five minutes after you reach your room to "make sure everything is okay, okay?" Each employee is well drilled, but this directed "friendliness" bespeaks management's failure to achieve the effect they seek to mandate. All this nervous energy could better be redirected toward simply ensuring that the detritus left by guests who check out after housekeeping's early rounds is removed before the next customer takes possession.

The rooms are comfortable, but bland and not commodious, and dining in the Parker's restaurant, while a gustatory pleasure, is tempered by a queer decorating scheme more appropriate to *le boudoir* than *le refectoire*. Nouvelle cuisine is handled competently; the wine list is admirable for its California reds; the service is characteristically overzealous but proper. Nevertheless, I would rather steal discreetly around the corner to Lucien Robert's Maison Robert, in the old City Hall, arguably the best restaurant in the region. In short, the hotel's main virtue is conve-

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LAZLO KIBINYI

Can the Ritz's lion maintain its pride?

nience presented with a soupçon of corporate stylishness that, alas, just misses the mark.

Across the Common, the Ritz-Carlton exudes a very different charm and conviction. It distills the gracious, cosmopolitan, distinctly Francophile nineteenth-century city of broad boulevards, handsome townhouses, and the art and fashion strip along Newbury Street.

Founded in 1927 by Edward Wyner, the Ritz retains the classic aura of a familiar, private place rather than an essentially alien, public one. Its quiet efficiency, the hallmark of your stay, simply embraces you. The bell captain's crew, the crisp young people behind the front desk, and the concierge, Eugene Ferguson (an apotheosis of his profession and president of Les Clefs d'Or USA), get you to your quarters to deal with your interests with a bustling élan that, like everything else about the place, smacks of a keen, lucid sense of purpose.

The Ritz's decor follows an undramatic, understated Federal theme. The rooms are large and colorful, with lots of natural sunlight on the southern and eastern sides—keep this in mind when making reservations. And there is no taint of the corporate decorator: just the right numbers of chairs, tables, and lamps, in just the right places.

The Ritz's virtues coalesce at mealtime, particularly in the main dining room. Dinner itself is an inspired tableau impeccably performed in a brilliantly white setting, with marvelous views over the Public Gardens if you go early enough.

This unspoken consensus between host and guest constitutes good taste, in my book. And it's extremely flattering, as though you always lived this way. Maybe, ultimately, this is what "ritz" is all about.

But W. B. Johnson, beware. Corporate culture is essentially antithetical to the values that make Boston's Ritz-Carlton and a few dozen similar establishments worldwide outstanding. Anonymous corporate managers are there to do things, and two measurable (that's important!) ways of demonstrating that you are doing something are to change things and to institute systems. The latter tend to insulate employees from any personal responsibility for their jobs, and changes tend to be made for their own sake. I devoutly hope the Ritz-Carlton's new owners will have the rare good sense to appreciate and nurture the very special institution already in their hands. The ball is in your court, Mr. Johnson. —*Siste Viator*

A Regrettable Misunderstanding

In an article in last September's *Connoisseur* about Kuwait's new Museum of Islamic Art (page 24), we implied that Marilyn Jenkins, an expert from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, had been hired by Sheikh Nasser Al-Sabah to purchase objects for his museum. In fact, her role was only to organize the sheikh's own art collection for museum display.

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YOUNG MAN WITH A HORN

The trumpeter Wynton Marsalis is raising the standards of playing—and a few eyebrows as well.

By Stanley Crouch

Ask any fan to name the hottest young jazz player around, and you're likely to hear the name Wynton Marsalis. Since the twenty-two-year-old trumpeter left his hometown of New Orleans four years ago, he has earned numerous honors with a speed that nearly matches his technical fluency. At eighteen he toured with Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers. He soon formed his own group, which includes as saxophonist his brother Branford; and in 1981, when he was nineteen, his first recording with himself as leader, *Wynton Marsalis* (Columbia), was named "Record of the Year" by *Stereo Review*, while *Down Beat*'s readers in their annual poll picked Marsalis for first place in the categories of "Best Trumpeter," "Jazz Musician of the Year," and "Jazz Album of the Year." At a time when jazz has no boss man, no dominant personality in the way of, say, Charlie Parker or John Coltrane, there is a glimmer that something may be stirring.

But that's only part of the Wynton Marsalis story. Last summer he became the first musician on a major label to have both a jazz and—here's where a year of Juilliard training and ten years of concerto performance paid off—a classical album released simultaneously. *Think of*

At twenty-two, the trumpet virtuoso Wynton Marsalis is equally at ease playing mainstream jazz or European concert music.

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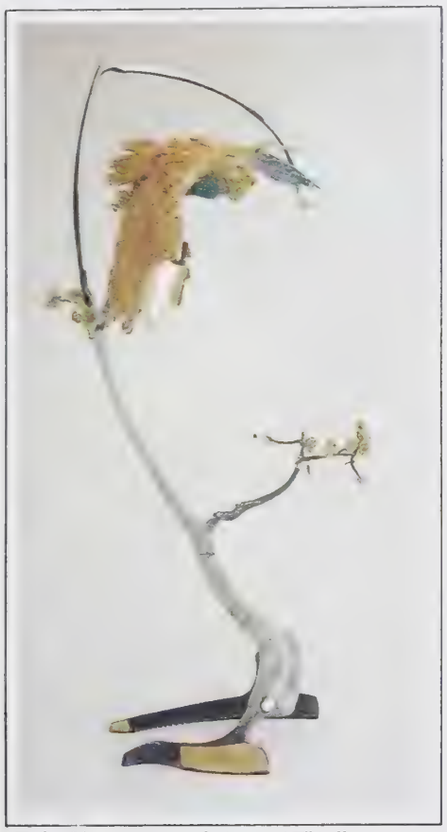
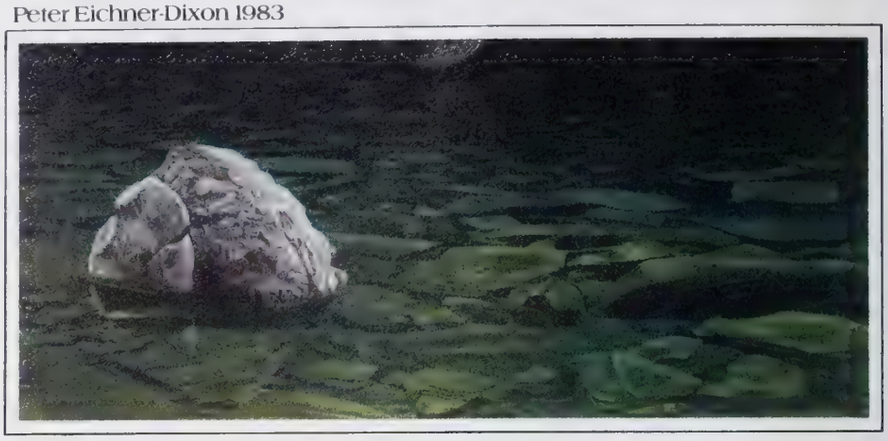


"Echo" bronze sculpture, 47" tall
Chapel 1983
(Photo by John Youngblut)

"Savasana Rock" oil, 13¾" x 25½"
Peter Eichner-Dixon 1983



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One (Columbia) received high marks from the jazz community, and in the classical sector, *Trumpet Concertos* (CBS Masterworks), featuring works by Haydn, Hummel, and Leopold Mozart, created a buzz. This came as no surprise to the music industry's insiders: after hearing the young trumpeter in Europe during the recording of the classical program, Maurice André, the preeminent classical-trumpet player, remarked, "Wynton Marsalis is potentially the greatest trumpeter of all time."

Musical brothers: Branford, at three, on the saxophone, and Wynton, two.

"I'm glad I got used to studying hard when I was an adolescent because nothing comes easy," Marsalis says. Although early success has brought with it extravagant praise, he shows no sign of excessive self-interest, nor (as are some of his generation) is he faddishly cynical, with little regard for good taste and good work. He is a stickler for precision and a fierce taskmaster with young musicians who seek his advice. "I was lucky to have a family that wasn't afraid to make demands on you instead of excuses for you. My daddy, Ellis, is a hell of a jazz-piano player, and he told me and Branford that if we didn't get serious about our instruments and about music he wasn't going to let us embarrass him. In New Orleans, older musicians let you know that music is something to play but not something to play around with. Hard work is the only true sign of respect for your tradition."

Marsalis feels closest to the jazz tradition, with its challenge to discover new material through improvising. The young trumpeter plays effortlessly, sometimes sounding very low notes, then performing high-speed leaps at wide intervals, inserting libidinous blues slurs and shakes as melody and emotion combine in an effect at once heroic and delicate. Raymond Leppard, an expert on the baroque period and also the conductor of the orchestra on Marsalis's recording of concertos, observes, "I think it's rare to play with the purity of tone that he does in classical music and still be such a good jazz musician. But I suspect that each helps out the other." Marsalis agrees that studying classical music gave him a deep foundation in thematic development, dynamics, harmony, and orchestration. "You can take some of what you learn in classical music into jazz, but only conceptually. And you can also take some of what you learn in jazz into classical music."

His pure sense of music, understanding of line, and ability to let the music speak for itself, an avoidance of flamboyance and narcissistic interpretation, characterize Marsalis's approach to classical music. At the same time, his rhythmic freedom sometimes shocks classical musicians. An example is a trilled passage in the recorded Hummel concerto when Marsalis intentionally falls behind the beat, creating momentary tension before he comes out perfectly in time at the end of the passage. "Their eyebrows went up when I did that," he smiles, "but it is the kind of thing any student of Louis Armstrong would know all about. After all, the American trumpet tradition of jazz has had the biggest impact on the instrument in this century. Jazz-trumpet players have solved problems of endurance, sound, timbre, tongueing, and rhythm. I'm just now realizing that nothing just evolves: everybody I really respect in jazz has spent a long time thinking about what he's doing, disciplining himself and pushing his music in a consistent direction. Discovery may sometimes be accidental, but development never is. People who say Louis Armstrong was a primitive genius confuse intelligence with articulation. If Armstrong hadn't known what he was doing, he couldn't have been consistent."

> "My daddy, a jazz-piano player, told me to get serious and not embarrass him."

As well as being a beacon of talent, the handsome young man is something of a symbol of glamour. Rejecting willfully ugly clothes favored by fad-ridden musicians, Marsalis in his own dress recalls the high standards of attire and demeanor that were common among jazz musicians before the influence of rock rags and ethnic robes. Since he became perhaps the best-dressed artist in the music business, more and more jazz musicians have taken to wearing good-looking suits again. "Music is an art people come to because it can give them something they can't get anywhere else. They want to be uplifted. When I see somebody looking good, it makes me feel better. So I assume that an audience feels the same way when they see a well-dressed band. Good clothes won't make you sound good, but they will show your respect for the audience and for the art form."

Although he has no intention of abandoning European music, Marsalis spends most of his time developing his jazz band. He is looking for fresh material to play and is excited about sharpening the split-second aesthetic reflexes of the band, since artistic consciousness in motion is the essence of improvisation. He isn't much interested in most of the music he hears from the jazz avant-garde, which he finds contrived. "From what I understand of it, there's the same sloppiness, pretension, and lack of respect that have gotten our country into so much trouble when, for instance, we have to compete with the Japanese. If you don't give a damn, you tear your own pants; or if you get too selfish, you don't concern yourself with offering something of real quality. Regardless of the form of their music, all of the musicians I admire understand how respect and sharing are one of a piece. I respect my art and my audience. I play jazz first and foremost and I play classical music. I [illegible]

[illegible]

Voice.

ART BY THE EDITION

It might be smart to buy contemporary prints—if they are sufficiently rare, powerful, and pleasing.

By Robin Duthy

Most great Western artists of the last five hundred years have created original prints, and the tradition is as alive today as ever. Though printmaking was established as an art form by Albrecht Dürer (1471–1528), even now not everyone recognizes what makes original prints valuable or just how radically they differ from reproductions.

The print boom of the 1960s drew many a wide-eyed buyer into the art market for the first time. The success of serious print workshops, such as Universal Limited Art Editions and Pratt Graphics Center, gave other galleries the idea of moonlighting in the print market, signing up students from art college to run off editions of several hundred prints to sell to a hungry public at $200 or $300 a throw.

In the prosperous New York of the 1960s, culture was a hot commodity. Office buildings were going up fast and a new kind of adviser—the art consultant—appeared on the scene. His brief was to cover the acres of bare wall with something of cultural worth. Contemporary prints were a natural solution. Lively, striking, often controversial images were acquired wholesale by big corporations.

It was as if the spirit of some nineteenth-century allegorical sculpture, *Commerce Extending Her Hand to Graphic Art*, had come to life. A huge market for what was sometimes disparaged as "bank art" suddenly was created—turnover today in the United States alone exceeds $100 million annually. Bonwit Teller opened a print boutique, and before long Elizabeth Arden salons, together with shops and offices right across the country, had hung their walls with prints.

Of all the print artists then at work, some were already represented in museums and some had established reputations by the end of the decade, but the majority are lost to view. Those whose works are sold at the major New York auctions of contemporary (i.e., post-1945) prints are the present-day survivors of that process of selection and rejection to which all art is subject.

Lithograph from Jasper Johns's Color Numeral Series #4: *sold last May for $5,500.*

A great chasm once separated the original print from the reproduction, but in the 1960s the division was blurred by unscrupulous dealers. Basically, prints that are taken from plates worked upon directly by the artist are original prints; those made from plates subjected to a photomechanical process are reproductions. Although that difference remains, some artists now use photographic processes to create special effects, so that a precise definition is no longer possible.

To protect buyers, the state of New York has ruled that "art merchants" must provide upon request a written statement for every buyer of a print, describing in detail the printing process, the degree of participation by the artist, the paper, the signature, the size of

Frank Stella's The Empress of India *#2 (1968): typical of the artist's harmonious earlier work. Sold last November for $1,400.*

the edition, and other information enabling him to decide whether it deserves to be called original.

In Britain, the print boom came a little later and was marked by an egalitarian experiment. Editions Alecto, a respected print publisher, announced, "We are going to do for prints what Henry Ford did for Detroit." The idea was that from then on the printing press would supply the world with great art at minimal cost, just as it had so successfully done with literature. The era of which many had dreamed was at hand. Prints began to be published in unlimited editions and sold at a few pounds apiece.

The dream was short-lived. It became clear that collectors felt inexpensive prints, let alone those in unlimited editions, lacked cachet. Most buyers, it turned out, were willing to pay a higher price for the knowledge that only so many (or preferably so few) other people would ever own their print. Dealers exploit to the full this predilection for rarity and the higher prices that go with it.

The artists' struggle to find new modes of expression has for some time been driving them to experiment with forms, materials, and processes that place their finished works some distance outside any familiar visual range. An element of self-parody is often present as well, and sometimes a buyer will not know for sure whether he is buying a work of art or a joke. To buy any contemporary work of art therefore requires confidence in one's own judgment as well as an act of faith in the serious intent of the artist.

Most contemporary print artists have their own, distinctive style. For some, every new image is a strain and a challenge. They are dragged forward by a burning need to create, and their inner conflicts are visible in their work. For others, every image will be a variation on an established theme. Having discovered a rewarding formula, they make it a trademark and stick with it.

> Sometimes a collector can't tell whether he's buying a work of art or a joke.

Frank Stella's harmonious and pretty color patterns have had almost universal appeal, yet the amount of inspiration required to create each new image surely cannot have been great. Recently, however, he has achieved a creative breakthrough, working on a large scale with richly varied techniques and strong, rhythmic imagery. The serious collector of contemporary prints is after more than decoration; he likes to see an artist develop and mature, to watch his inventive genius at work and buy what he admires most for his collection. Stella's new work is therefore of great interest.

But the more innovative and experimental the artist, the more failures he is likely to have produced in his time. Investors in contemporary prints should recognize the high risks they run. Definitive listings (or catalogues raisonnés) of many leading printmakers are available and provide buyers with a complete view of the artist's output to date. There is usually a broad consensus among collectors on the outstanding images each artist has created, and competition for these is intense. As time passes, the price gap between the most- and the least-admired prints widens. Picasso's *Le Repas Frugal* (1904), for instance, now commands over $40,000, while less-favored images in the same suite can be bought for $2,000.

Many of the leading printmakers considered outrageous in the 1960s were by 1975 rated a safe buy. How has time treated them? And if market prices reflect degrees of admiration for their work, what accounts for the rise of some and the decline of others? Above all, could these changes have been foreseen?

The market for Jasper Johns has been consistently strong. His standing in academic circles could scarcely be higher and—what is unusual even among leading artists—every one of his images may be said to come off. His intense pictorial exploration of numerals, letters, and other familiar symbols has enabled the viewer to experience them in a new light—perhaps the only aim to which an artist can realistically aspire. His earliest works have risen strongly in value and are now rarely seen on the market. The more recent work has also been selling well at auction, and it is clear that Johns's preeminence as both artist and printmaker makes him the ideal choice for investors.

On the other hand, Rauschenberg, another key graduate of the [illegible] Abstract Expressionist [illegible] mained a problematic artist [illegible]

ket. His work does not translate well into the print medium, and collectors sense little involvement by the artist in the printing process. Close to one-third of the Rauschenberg prints offered for sale at auction may remain unsold in the course of a year; this illiquidity makes him an unsuitable artist for investors. Even the major touring exhibition of his work in 1981 did little to stir up interest in his prints, and the prospects for these as investments is not bright.

The potential of the comic strip as the inspiration of serious art was realized in the hands of Roy Lichtenstein. His early images have become classics of Pop history. His dot-and-line method amounts to a visual dialect understood by all. Lichtenstein offers up his images straight and without commentary. He does not mock or idealize, and the best of his work derives power from its neutrality. Prices for *Shipboard Girl, Brushstroke,* and *Crying Girl,* all published during the 1960s, are up a full 300 percent since 1975. The later series of *Haystacks, Cathedrals,* and others have become hard to sell, and wise buyers will stick to the classics.

Warhol's Mick Jagger: *failed to meet $6,000 estimate; bought in.*

Jim Dine's output may be of mixed quality, but his mastery of the print process is admired by collectors. Several of his better-known works, including *Realistic Poet Assassinated* and the "dressing gown" series, are up by 300 percent since 1975, while others have remained static. Again, it is the earlier prints that are becoming the serious collector's items.

As the enfant terrible of the New York art scene in the 1960s, Andy Warhol created some memorable images. The *Marilyn* and *Flower* series still sell reasonably well, but much of the rest rouses little interest today. The Campbell's Soup cans, the *Electric Chair* series, and even his prints of the androgynous Mick Jagger have become an auctioneer's nightmare. Whatever their impact when first published, collectors are unimpressed today. Prices for Warhol's paintings have dropped by 30 percent since 1975, and the overall performance of his graphic work has been no better. Warhol publication prices, like those of other artists, moved up during the 1960s. Investors who bought early may have come out on top; others will still be showing a loss.

David Hockney, by contrast, is a print publisher's dream. His style is sufficiently individual to be recognized from across the street. Collectors can relate easily to his subject matter, and his brilliant, sunlit colors are a feast for the eye. To complete the best-selling package, he is, as artists go, a fairly public man with a mildly controversial life-style. (See page 106.)

Born of working-class parents in England, he has made his home in California, where his work is widely admired. Nevertheless, the highest prices are paid in London by British and Scandinavian collectors. Every one of Hockney's prints has fared differently in the market, but the overall rise since 1975 is around 150 percent.

In spite of a few spectacular performances, the contemporary print market is going through a sticky patch. Auctioneers find it hard to get good material to sell; collectors usually know precisely what's worth keeping and they are sitting tight. The two major Christie's New York sales in 1982 contained some important work, including a collection of Jasper Johnses, but the standard isn't easy to maintain.

Some well-known artists, such as Josef Albers and Victor Vasarely, now have only the most limited following, while practically none of the new generation of artists being published by well-known galleries has created any real interest in the secondary market. Broadly speaking, prints in "difficult" styles are saleable at auction only if they are the work of a big-name artist. Collectors will still bid for prints that are easy on the eye, even if by a new name, but they are suspicious of artists they perceive as latter-day anarchists.

Since a print is sure to command a high price when it combines artistic quality with rarity, the number of prints making up any edition is important. The very fact that prints are multiples is unconsciously reassuring. Most buyers actually like to feel that some two hundred other collectors have made the same choice. On the other hand, no collector likes to feel that there are ten thousand prints like his own in homes all over the United States.

WHO'S THE TOPS?

The highest auction prices paid for contemporary prints for 1982–83 as reported by *Gordon's Print Price Annual* are these, leaving little doubt of Jasper Johns's commanding lead:

Jim Dine. *Self-Portrait* (stencil, color litho, collage), $12,100

Jasper Johns. *False Start I* (proof), $19,800; *Decoy,* $17,600; *Untitled* (four panels), $17,600; *Decoy,* $13,750; *False Start I* (artist's proof), $13,200; *Decoy II,* $12,100; *False Start I,* $11,000; *Flags II,* $11,000; *Two Maps II,* $11,000

Rolf Nesch. *Herring Catch* (in six parts), $15,020; *Dans-Danza* (three sheets), $13,250

Claes Oldenburg. *Profile Airflow* (polyurethane relief over colored litho), $13,200

Frank Stella. *Bermuda Petrel,* $18,000

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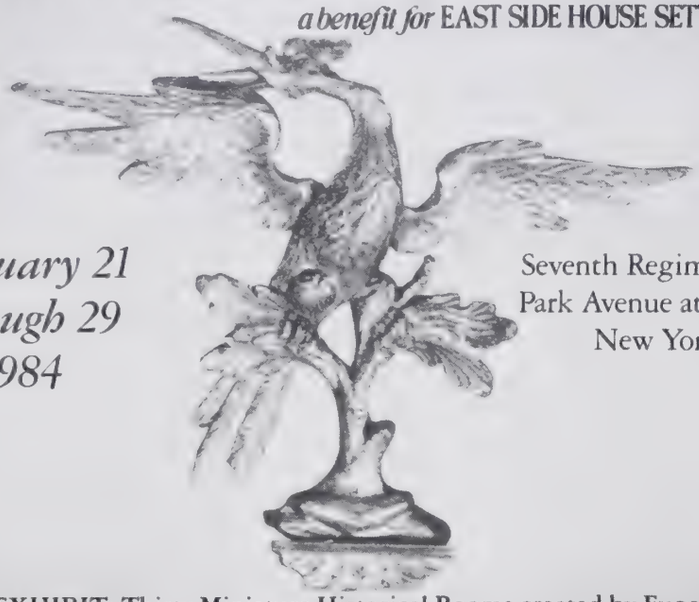

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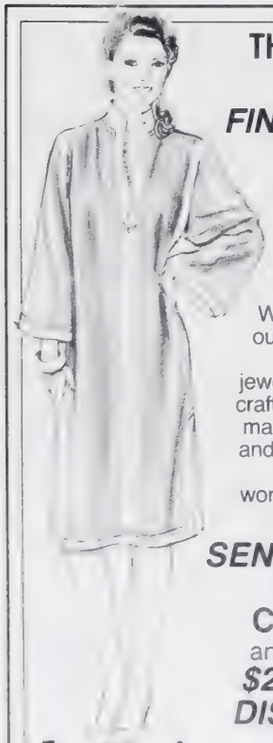

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Publishers find that in their buying decisions collectors are more influenced by the image itself than by the size of the edition. All the same, few publishers attempt editions of over 300, mainly because there is no market for more and one could not easily be created. Besides, no artist's involvement with the printing of one image can be sustained indefinitely, and three hundred seems to be going far enough. Investors should be wary of larger editions, since the prospects of such prints becoming truly rare are remote. Among the best print publishers today are Cirrus Editions, Experimental Workshop, Gemini G.E.L., Pace Editions, Tyler Graphics Ltd., and Universal Limited Art Editions.

> Warhol's Campbell's Soup cans have become an auctioneer's nightmare.

Investor-collectors in New York have tumbled to the fact that prints often cost less at auction than when bought from the publishers, who have neither the funds nor the inclination to support their artists in the secondary market. Prints made by quite successful artists do not reach their publication price when resold at auction. Instead, bidding often stops at around half the current retail price, and at this level they are snapped up by private dealers.

To forecast which printmakers will be at the top of the tree in the year 2000 is no easy matter. People allege that the art world is fickle, but what this really means is that only some art will stand the test of time. While most art is dateable, in the sense that Jasper Johns's *Gray Alphabets* may be recognized by those familiar with contemporary art as belonging to a particular period, there is another kind of art that is not only dateable but *dated*. Such are the Warhol soup cans. Their impact and relevance, powerful in their time, have diminished. Any new work of art can be made to astound; it is only when that work of art is old and astounds the viewer for the thousandth time that it can be accounted great. □

Note: The Print Collector's Newsletter *is a bimonthly of great value to serious collectors. Subscriptions are available at $42 a year (16 East 82nd Street, New York, NY 10028).*

Robin Duthy is editor of the Alternative Investment Report.

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THE WORLD IN A SHOE BOX

Inside New York's Museum of Broadcasting.

By Tom Russell

Unlike today's newscasters, Murrow could light up on camera.

The one thing the Museum of Broadcasting was not prepared for was success. They'll deny that, but the harassed expressions at the front desk when the line is more than three customers long, the amateur attempts at crowd control at showings of the Olivier *King Lear*, the scrabble for tickets to see Sid Caesar live—all these suggest that what the *New York Times* once called "the best-kept secret in New York" has become common gossip. Which may be a mixed blessing.

The museum houses the world's largest collection of video and audio tapes of important—or merely popular—radio and television programs, new and old, in the five floors of a narrow Manhattan building just off Fifth Avenue. The programs—17,000-plus of them—range from "Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men?" to "I am not a crook." They may be played by members or the paying public upstairs at individual consoles, and there are frequent events in three small public viewing rooms.

Founded in 1975 by the legendary William S. Paley, former chairman of CBS, who owns the building, the museum adjoins his vest-pocket Paley Park and is a stone's throw from both the Museum of Modern Art and CBS itself. Pale Billy—as he is called behind his back, in ironic tribute to his perennially bronzed complexion—reportedly still contributes about a third of its annual $1.3 million budget, but from the start he was perspicacious enough to see that the museum needed broad-based support. Since 1975 the heads of all three networks have sat on the board. (The head of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting joined in 1982.) These days, Paley is curiously unforthcoming when asked for comment on his brainchild. What prompted him to found it? "That should be obvious." Has he made provisions for it beyond his own lifetime? "That's personal."

"The heart of the museum is its collection," says Ron Simon, the curator. Flipping through the wall-length, computer-generated card catalogue, one feels like a kid in a candy store. Where to begin? Those great moments from the early days of television, like Arthur Godfrey or Dave Garroway? Milton Berle or Jack Paar? As one browses, memories begin flooding in: remembered sounds ("Hi-ho, Silver, away!"), indelible images (Perry Mason's solid frame; Elvis Presley, cut off just at the gyrating pelvis, which in its time was judged too provocative for stoop-shouldered Ed Sullivan's Sunday-night grab bag).

And how long has it been since tobacco had its day on the tube? Remember cigarette ads? or the days when newscasters could smoke on camera, as Edward R. Murrow did? The 187 episodes of his series *See It Now* take pride of place in the museum's collection of news programming. His exposé on migrant farm workers is also here. So is his attack on Senator Joe McCarthy ("The fear is right here in this room")—perhaps Murrow's finest hour, perhaps television's. The museum hasn't scanted radio either. One can quickly dial up propaganda from Lord Haw-haw or Orson Welles invading the world from Mars.

For many, the museum will be most welcome as a repository of high culture—those Shakespeare plays one somehow missed, or the unique complete set of Toscanini's ten telecasts. Anyone with the patience for all eight hours of *Nicholas Nickleby* will find them, along with all fifty-five hours of *Upstairs, Downstairs*.

There are also moments of less official culture, many with a more pronounced American accent, including dazzling live performances from television's "golden age" long hidden in the shadows of Hollywood remakes. Samples: Rod Steiger as the tortured, self-hating fat boy in *Marty*; or, in *Bang the Drum Slowly*, Albert Salmi as the inarticulate, dying catcher, who breaks your heart (and steals the show from the young Paul Newman) with his announcement "Arthur, I'm do-o-med."

The collection has limitations. Right now it could almost be called the "Museum of American Broadcasting" (what foreign programming there is is largely British). A significant step was taken last year when the museum ran a retrospective of German television, highlighting the work of such directors as Wolfgang Petersen, of *Das Boot*, and Rainer Werner Fassbinder (over half of whose work was for television). Even so, other European directors like Jean Renoir and Jean-Luc Godard, who have major work in the medium, go unrepresented.

Tom Russell inaugurated Connoisseur's *department* The Performer *with November's profile of Homi Coleman.*

The three American networks donate 300 hours of programming every year; the choice is up to the museum. Roughly another 100 hours' worth comes from PBS and corporate sponsors (like Mobil); is donated by producers, writers, and others; or is obtained in connection with an exhibition (the museum gets to keep most of what it shows). The staff takes pride in being selective. "We are a museum, not an archive," says the current president, Robert Batscha. "We reject a lot of what we're offered. We're not just a holding pattern for someone's complete laundry lists."

Viewing room: designed for serious study.

The accessibility of the museum's collection is perhaps its proudest boast and its most elusive goal. In theory, anyone who pays the "suggested" three-dollar "contribution" may use the collection. Unfortunately, viewing opportunities are limited. "Our nail is technological," as Batscha puts it. "We can't just hang our programs on a wall." There are only twenty-three individual screens (nine-inch color Sonys each hooked to a Betamax) available, and half the study stations double for radio. So, even though many programs are a convenient twenty-nine or fifty-nine minutes long, there's often a wait.

Attempts to reach a wider public include special exhibitions and seminars, which also allow the museum to expand its collection in neglected areas. The trouble here is that the more-public facilities, like the two study centers, are small. For popular attractions at the sixty-three-seat theater and two forty-chair Videotheques, such as the Bob and Ray and Sid Caesar series, the museum may turn away more customers than are admitted.

Expansion at their current location is possible (Paley does, after all, own the building) but unlikely. As Batscha says, "Tall and thin is exactly what a museum should not be." Projection TV is in any case ill-suited to a large auditorium—the image gets too fuzzy—and one wonders whether the museum will ever be able to offer much more in the way of bread and circuses, here or at any other location.

What matters most is the collection and the opportunity it affords for studying the whole history of broadcasting. Batscha thinks the time is ripe. "It's a bit like what happened to American films after the war in places like the Cinémathèque, in Paris, where François Truffaut and others were discovering directors like Hitchcock and Howard Hawks. Which also involved taking the medium more seriously. Forty years ago the idea that a Humphrey Bogart film would end up at the Museum of Modern Art would have seemed ludicrous. It's a process of sifting, of identifying who are the creative writers, producers, directors. There are four and a half million hours of television, and to suggest that all of it is good is silly, but to suggest that none of it is any good is ridiculous. Look at publishing: a lot of junk gets printed every year, but nobody refers to publishing as a 'vast wasteland.' Until the museum, people were reporting on the history of broadcasting based on what they were able to read, so that became the record. Americans have always underrated their own culture. And there's so incredibly much out there we haven't even begun to look at."

It may be that broadcasting's greatest importance will turn out to lie less in high culture than in high clutter, less in the programs created for it than for the window on history it offers, from the *Hindenburg*, through the Kennedy assassinations (with the on-camera shooting of Lee Harvey Oswald), on to Nixon's henchmen squirming through the Watergate hearings, as the camera pressed in even closer than Sam Ervin. The transparency of the broadcast medium—its ability to record the passing scene in all its variety—may be its greatest asset.

That transparency lets the museum function as something of a gazette of American culture, as what one staff member calls a "museum of sociology." At its consoles, we watch the parade of American life, partly as it was, partly as perhaps it only seemed on *Ozzie and Harriet*. □

All the old familiar faces, from top: Bob Smith and a buddy; Art Carney and Jackie Gleason with Audrey Meadows; Lucy's bunch in "The Diner"; *Ozzie (Nelson) and Harriet (Hilliard) between adventures; Gertrude Berg of* The Goldbergs *at her window garden.*

Photo: Frank Spinelli

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MEMENTOS OF GLORY

Souvenirs of England's wars in far places.

By Byron Farwell

Military medals can be earned or purchased. Most of those who earn them—though not all—either are or have been soldiers, sailors, or airmen; those who purchase them are—allowing for the odd charlatan—collectors who buy them for their beauty and their historical interest, and as investments. They are, basically, of two kinds: gallantry medals, such as Britain's Victoria Cross; and campaign or war medals, awarded for being in certain places at specified times.

The desire of military men for distinctive sartorial decorations as proof of battles fought or deeds done is ancient, going back at least to the second century B.C., when the king of Syria gave "a golden buckle" to the high priest who led the Jews in a battle that aided him. In England, medallions were given to military and naval officers by Queen Elizabeth I, and Charles I authorized an oval silver badge for survivors of forlorn hopes. For the navy, Cromwell issued war medals in gold for officers and in silver for others. During the eighteenth century many medals were privately commissioned.

The first awarded to all ranks, by vote of Parliament, was for the Battle of Dunbar, in 1650. Following this example, the Honourable East India Company issued several medals between 1784 and 1826. However, the first issued by the Crown to all ranks equally, in the now-familiar form with a ribbon, was the Waterloo Medal, which was also the first to be given to next of kin and to have the recipient's name impressed by a machine. The medal was awarded not only to those who fought at Waterloo but also to those who took part in the fighting at Quatre Bras and elsewhere on the two preceding days. It is suspended on a ring attached to a ribbon of crimson with blue edges. The ribbon was normally sewn onto a coat or jacket, whether military or civilian did not matter.

The Seringapatam Medal, for those who captured an Indian fortress in 1799.

The much-coveted Victoria Cross, for valor: cast of bronze from a captured cannon.

The Military General Service Medal, 1794–1814: the "Dead Man's Medal."

The Gwalior Star, awarded for the shortest war in British history, 1843.

The Waterloo Medal was popular. It was issued nine months after the battles, and no man who owned one failed to wear it. Consequently, all existing medals show signs of wear. There was some bitterness among veterans of earlier battles, for most had nothing to show for their services but their scars. Wellington, however, was opposed to any medal except for his own victorious battle.

In 1843 Gen. Charles Napier, breaking all treaties with the amirs of Sind (now southeast Pakistan), launched a successful military campaign against them. *Punch* jested that he afterwards sent a one-word telegram: "Peccavi" ("I have sinned"). Once a medal had been issued for his bloody but brief campaign, the British government at last decided to honor those who had fought in the years before Waterloo. So it was that in 1847 the first general-service medals were issued. The period of service covered by the army's Military General Service Medal ran from 1793 to 1814. So few eligible veterans were still alive to claim it that it came to be called the Dead Man's Medal. For the first time, the Crown authorized bars or clasps to be attached to the ribbon. Twenty-nine were authorized for service ranging from actions in Egypt in 1801 to the battle of Toulouse, on April 10, 1814.

Troops who defeated the invaders of Canada in 1870 had to wait twenty-nine years for their medals.

Unfortunately, some military actions were ignored and went unrecognized by medal or clasp. All too often there were clasps for minor skirmishes, while bloody battles were overlooked.

For the Naval General Service Medal, 230 clasps were authorized, but for some of them there were no claimants. Clasps were for services ranging from boat service (cutting out and other actions by crews in ships' boats) in March 1793 to actions off the coast of Syria in 1840. Two officers were awarded seven clasps, the most on a single ribbon in this service.

Medals were not awarded to fighting men alone. On board HMS *Tremendous*, in Lord Howe's fleet, on a day that came to be called "The Glorious First of June," a Mrs. McKenzie gave birth to a boy. Fifty-four years later, Daniel Tremendous McKenzie applied for and received the Naval General Service Medal with the clasp 1 JUNE 1794, the day of Howe's victory over the French and of his own birth. Fourteen sailors who served on HMS *Agincourt* that day also received the medal and clasp, although their captain had been court-martialed for failure to bring his ship into close action.

Most war medals followed the pattern of the Waterloo Medal, having the head of the sovereign on the obverse and being suspended from a colorful ribbon. A head of the prince regent, wearing the laurel wreath, appeared on the Waterloo Medal, and a crowned head of young Queen Victoria graced the general-service medals. More different medals were issued during Victoria's reign than before or since. Nine different heads of the queen, at different ages, appear on war medals, the last of them on the medal for the Boer War, of 1899–1902. She died before that war ended, so a second medal was issued as well, with Edward VII's head.

The Victoria Cross was originally manufactured from the metal of Russian guns captured in the Crimean War, and some war medals also were made from captured cannons. The six-pointed Gwalior Star was molded from guns taken during the campaign against the Mahratta state of Gwalior, the shortest war in British history. It ended after two battles—at Punniar and Maharajpoor—fought on the same day, December 29, 1843. Since no man could have been present in both, the star has in its center a small silver disk with the name of one or the other of the two battles and the date. Whereas most medals have the recipient's name and often his rank and unit on the rim, the Gwalior Star was issued with a blank reverse, to which most veterans had their names added.

The Ashanti Star, for the West African campaign of 1895–96, was also made from gunmetal. The reverse has only the charming inscription FROM THE QUEEN. The medal for the Abyssinian War, of 1867–68, was issued with the recipient's name embossed on the reverse side. This called for a separate die for each medal, making it the most expensive war medal ever issued.

A medal with six clasps was awarded for the Second Afghan War, 1878–80. One clasp was for Kandahar, though most who earned it were also awarded the Kabul to Kandahar Star, made from captured guns, to commemorate General Roberts's famous march along that route. Men who served in Egypt between 1882 and 1889 also received two medals: one British and

The Naval General Service Medal with clasp: Queen Victoria on obverse, Britannia riding a sea horse on reverse.

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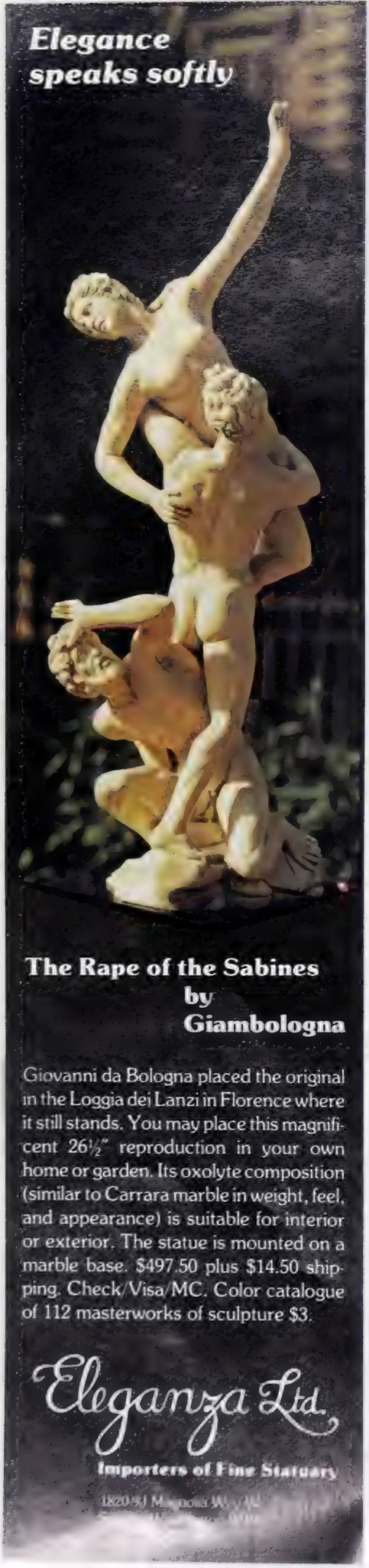

one from the Khedive of Egypt. Some wars, for whatever reason, gave soldiers and sailors richer opportunities to win medals than others. Only six were issued for World War I, yet fifteen for World War II.

Campaign medals were worn in a row in chronological sequence, according not to their date of issue but to the date of the service, for there were frequently long delays in the issuing of medals. Those who fought in the Maori War of 1845–47 had to wait twenty-four years for their medal. Troops who took part in defeating the Irish-Americans who invaded Canada in 1870 had to wait twenty-nine years for theirs.

The Ashanti Star, for the West African campaign of 1895–96.

Clasps sometimes have misleading names. The first two clasps for the India General Service Medal of 1854–95 were for services outside India, in Burma and Persia. The clasp COOMASSIE on the Ashantee War Medal of 1873–74 was, in fact, given for the battle of Amoaful. The clasp KHARTOUM on the Khedive's Sudan Medal was really for the Battle of Omdurman and the famous and foolish charge of the 21st Lancers, in which Winston Churchill took part.

All Victorian war medals were in silver and gunmetal, but beginning with World War I they were of bronze or cupronickel. In India, soldiers received medals in silver, while noncombatants who shared their hardships and often their danger received the same medal in bronze.

The Victory Medal of all the Allies for World War I had the same ribbon and the same design, though the language differed: Britain's was inscribed THE GREAT WAR FOR CIVILIZATION. Only the American version had clasps. The British Victory Medals for both world wars could carry a bronze oak leaf on the ribbon to indicate that the recipient was mentioned in dispatches. Since World War II, except for the Vietnam Medal, given to Australian troops, only three war medals have been issued: a Korean War Medal; a Campaign Service Medal, with clasps for Borneo, Radfan, South Vietnam, South Arabia, Malay Peninsular, and Northern Ireland; and a medal for the Falklands war, with a silver rosette on the ribbon for those who entered the combat zone.

Prices for medals vary according to condition, the recipient's rank and unit, whether they are single medals or in a set, and whether named or unnamed. The Crimea Medal, issued to a trooper who took part in the charge of the Light Brigade, is more valuable than one issued to an infantry paymaster.

British war medals have proved to be better investments than most stocks and bonds. In 1970 a Waterloo Medal could be purchased for $60; today's price is about $470. Even recent medals, if in "fleur de coin" (mint) condition and if something interesting is known about the recipient, can command high prices, such as the $170,000 paid last spring for the only Victoria Cross awarded a Battle of Britain pilot. Recently a dealer sold for $385 the Campaign Service Medal with the clasp SOUTH ARABIA issued to Lance Corporal T. Liddell, who was killed in action at Crater. The medal was, of course, fleur de coin, Lance Corporal Liddell never having had the opportunity to wear it. □

Byron Farwell is the author of numerous books about British military history. His latest is The Gurkhas, *just published.*

Left: Obverse and reverse of a medal awarded to John Kendal for participating in the relief of Rhodes, 1480. Right: A special Waterloo Medal for the four monarchs who defeated Napoleon.

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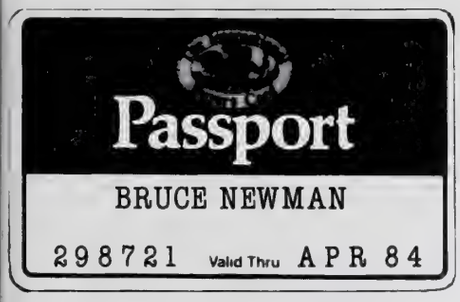

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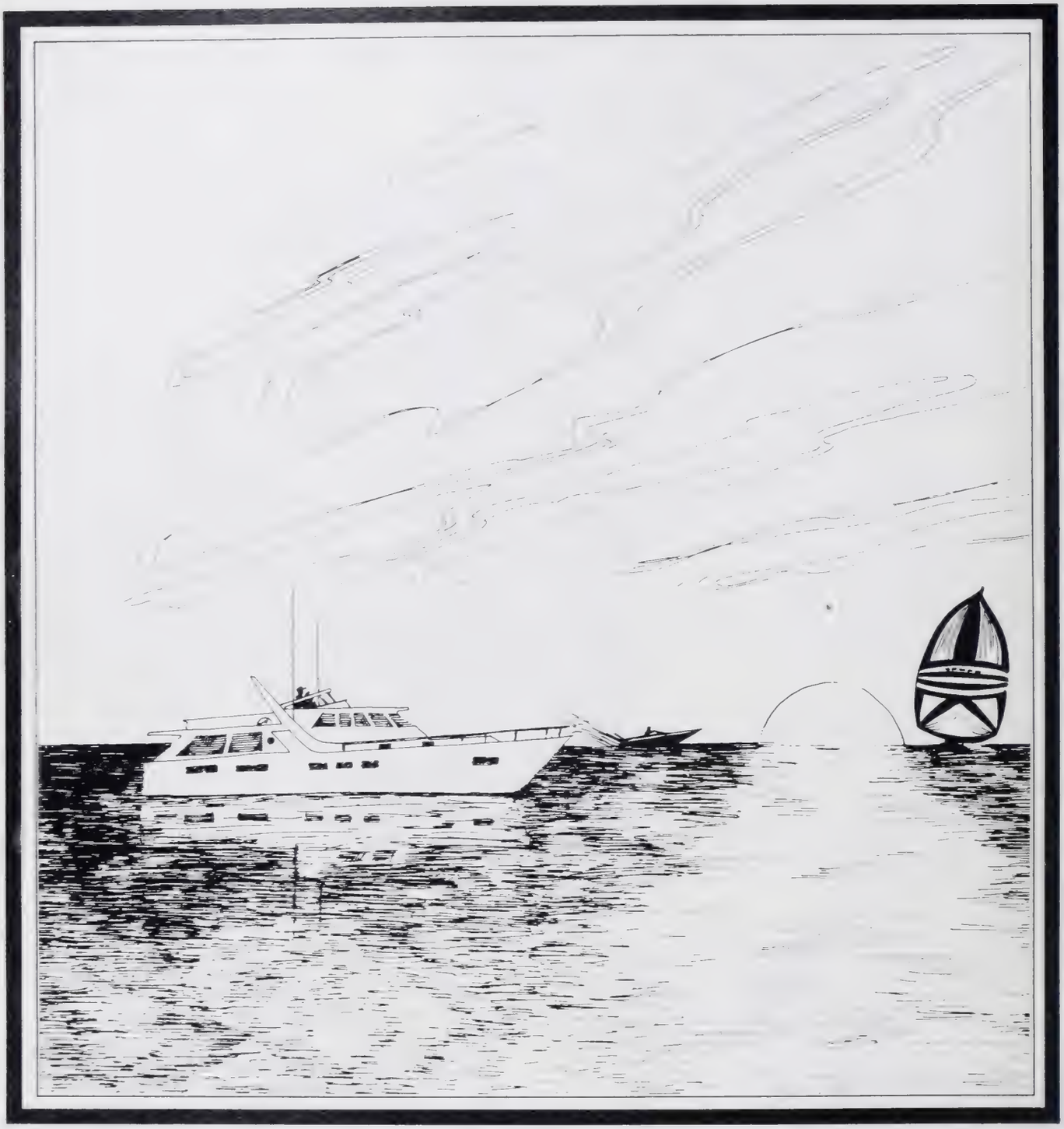

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THE GREAT ESCAPE

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THERE IS MORE TO TRAVELING WELL THAN BEING PAMPERED

BY ANTHONY BRANDT

My wife and I didn't go to Belize for the luxury. There's very little luxury in Belize. Nor for the food. Seafood is plentiful, but Belizean chefs keep things simple: mounds of broiled lobster tails—and french fried potatoes. Tennis and golf have not yet found their way there. The country hasn't a single museum, and better beaches can be found almost anywhere else in the Caribbean. As for the interior of Belize, half is roadless jungle and swamp, and half, a remote highland. We didn't, in other words, go for the scenery, either.

Then why Belize? We went because it has what is probably the best and definitely the longest barrier reef in the Western Hemisphere, as well as the clearest water, and because the whole country is a kind of living museum, rich with Mayan ruins, most of them unexcavated and undocumented but one of which, at Lamanai, is the site of one of the longest-running Mayan archaeological digs going. We also went because in the fishing villages along the cayes they still mostly fish; because everyone speaks English; because it's a frontier and there are very few rules. We went, finally, because it's one of the few places left in the world where, once one gets there, one can feel like a traveler, not a tourist. There are no Hilton or Inter-Continental hotels in Belize, no McDonald's, no television, and no well-organized packs of visitors moving to a schedule. Belize is a small, blessed relief from the ordinary, homogenized experience most of us have come to expect from the rest of the world.

The Fort George Hotel, in Belize City, the rather ragged former capital, overlooks the harbor and is sufficiently tropical in style and just seedy enough to remind one of Humphrey Bogart and

Anthony Brandt wrote about the American Museum of Natural History in the May 1983 Connoisseur.

RENE BURRI

Belize feels Caribbean, speaks English, and wears the colors of Mexico.

RENE BURRI

The best way around Belize is by small plane. Above: Languor at the municipal airport.

Sydney Greenstreet in *Across the Pacific*. The first night there we had dinner with Emory King, an American expatriate who runs five or six businesses but who has plenty of time to talk and is the resident expert on his adopted homeland. King was shipwrecked in Belize as a young man and simply never left; he is married to a Belizean woman.

Although Belize is said to have been founded by English pirates, for whom its shallow, intricate waters were safe harbor from Spanish warships, violence is uncommon [illegible] an [illegible]

tory the size of Massachusetts, it has a police force of 400, none of whom carries guns, and an army of 900. The prime minister, George Price, is an ascetic who goes to mass five times a week, stoops to pick up litter when he walks to work, and gets by on an annual salary of 15,000 Belizean dollars (that's $7,500 U. S.). Belize, which used to be British Honduras, is a member of the British Commonwealth, and Price is considered to be so astute and so incorruptible that he has been made a member of the queen's Privy Council, an eminent honorary body. The British still keep a garrison of 1,700 troops in the country in case Guatemala, which claims Belize, should ever try to make good on its claim.

We asked King which of the two easily accessible Mayan ruins, Altun Ha or Xunantunich, was the better to see; these are two of the five ruins where the government provides guides. King directed us to Xunantunich, which has been only minimally excavated but is nevertheless relatively free of growth. Altun Ha was the site of a major, seven-year dig, and the largest piece of Mayan carved jade anywhere, a six-inch-high head of the Maya sun god, Kinich Ahau, was found there. But the site persistently reverts to jungle and becomes overgrown, though the Belize government tries to maintain it. The jade head is in a bank vault in Belize City; it is not on display.

To call Xunantunich easily accessible is a bit misleading; the roads in Belize are something of an adventure. We hired a driver named Eustaquio and drove out through forty miles of country that was nowhere more than three feet above sea level, then through another forty miles of slowly rising land that wound up at the Guatemalan border. The road got worse as it rose; at the end it was all dirt and stones. The ruins stood on a hill a few miles from the town of San Ignacio. To get there one crosses a small river called the Mopán on a ferry just large enough for a single car, then drives a mile or so up a dirt road to the enclosure at the top.

Excavated Mayan ruins like the extensive sites at Tikal and Chichén Itzá are impressive in a way that an unexcavated site cannot be: the temples are bare, the proportions are plainly visible, the architecture can be studied. At Xunantunich the largest temple, called El Castillo, is overgrown with bush except at the top (where a squad of extremely bored British soldiers keep watch over the Guatemalan border); one sees only a rough outline of the structure. Other, smaller mounds are completely overgrown.

Yet the site is impressive in other ways, ways that demand an open spirit of the viewer. One knows that real treasure is buried here, waiting for an archaeologist to find it. Beyond that, there is something definitely uncanny about the place. El Castillo is massive, an enormous structure hidden under the bush, at more than 127 feet the tallest building in Belize; and the courtyard below it, enclosed on all sides by overgrown building mounds, is hot and still, like the interior of a building in summer. Standing in that courtyard, looking up at the small mountain that is the temple, one senses something sacred and overpowering about the place. An

RENE BURRI

ALTHOUGH FOUNDED BY PIRATES, BELIZE IS AN OASIS OF PEACE AND TRANQUILLITY IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

Belize City, looking like a seaport in a Conrad novel, opens the way to a country of unexpected freshness, charm, and pleasant surprise.

unimaginable amount of labor went into the building of these temples, labor extended over centuries as building was erected upon building, new temples on old; and it is as if all that expended energy has somehow been contained there. El Castillo is nothing if not a symbol of power.

The temple has tiny rooms in it with corbeled arches that are not rooms in our sense but like rooms in the mind, openings for a sudden intrusion of the spiritual into the mundane. We spent a couple of hours at Xunantunich and came away unexpectedly moved. There are people, Eustaquio, our driver, told us, who come back to Xunantunich again and again, who spend day after day at the site even though there's not all that much to see.

We could not go immediately to Lamanai after our day at Xunantunich. Lamanai is in deep jungle, the road is sometimes impassable, and arrangements would have to be made with the head archaeologist, David Pendergast, who with his wife, Elizabeth, also an archaeologist, their two-year-old son, and a staff of nearly forty, was at the site and could be reached only by radio. Pendergast, we learned, is a curator in the Department of New World Archaeology at the Royal Ontario Museum, in Toronto. He came to Belize in the early 1960s to do cave archaeology and has spent nearly all his professional life on Mayan sites in the country. It was he who directed the seven-year dig at Altun Ha, which for its size proved to be richer in artifacts than any other Mayan site in Central America, and he is now one of the reigning experts in Mayan studies. Our contact with him, an American expatriate named Stewart Krohn, promised he would call us as soon as he got in touch with Pendergast, and he would take us to the site.

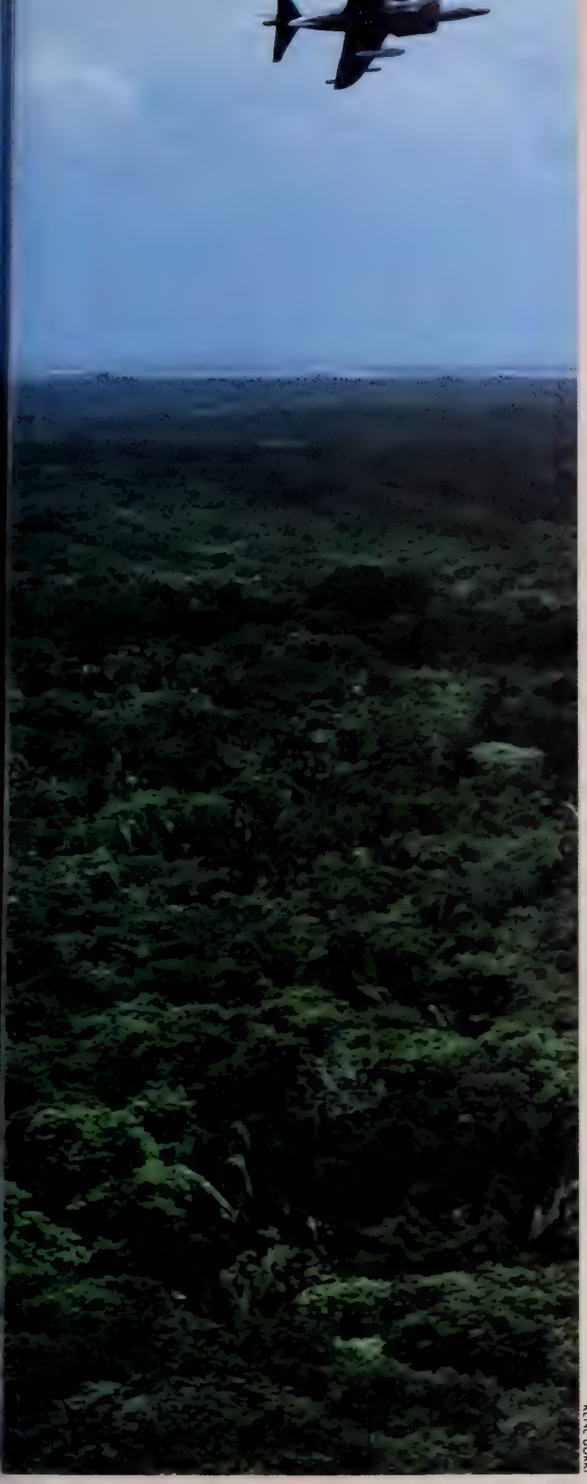
In the meantime we went on diving on Ambergris Caye, an island off the coast and just inside the barrier reef.

A British Harrier jet streaks over the Mayan ruins of Altun Ha, always about to be swallowed by the inexorable green jungle. No Mayan site of compar-

Ambergris Caye boasts one village, San Pedro, of about 2,500 people. It is primarily a fishing village, but it has a group of small hotels and resorts, whose prices range from $3 a day to about $130 (including meals), and more than twenty bars. For all the bars, though, San Pedro is remarkably quiet. The streets are sand, not paved; there's no place to drive to, so there are very few vehicles in San Pedro; and everything, bars and all, shuts down at about ten-thirty at night.

The barrier reef, about three hundred yards offshore, is Belize's most spectacular natural wonder: it runs for 175 miles, with numerous offshoots, such as Lighthouse Reef, at Half Moon Caye, and Glover's Reef, south of the Turneffe Islands. Because Belize has done so little to attract tourists, the reef has not been overfished and the waters are not polluted. Many of the cayes have no accommodations for visitors at all. Visibility underwater at Half Moon Caye is up to 200 feet, and at Ambergris Caye it is over 100. Half Moon Caye is also the site of the Blue Hole, a shaft about the size of the inside of a volcano that goes straight down for 400 feet and contains no coral—no life at all, in fact, except sharks. It is famous among scuba divers, who go to see the stalactite formations inside, which start at a depth of about 130 feet. We didn't get to the Blue Hole. It's an overnight journey by boat from San Pedro, and we were new to scuba diving in any case; 130 feet would have been beyond us. Besides, the reef at Ambergris Caye is as beautiful and exciting, we were told by other divers, as any in the world, except, perhaps, for parts of Australia's Great Barrier Reef.

Adolfo Ayuso, the dive master at our hotel (Ramon's Reef Resort, on Ambergris Caye), is a short man, Mayan, whose skin is half-covered with tattoos. Gentle and quiet, but clearly in command, he was very reassuring to have around. The three of us dropped off the boat the first day



RENE BURRI

able size in Central America has yielded such riches.

and sank into a world that is as close to the peaceable kingdom as I shall ever see on this earth. Life exists here in immense, colorful profusion; it is a ten-ring circus with five acts in every ring. That first dive, I found myself wholly entranced by an ordinary peacock flounder, which I discovered moving very slowly over the bottom less than two feet below me. It was the same color as the sand, a kind of grayish white, except for pale, delicate rings of bluish green all over its body, which looked like lichen, and darker green fins circling its body. The fins moved as if a wave were passing through them while the flounder rotated its eyes, mounted on the side of its head like two tiny periscopes, in all directions, independent of each other.

THE MAYAN RUINS SEEM TO CONTAIN THE ENERGY OF CENTURIES OF LABOR.

If a flounder is fascinating, what shall one say of the blue-and-yellow wrasses, or the yellowtail damselfish, on whose black body dots of brilliant iridescent blue stand out, or the great schools of grunts or yellowtail snappers that let us swim among them, indifferent or curious (we knew not which), but never let us touch them? Vermilion-red squirrelfish moved gracefully in and out through holes in the coral and stared at us with great round sad black eyes.

We wove in and out among underwater islands of coral: brain corals the size of igloos, elkhorn corals spreading branches up in all directions, meadows of blue-green sea fans two feet across, soft corals waving in the current, tube sponges a sulfurous yellow in color. We saw the long antennae of spiny lobsters poking from beneath the mounds of coral. Butterfly fish were everywhere, as were little fish called sergeant majors (yellow with black stripes across their backs like zebras), an occasional parrotfish (deep crimson crusted with splotches of white, which chews coral and makes sand of it), and small fish called hamlets, which are a rich, deep blue. The abundance, the colors, the proliferation of life was overwhelming. Adolfo pointed to a long tube at the end of which something that looked like a pink flower bloomed; as he approached it with his outstretched finger the flower suddenly vanished back into the tube. No flower, but a sabellid worm. We spent nearly an hour in the water. We came up only because I ran low on air.

On one later dive we saw green moray eels poking their heads out of holes in the coral, five or six of them. We were in no danger, Adolfo told us afterward; morays strike at humans only if seriously provoked. The same was true of the six-foot-long nurse shark—they're common on coral reefs—we found sleeping on the bottom; Adolfo took us right up to it, our masked faces two feet from its body. Creatures obviously do attack and eat each other on the reef, this being the order of nature, but an attack on humans is extremely rare, and the reef seems like a peaceful place, with an abundance of species living in easy proximity, the laws of nature operating undisturbed. Man is not part of this system, he is a visitor; and the things he sees, he soon discovers, seem to

El Castillo, in the Mayan ruins of Xunantunich, is still the tallest building in Belize.

STEWART KROHN

LIFE IS HERE IN IMMENSE, COLORFUL PROFUSION, A TEN-RING CIRCUS WITH FIVE ACTS IN EVERY RING.

be as curious about him as he is about them: curious and unafraid. It is an extraordinary, transfiguring discovery. There were moments when I wanted to live entranced in this mildness the rest of my days.

The deeper one goes, the more awesome the reef becomes. We went to eighty feet on our last two dives, descending down the anchor line to the edge of the wall beyond which there is nothing but a thousand miles of blue water, deep blue ocean. There, the reef drops straight down into the abyss. At eighty feet the water is as clear and there is as much light as at ten feet, so we could see what we were coming to, see it in slowly increasing detail as we descended the line; it felt, perhaps, a little like what souls feel as they descend into life.

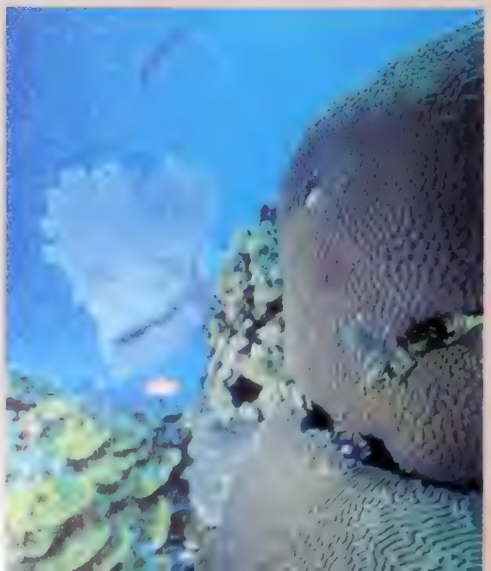
At the top of the wall the coral has grown in such a way as to form narrow canyons, seven or eight feet wide and perhaps twenty to thirty feet deep, perpendicular to the wall itself. We drifted up and down these canyons, exploring their sides. The variety of fish was greater at these depths, and the fish were larger. A queen triggerfish, the oddest of creatures but gorgeous, all dark vibrant greens, blues, and yellows, followed us up and down one canyon; it was clearly her territory. We found basket sponges big enough to sit in; the smaller, tube sponges were bright orange, or that same sulfurous yellow, or pale but brilliant blue. The soft corals, bush after bush, diamond blennies and trumpet fish hiding among them, were whole gardens in themselves. Delicate staghorn corals proliferated all around us. Spotted goatfish and spotted drums came to look us over. When we came up knowing this was the last dive, we also knew we had come to the limits of something. We had seen life at its richest, its most spectacularly copious, and it had brought us within reach of understanding life's abundance and harmony. That is precisely the understanding we struggle all our days to achieve, for the most part, alas, unsuccessfully.

In the midst of all this wonder, between our second and third dives, we went to Lamanai. These ruins are much larger than those at Xunantunich and are spread out in jungle, so they can't be seen whole. The structures—there are so many that some are still untouched after ten years of excavation—clearly constituted a major Mayan city center. The site is important archaeologically not just because of its size, but also because it was occupied continuously from about 1500 B.C., the date of the first samples of corn pollen, to A.D. 1640, a span of over 3,000 years. It shows no evidence of the decline that affected Mayan civilization generally after A.D. 900; it is therefore a major source of information about what is called post-Classic Mayan civilization. What archaeologists are finding here may well lead to major revisions in our understanding of that mysterious civilization.

"Virtually every time we stick a shovel in the ground we dig up something new," Pendergast says. "We have stuff coming out all the time that's new, things that are constantly controverting the hypotheses we brought to the place, or even that we developed here." Pendergast has consequently become cautious about his findings and is not ready to publish them. The artifacts he showed us have therefore not been recorded in the scholarly literature.

And what artifacts: a beautifully preserved, elaborately carved bone figure of a god or a dignitary; ten or twelve pieces of carved jade from rulers' burials; a ceramic crocodile mask (Lamanai is a Mayan word meaning "submerged crocodile," and there are still crocodiles on the lagoon fronting the site); copper rings; a pair of tweezers, which are extremely rare; ceramic bowls, their legs molded with great imagination in various animal motifs, each leg a different animal in some bowls (the freedom of the style is very unusual, says Pendergast); dozens of flint "eccentrics," funerary offerings in the shape of animals; tall black urns in a style unique to Lamanai; the jawbone of a jaguar carved to resemble a jaguar and covered with carved Mayan glyphs and numbers; and hundreds of other objects. The site has yielded a jade mosaic mask mounted on wood, which is also extremely rare; usually the wood disintegrates and the mosaic falls apart. Many of the artifacts are kept in a small screened shed behind the camp dining room. By the time this account is published, they will all be in safe storage; Pendergast is uneasy keeping millions of dollars worth of Mayan art in a shed in the jungle miles from anywhere.

The scuba diving at Belize's barrier reef, renowned as the best in the Western Hemisphere, affords views of brilliant fish, coral, and sponges.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY M. TIMOTHY O'KEEFE

The town of San Pedro, on Ambergris Caye, is Belize's main resort; the breakers mark the reef line, about three hundred yards offshore.

After a few more days on the reef, we left Belize for good. The transition was something of a jolt, but such transitions always are. Everyone is familiar with the problems of re-entry: planes develop engine trouble on the runway or are six hours late; luggage gets lost; hotel rooms are overheated. One finally arrives home to find that the dog is missing or sick, a pipe has burst, and the cellar is in ankle deep in water. Checks haven't arrived; the bills, of course, have.

People call this the real world. To us, what we left behind was far more real. We had seen a jaguar bone carved into the figure of a jaguar, jade faces, pottery masks; and the man showing us these things was the archaeologist who found them. We had been with creatures of the sea in their own environment; we had almost held them in our hands. What we call real is mostly routine—a routine that leaves little time for the penetration of the spiritual into the material world. That investment of spirit in nature is what Mayan art is largely about, and what, in a sense, the reef is about, too. For there in supreme abundance nature reveals itself as a profuse manifestation of form, the incarnation in endless shape and variety of a power that seems to be much more than material. □

ON THE SCENT OF THE BLACK TRUFFLE

THEY TASTE OF THE GLORIES OF EARTH

BY ALAN DAVIDSON

I wonder whether Harry S Truman ever received, and tasted, the largest truffle of which a record exists: a giant that registered over four pounds on the scales. The Italian who dug it up—in 1951, near Alba, in the heart of Italian truffle country—sold it for 130,000 lire (equivalent, perhaps, to $5,000 now), and the food historian Leo Goldschmied records that the businessman from Rome who bought the exotic viand intended to offer it in homage to the American president. If he had done so, there would have been a pleasing contrast between gift and recipient: the simple eater from Missouri faced by a supreme example of the most expensive, subtle, and mysterious of foods known to man.

The Roman donor could also have reflected that he was giving to the leading personality of the New World the one Old World food that he could not possibly grow on his own territory. It is

Truffle hunting is a secret business. But when a woman goes walking with a pig in Quercy, France, there are probably truffles nearby.

In the open-air market at Lalbenque, an ounce of the rare fungus fetches about four dollars, a price that soars to thirty

HARVESTS ARE

dollars by the time the truffle crosses the ocean and reaches American customers.

DWINDLING, DWINDLING.

true that truffles are a worldwide phenomenon; and some species exist in North America, including *Tuber texense*, an edible white truffle that is used by Alice Waters at Chez Panisse, in Berkeley, California. But no one claims that this, or any other truffle outside Europe, seriously rivals the black truffle of Périgord, *Tuber melanosporum*, or the white truffle of Alba, *Tuber magnatum*.

The taste of the two is at once light and lingering, subtle and mouth filling; their aroma evokes the glories of earth. The black truffle is probably at its best in Périgord, where conditions conspire to bring it to perfection, but it does grow in other parts of France, and also in Spain and Italy. The white truffle is found only in Italy, mainly in Alba. Of the dozens of species scattered over the globe these two stand alone, in excellence as in fame.

It was not always so. If our Roman had lived 1,800 years ago, he might well have offered his emperor a specimen of *Terfezia*, the desert truffle, which was brought to Rome from Arab lands, especially from North Africa. "Terfez," as the Arabs know it, is still found and may still, roasted whole, add luster to a sheikh's table in the Persian Gulf; but its reputation and consumption seem to have dwindled remarkably since classical times.

Until about a hundred years ago, no natural historian understood what truffles are and how they grow. Theophrastus thought that they were produced by the rain of thunderstorms; Dioscorides, that they were a kind of root; Pliny, that they were "callosities of earth"; and Plutarch, that lightning was a necessary condition of their formation. They were all wrong.

THE NATURE OF A TRUFFLE

A truffle is the fruiting body of a fungus that belongs to the category of mushrooms and grows wholly underground. The plant itself consists of an extensive web of filaments so fine as to be nearly invisible. These filaments, or mycelia, link up with the roots of certain trees and shrubs in a mycorrhizal relationship, which benefits both parties. The filaments of the truffle become extensions of the tree's roots, enabling it to draw up more minerals from the soil. The truffle is nourished by products synthesized by the tree's leaves. Tree and truffle are organically bonded together by a special growth called a mycorrhiza.

At this point one begins to understand why the cultivation of truffles is on the one hand difficult (how to reproduce a natural phenomenon of such complexity?) but on the other hand possible (since young trees in a mycorrhizal condition can be transplanted). The would-be cultivator has to remember that the system works with only some kinds of tree (notably, but not exclusively, certain kinds of oak), in a limited range of climates and on certain types of soil (a limestone base being preferred). Despite the difficulties involved, people who are successful at creating truffle plantations can make their fortunes, since the demand for truffles far outstrips the supply and prices are sky-high.

HUGUES /ASS

[illegible]

Given the wealth that the "black diamonds" of Périgord represent, it is odd

APRIL PETERS FLORY

The black truffle, which also grows in Spain and Italy, is at its best in the Périgord, where conditions bring it to perfection.

THE MOST SUBTLE, MYSTERIOUS, AND COSTLY OF FOODS.

that production should have fallen so dramatically from the level recorded a hundred or seventy-five years ago. In 1912 the Périgord-Quercy region alone put 280 tons of truffles onto the market. After the First World War, harvests declined steadily, until, in the 1960s, the whole of France was producing a mere seventy tons. A partial explanation for this surprising trend, some say, is the tendency of truffle gatherers to dispose of their finds surreptitiously, in order to evade taxes. Still, it is incontestable that the supply of truffles has dwindled, and authors such as Jean Rebière have been able to explain why, and by what measures the trend can be reversed.

Rebière is the doyen of truffle experts in the Périgord and lives not far from the little truffle museum in Sorges, which now serves as a base from which to take "truffle walks" and study the appearance of places where truffles grow. One striking feature of these is the "scorched earth" area round a tree that has a mycorrhizal relationship with truffles, especially the black truffle. Virtually no other plants can grow in such soil, and the underground progress of the truffle mycelium can be charted by the spread of this barren ground. Rebière has come up with some intriguing pieces of information about circumstances that will help restore a former *truffière* to productivity. Road works help a lot, especially if heavy bulldozers are used. And having a local basketball team use a piece of ground for their games is another favorable factor. Shock treatment, in short, works wonders.

Rebière's work (*La Truffe du Périgord*, Pierre Fanlac, Périgueux, second edition, 1981) is so illuminating and the trufflers of his region so communicative (the café in the little village of Cubjac is a fine place for gathering information) that this article will stay with the black truffle. But I assure Italians that I have been to Alba, too, and have the highest respect for their white species.

THE TRUFFLE SEASON AND TRUFFLE HUNTING

The mycelium of the black truffle starts active growth in May and continues until July. The fruiting bodies are white when they first begin to form, then successively grayish and reddish, until they reach full size. At maturity, they are nearly black and veined white inside. There is often a long pause, perhaps of several months, between the time when a truffle reaches its full size and maturity. This accounts for the length of the season, extending over five winter months.

Although some truffles break the surface of the ground at an early stage in their growth, most remain well underground. Skilled hunters may be able to detect from signs on the surface that a truffle is below; but the aid of animals or insects has to be invoked to ensure a full harvest. The aroma of a mature truffle can be detected by a pig or a dog, animals that have traditionally been trained to do the work. The pig has some disadvantages, especially for the truffle poacher. A villain of this kind has to be able to make a quick getaway; this is difficult if he is encumbered by a pig that has just found a truffle and is unwilling to part with it. Separating pig from truffle is, anyway, awkward. Dogs are nimbler and less possessive.

The helpful insects belong to the species *Helomyza tuberivora*. They hover over the spot where a truffle grows with the intent of depositing their larvae on the truffles, unaware what an expensive baby food they thus provide for their tiny offspring.

Even with these various aids, truffle hunting is a skilled business, and one that is closely regulated. Truffling rights in a piece of land may be separated from ownership of the land itself. In

Alan Davidson, who is writing the 900,000-word Oxford Companion to Food, *conducts symposia at St. Anthony's College, Oxford University, on the history of food.*

truffle country one may see, from August onwards, stern notices announcing, "Truffière Protégée par la Loi, Articles 388 et 401 du Code Pénal, Articles 173 et 177 du Code Forestier." Digging up a truffle in defiance of Article 388 can land you in prison (fifteen days to two years), with a fine as well. Working by night, with human accomplices or a motor vehicle, might get you five years in prison.

The severity of these penalties reflects the great value of the harvest. An expert hunter working in good terrain may gather the equivalent of six months' livelihood in a few weeks.

The truffle season extends from November through February or March, in the Périgord. The market is most active around Christmas and the New Year, the season for making pâté de foie gras and the truffled turkey, a traditional Christmas and New Year's delicacy. Half a pound of truffles for one turkey!

CHOOSING TRUFFLES

A good truffle is black, firm to the touch, and dense, with a fine, strong aroma. Very large and very small ones may be perfectly good, but the preferred range of size is from half an ounce to six ounces.

Reject truffles that seem unduly dry and light in weight. They may have been exposed to the air for too long and are dehydrated. (If such truffles have been soaked to restore them, they will have a bitter aroma; reject them, too.)

Truffles that are soft and sweat when pressed probably have suffered frostbite. Have nothing to do with them.

A truffle with no aroma is probably immature. Put it back in the earth or in a sealed container to mature.

KEEPING TRUFFLES

Up to a week, they keep well in a plastic bag from which most of the air has been expelled. To keep the truffles for a month or two, cover them with oil. Either way, put them in the vegetable compartment of the refrigerator.

Truffles can also be preserved in Cognac or Armagnac, or frozen (for periods up to several months). But for long-term preservation they should be carefully cleaned, placed in cans, sealed, and sterilized. This works better than some people think. The first truffle I bought was a very small one in a tiny can. Awestruck by our extravagance, we kept it for ten years before judging that an occasion warranting its consumption had arisen. It was fine, although not quite as good as a fresh one.

ENJOYING TRUFFLES (FOR WEALTHY CONNOISSEURS ONLY)

The supreme method requires whole truffles, unpeeled. Wrap them in several layers of cooking paper greased with goose fat, and roast them gently under hot cinders. Savor this treasure to the accompaniment of a good Bordeaux wine, a Château Pontet-Canet, perhaps.

But this is for the *very* wealthy. The common run of millionaires will probably be satisfied with the slivers of truffle to be found in pâté de foie gras truffé.

ENJOYING TRUFFLES FOR A FEW CENTS

This is possible because of the extraordinarily pervasive power of the aroma of truffles. You need some eggs and a friend who has some fresh truffles. Persuade this friend to let your eggs sit for a while in whatever receptacle is being used to keep the truffles. Then remove the eggs and make an omelet with them. The truffle flavor will be highly satisfactory. □

In France most truffles come from natural oak forests. After the pig sniffs out his quarry, the hunter completes the harvest.

THYSSEN IN ALL CANDOR

A far-ranging conversation with the world's most powerful collector

BY BARTH DAVID SCHWARTZ

Although he owns a villa in southern Switzerland, a country house in Gloucestershire, and a residence in Jamaica, Baron Hans Heinrich Thyssen-Bornemisza has a chronic space problem. The proud possessor of the world's most extensive private collection of old masters, not to mention vast holdings in nineteenth- and twentieth-century European and American art—1,400 paintings at last count—he long ago ran out of walls on which to hang it all. But precious little goes into storage. Museums the world over are the richer for Thyssen's countless loans, special exhibitions, and traveling shows. A man of robust build who masks a highly competitive nature behind an air of nonchalance, he lends with an astuteness that by now is well practiced. For years he has even had paintings on long-term loan in the headquarters of the Federal Reserve Board, in Washington, D.C.

At the age of sixty-two, the baron has built up a diversified, intercontinental empire. In Europe and America, he owns banks, shipyards, gas distributors, and companies in the information, glass, and automotive industries—but no steel mills, which were the source of his father's family's fortunes in pre–World War II Germany. From these enterprises, he derives an annual income of several million dollars, which he deploys as only the very rich can, never squandering either the funds or the influence they so easily procure. "Sometimes a dealer is difficult or the price of a work is out of line," he says in Teutonically accented English. "Then I tell them they will simply not sell to me again. And if there is a fight between two dealers, I stay out of it. I let them scream." He usually gets what he wants.

From his exalted position, Thyssen deals as an equal with such powers as the Soviet Ministry of Culture and the Vatican Museums. Before his loan show of American master paintings late last year (see page 66), the Vatican had never displayed works belonging to a private collector. His exchange-loan program with the Soviets, begun last year and still in progress, is also without precedent. Under the terms of the agreement, the Pushkin Museum, in Moscow, and the Hermitage, in Leningrad, lent Thyssen his choice of forty Impressionist and Postimpressionist masterworks (including prize Tahitian Gauguins such as *Eh Quoi! Tu Es Jalouse* and superb Matisses, including *La Chambre Rouge*) for exhibit in the baron's home, Villa Favorita, in Castagnola, on the outskirts of Lugano. Matching painting for painting, Thyssen has sent forty of his old masters to the Soviet Union. Having been seen at the Pushkin, they are now hanging at the Hermitage, with later dates to be scheduled for Kiev. Why would the Soviets cut a deal so flattering to the image of a Western capitalist-collector? Says Thyssen, "Ask Andropov."

The bulk of the paintings he keeps on public view are in the picture gallery of his villa. The wing, of twenty elegant rooms—its walls clad in damask, its doors framed in marble—was built by the present baron's father for his own enjoyment. He assembled a compendium of European paintings dating from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century and favored the German and the Flemish schools.

The gallery, open three days a week from Easter to October, is hung in the traditional fashion, according to nationalities: Italian High and late Renaissance in one room, Dutch interiors and still lifes in another, fifteenth-century Flemish masters in a third, and so forth. The *pinacoteca* boasts a staggering array: Carpaccio, Raphael, van Eyck, Antonello da Messina, El Greco, Piero della Francesca, Tiepolo, Tintoretto, Titian, in a profusion surpassing even the Frick Collection's, in New York, or the Kimbell's, in Fort Worth, Texas. Thyssen's own favorite work is a profile by Domenico Ghirlandaio of the ill-fated Florentine aristocrat Giovanna Tornabuoni, who died in childbirth before 1490. The present baron's father acquired it along with three other paintings from the Morgan Library ("They sold them to raise money to buy books"). It especially pleases him because it has "never been touched, never restored." He is obsessed with condition. Behind a door cut into the gallery wall, near a Fragonard, there is a studio where a master restorer, Marco Grassi, is hard at work cleaning a seventeenth-century allegorical painting. Thyssen's remarks to Grassi are casual, even diffident, but behind them is an unmistakable wealth of expertise.

Near the entrance to the gallery is a small office lined with bookshelves and equipped with little more than a desk and a telephone. Here Thyssen keeps his calendar and places some of the calls that build his ever-growing collection. Simon

Barth David Schwartz is a free-lance writer based in San Francisco.

EVELYN HOFER

de Pury, formerly a codirector at Sotheby's, and a multilingual staff of seven are ensconced with a computer in a nearby office building that looks like a private house. Here, catalogues, postcards, and announcements pour in from auction houses and dealers everywhere.

Thyssen readily admits to his acquisitive instincts. "I prefer to go on collecting the paintings, leaving it to my eldest son to build the walls to hold them," he explains. To date, the man in line, Georg Heinrich, thirty-four, who is the chief executive of the Thyssen-Bornemisza Corporation, has shown no great inclination to do so. But the baron is sure that in time his son, too, will come around.

It is nine in the morning, an hour before the gallery opens to the public, when Thyssen, dressed as casually and comfortably as a Sunday gardener, begins showing a private visitor his treasures. In the course of several hours, the usually reticent baron speaks with disarming candor of his passion for art, his coups, the ones that got away. He speaks, too, of his friends and rivals—collectors like the baron Edmond de Rothschild, Norton Simon, and Armand Hammer, with whom he has been known to play stratospheric games of one-upmanship. He speaks of the dealers, for whom he is an estimable and at times formidable customer. From these conversations, here are rare glimpses into the mind of a man who knows exactly what he wants and knows exactly how far he will go to get it.

Who chooses what you buy?

I alone make the decisions and take the risks. I have no board of advisers or anything like that. Advisers bore me. If the quality of the painting is good and it interests me, I'll go and see it, or send a deputy first. I always require a preservation report.

Following the market is not that difficult. I now buy very little in sales; there's just not that much of interest to me. If something really significant comes up, we are informed about it. The auction houses let us know. We don't have to chase information at all. I am lazy, and art is fun for me, not working.

I make only snap judgments. The rest is only blah-blah-blah. Twenty years ago I used to make an instant decision because a sixth sense told me a certain painting would end up in the collection. I used to get a slide or a photo, and the "spirit of my father" (so I thought it was) would tell me to buy or not. I cared more about where it would hang than about the name of the painter or the price. But that has changed

Portrait of a Man

Antonello da Messina (1430–79)

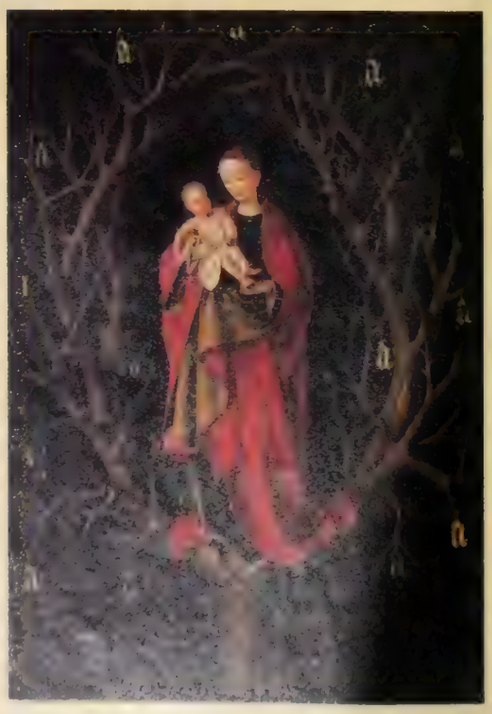
Some American museums turned this one down because they thought it showed a "boring face." I bought it for only $180,000. Nothing! There are at most twenty-four Antonellos in the world, and the bulk of them will never leave Italy. This is the only one in a private collection. The Metropolitan said, "We'll buy the next one," but the guy has been dead five hundred years and there is no production line. Mine was the last one. Committees do not understand.

In 1947, when my father died, I had to pay inheritance taxes and I was short of money. Calouste Gulbenkian wanted to buy this painting very much. I fixed the price at $300,000, which was very high at that time. We argued, and he came back, "I cannot pay you more than $285,000. I am Mr. Five Percent." Too bad for him, and that's why it's still here.

***Our Lady of the Barren Tree* (ca. 1460–73)**

Petrus Christus (ca. 1415–72)

The A's in the background stand for Ave Maria. It was painted in the fifteenth century, but I joke that they might stand for Adenauer. The chancellor came to visit my aunt, a kind of "iron lady" who was, for a time, the head of the family steelworks in Germany after the war. She owned the picture, and knowing my passion for art said she would leave it to me when she died. But we had a difference of opinion about various things. One day she received a decoration of merit from Chancellor Adenauer and was very enthusiastic about it, and he was going around looking at her paintings and spent quite some time in front of this one. So she gave it to him, and that was it.



A couple months later, I found out that there was a little box in a safe-deposit box in a bank in Zurich, and my guess was that it was probably that picture. I made an offer for the box, and after some negotiations by various persons my offer was accepted—under the condition that the Thyssen family should not find out.

One year later I hung it where you see it now, and Mr. Adenauer came one day to see it. I wasn't here, unfortunately. He asked the custodian, "What did Mr. Thyssen pay for it?" thinking maybe he had been cheated by the dealer. He wasn't shocked it was hanging here.

It was protected by a monuments law in Germany, so if I had inherited it from my aunt, I could never have taken it out of the country. When my aunt died and a commission for the preservation of historical treasures was looking for this painting, they were told, "Oh, that one went to Adenauer," so the search stopped. That's why I call Adenauer one of the great "official smugglers" working on my behalf. Napoleon was another.

***Stormy Landscape* (ca. 1640)**

Rembrandt (1606–69)

This picture is very dear to me because it was hanging in the sitting room of the house in Holland where I was born. It's one of the first paintings I experienced as a young child. Many experts today do not put it in the oeuvre of Rembrandt. It will always be very dear to me.

If it's not a Rembrandt, it certainly is a very good landscape. The reason it isn't a Rembrandt is not clear to me. They say this little house here is not Rembrandt, but it's a little bit silly. I can take that house away, or call my restorer and have him take this house away, and then it's a Rembrandt?

Would I pay a "Rembrandt price" for it? Probably not for this one, no. Rembrandt changed very often. He painted very bad pictures and very good pictures. He was a moody character. This one is difficult. I love it for other reasons.

***Young Knight in a Landscape* (ca. 1510)**

Carpaccio (ca. 1460–1526)

Nobody has to think much about wanting this painting. You should just buy it. To think about that is stupid. It is a triple-A painting. A museum that considered and rejected it made the mistake of taking a lesser Raphael because publicizing such an acquisition would increase attendance. It was sold as a Dürer, as a Bellini maybe, but my father immediately saw it was a Carpaccio. But Carpaccio was a less important painter than the other ones, so the dealer covered the signature and said, "Maybe it's someone else." It was cleaned after the war, and by cleaning, the signature came out. There was a theory that the dead tree was in the coat of arms of a branch of a family dying out. The plants all indicate various things. There are books on the meanings of plants and animals. I cannot remember them all, but everything means something.

The Baron's Americans

Georgia O'Keeffe's luminous *White Iris No. 7* (1957) is one of over a hundred reasons why "American Masters: The Thyssen-Bornemisza Collection" is not being allowed to disappear. Having graced the Vatican Museums, from September to November of last year, it will pass through European cities, including Lugano, Duisburg, and possibly Vienna, before embarking for its land of origin. Baltimore, where the show opens on September 9, is the first of seven stops on the homecoming tour, with Detroit, Denver, San Antonio, New York, San Diego, and Palm Beach to follow. Dates are booked through April 1986.

As critics have been quick to point out, Thyssen's survey of American masters is very safe. It begins with John Singleton Copley and Charles Willson Peale, continues with classic Winslow Homers and Edward Hoppers, and concludes with such accessible near-contemporaries as Ben Shahn and Andrew Wyeth. Safe, but top-drawer. The baron has purchased with the benefit of 20/20 hindsight: his American collection was built up from scratch in the last five years.

because the gallery is full. I really didn't have a clue then.

How are your relations with dealers?

Sometimes a dealer I am working with is difficult or the price is out of line. Once a dealer tried to play Edmond de Rothschild and me off against each other. The man was a fool not to know that Rothschild and I tell each other things. He got more money from me than he should have, but I made him give me a refund. I told him, "I am making you pay because you think we are fools."

You're known to pay high prices. How high will you go? What are your limits?

Take the market for American art. It was relatively reasonable when I started collecting it, about six years ago. But now it has gone sky-high. That de Kooning that recently sold for $1.2 million? [*Two Women* went on the block at Christie's on May 10, 1983.] Yes, I know it is the highest price ever paid at auction for a painting by a living artist, a living American artist, but it's ridiculous. I acquired my large Lorenzo Monaco for *half* the price of that de Kooning. He's a great modern master, of course, but he's not *such* a genius.

My resources are not without limit. Oh, I can borrow money to buy a painting, but then I have to pay it back. I spend my income, or I sell things. I cannot pay just anything I want for any painting. It's not $56 million a year, like the Getty, but a fraction of that. Sometimes I have to wait for luck, and sometimes I have to pass on very important pictures because it's not in the budget. Yes, I can raise what I need with a telephone call, but there's once and there's twice, and then it's finished. I would find myself blocked over the years by the acquisition of one painting.

How sorry are you when a painting you want gets away?

My attitude is "So I lack it." One picture is not the equal of any other, and there is no need for completeness. My goal is not to have everything, but only quality, the best of the best. I would like to have a Leonardo, but that seems to be, I think, beyond reach. And a Botticelli. There have been one or two "Botticelli"s hanging in the gallery, but then they went away again. It was not 100 percent sure that they really were Botticelli. I wanted the *Ginevra de' Benci* [the Leonardo that went to the National Gallery, in Washington], and I made a gentleman's agreement with the prince of Liechtenstein, whom I know very well, about it. He said that he would never sell it, but we agreed that if he

ever wanted to he would let me know and I would try to make an offer. I even made an offer at that time. But then he never talked to me, and sold it at a price I would never have paid for it. It is charming, it is by Leonardo, but it is not first-class.

You know, one must also be patient. Years ago, there was a painting I wanted and could not acquire, for some reason. It went to a museum, and twenty-five years later I bought it at auction. Some do escape you. I had felt the lack of a great Rembrandt, and at a Parke Bernet sale in 1961 I wanted *Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer*. I'd lined up $2.2 million from the banks, and it went for $2.3 million. I was involved in a shipping deal then that needed a lot of money, and for lack of $100,000 I failed to get it and it went to the Metropolitan Museum, in New York. I'm sorry in a way, of course, but not so sorry. It had once been varnished with cobalt, and that goes into the color. It has to be cleaned every two years, and that's a nightmare.

Did you bid on the Velázquez Portrait of Juan de Pareja *[now at the Metropolitan]?*

No. It's a very good picture. I knew it would go very high and be unattainable for me anyway. I did not really want it, no. It is a first-class painting but it didn't touch me. I didn't want it so badly, but it would have been a very good addition to the collection. I regret the Velázquez more than the Leonardo and the Rembrandt, but would I spend the price they fetched now? Not if it would block my freedom.

Suppose you buy a fake?

I am sorry for the money, of course. It's part of the risks of the game. That day my sixth sense went on vacation. As you cannot control women, you cannot control the sixth sense. I think people who say of a painting "I fell in love with it" speak rubbish. "I can live without it"—that is my position on anything. Once the hammer is down and someone else has acquired it, I am happy for the money I saved. I love the painting but would not cry over it. I don't believe hard-boiled Norton Simon cries either. Simon will call up ten people for free advice, the opposite of me.

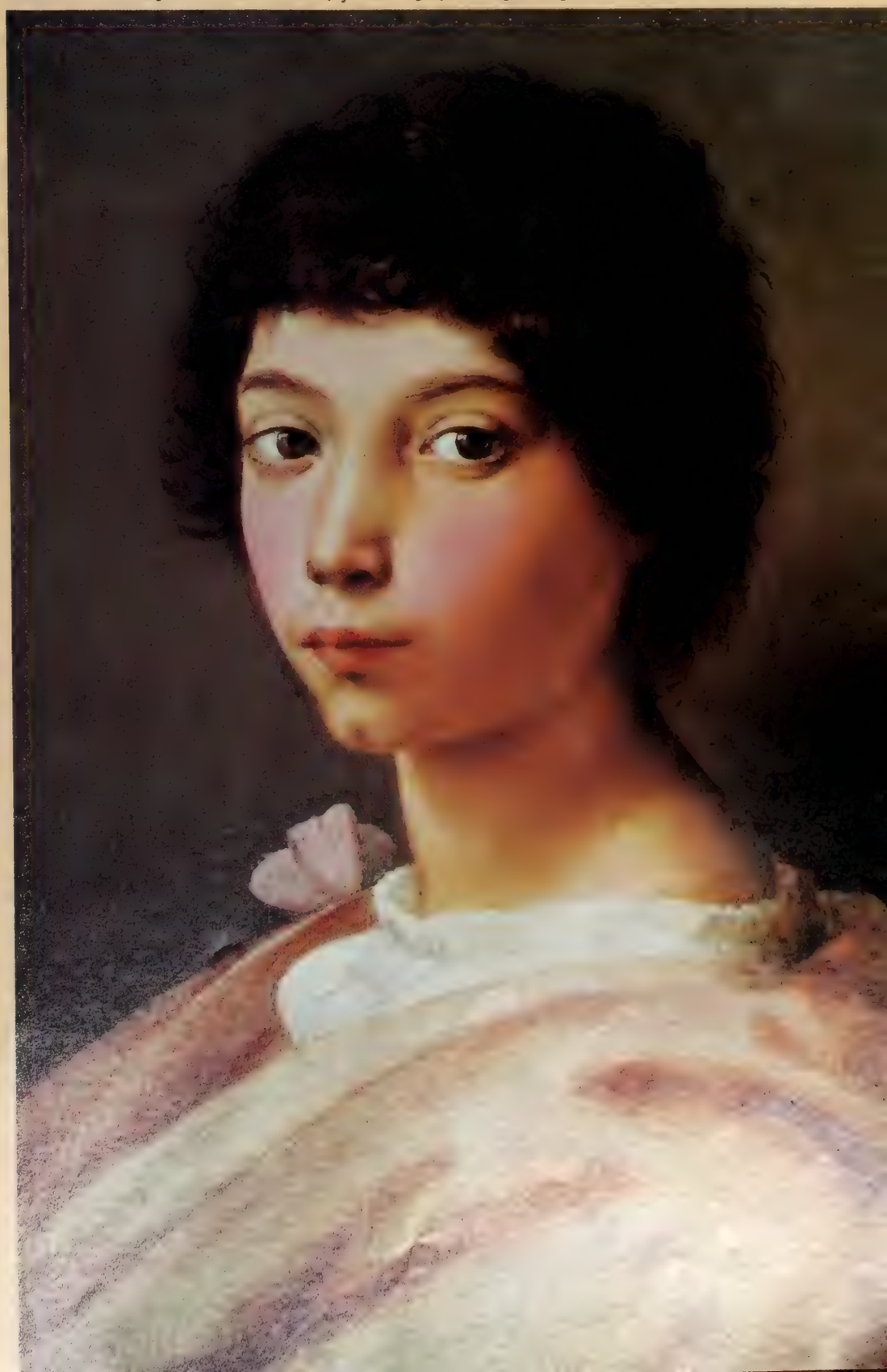
Speaking of Simon, who are your competitors? Aren't some major institutions after the same masterpieces you are? You've mentioned the Getty Museum, at Malibu, for instance.

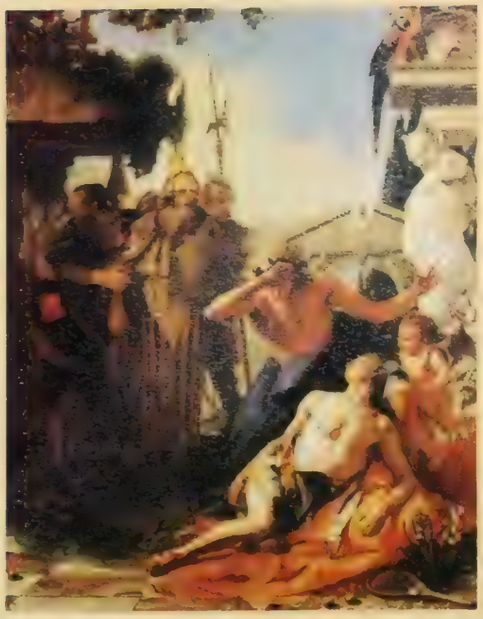
They are foolish people at the Getty, who could do much better than they do. At the Kimbell, they are clever and they listen; knowledgeable, first-class. I would consider Edmund Pillsbury there, its di-

Portrait of a Young Man

Raphael (1483–1520)

I was lucky to inherit this one as a Giulio Romano, and later it "became" a Raphael. It is an upgrading attribution, which is very pleasant. There are still a lot of people who say it is not Raphael. It is hard to say: if it is a portrait of Alessandro de Medici, it would be among Raphael's last works, since Alessandro was fourteen or fifteen when Raphael died. That is, *if* it is Alessandro de Medici. It might be him, but it is all guesswork. I think it is better than Giulio Romano. It has this big volume of drapery, similar to a Raphael self-portrait: the shoulder, the big coat. I liked it always, even when it was "by Giulio Romano." I liked it very much and thought it was something better. I would pay a "Raphael price" for it.





***The Death of Hyacinthus* (1752–53)**

Giambattista Tiepolo (1696–1770)

Mr. Tiepolo didn't paint his painting for me, but for a public building, and it ought to be seen by the public. I don't think my father would mind that people come a couple of days a week, but he would have minded something like a public museum, people every day coming and going—as they do now, into the sitting room, to look at the Russian pictures. No, he wouldn't have appreciated that at all.

But about this Tiepolo. Years ago I did not like it. In 1948, it was inherited by my brother, Stefan. Rudolph Heinemann, who was adviser to my father and also to me, said, "If your brother sells this picture, you must buy it at any price."

So, I bought it from my brother for, I think, $24,000. That was "any price" in the late 1940s. With time, I changed my feelings about it. Now I use it as a standard. When I am considering what to buy, keep, or sell, I judge it against this one. I ask myself, "Do I want to keep this picture, or the one I've been offered?" Many times, I give the other one back.

***Diptych, Annunciation* (ca. 1436)**

Jan van Eyck (ca. 1370–1440)

Jan van Eyck is the rarest painter. There are attributions to Hugo and Jan, but this is Jan van Eyck, really the inventor of oil paintings and basically of painting altogether. Before him there were frescoes and panels, traveling altars. The shadow effect makes the subject more plastic-looking. In Jan's time, only he would have thought of a "modern" conception like that.

rector, a kind of competitor. I also had one in Sherman Lee, of the Cleveland Museum. He and I had the same taste, used the same dealers, and I admired him very much. At the von Hirsch sale, he acquired one of a pair of silver tureens made by J. A. Meissonnier, and I the other. People say they are some sort of fakes, but they are not fakes at all.

And suppose you change your mind about a purchase?

I sometimes will sell something, or exchange it, or take or give one painting as part payment for others. For example, it was not a direct trade, but some exchanges were involved in the case of a Balthus, where I upgraded, selling a lesser one to acquire a finer example of his work. {*The Card Players* now hangs at Daylesford, Thyssen's English country house.} So, you see, I do change my mind. Once I exchanged twelve paintings for one big Tintoretto {*Paradise*, a study for the painting in the Assembly Hall of the Great Council, in the Doges Palace}

What's still on your wish list?

I am still looking for a fine Rembrandt or Poussin—with a five-year payout.

Compared to the Russian collectors {Sergei Shchukin and Ivan Mozorov} who bought the things you've borrowed from the Soviets, you seem awfully conservative. Shouldn't you be on the lookout for the next great masters?

Yes, it is true that I am rather traditional, compared with the Russian collectors who bought Matisse and Picasso in 1905 when hardly anyone else did. I do not go out of my way to find a new Picasso, a new Matisse. That's not my style. Breaking with my father's opinion on modern art? Yes, but that is as far as I go.

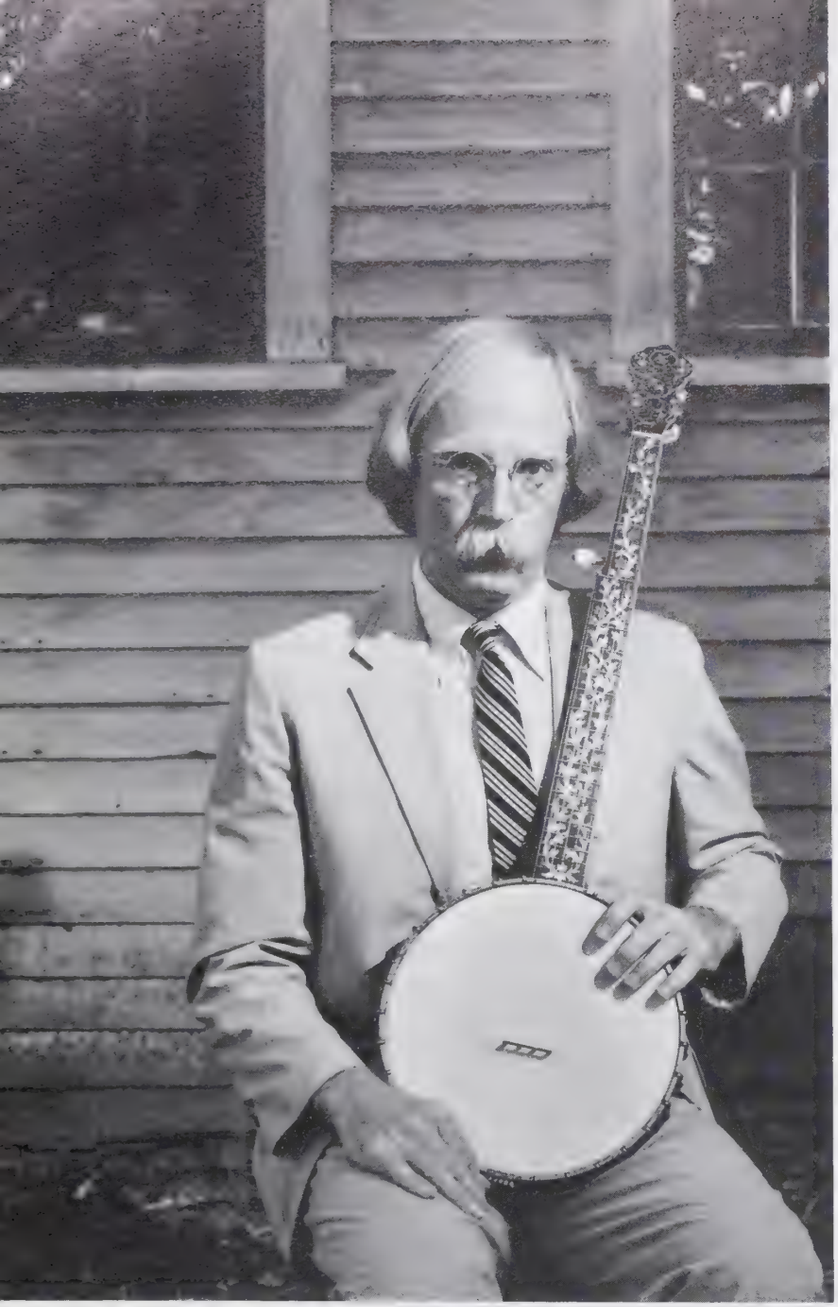
Do you have advice for would-be collectors?

Go and look and look, and buy what you like. I bought modern pictures for a long time only to get a taste for them, to develop an instinct. It's not a gift from heaven. It really is always a kind of gamble. I don't gamble in casinos, but collecting is not so different from business. You don't really know what will happen the day after tomorrow. When you consider purchasing a company, you get all the papers and go to your board of directors. The papers say, "Buy it," and you do, to [illegible] that [illegible] all rubbish and you have to sell. You can also be lucky. I do not mind being called an idiot. But a committee minds. □

RING, RING, THE BANJO!

NOBODY HAS A COLLECTION LIKE JAMES BOLLMAN'S; HE SAYS THEY ARE "PIECES OF AMERICA"

BY KEVIN KRAJICK
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL O'BRIEN



James Bollman holds his Fairbanks Tubaphone, the Strad of banjos.

When James Bollman showed up at Frances Fairbanks's door one day in 1977, her main emotion was surprise. Bollman said he was interested in old five-string banjos, a subject about which Miss Fairbanks knew little. She was aware only that her grandfather had been in the banjo-making business around the turn of the century, and that somewhere upstairs was an old banjo with the name A. C. Fairbanks stamped on the back.

To find Miss Fairbanks, Bollman, a gentle-mannered man of forty wearing an old-fashioned drooping mustache, had scoured old music-trade journals, yellowed newspaper obituaries, and city directories. And now he was here to ask her some questions about her grandfather. Why did he care so much?

A. C. Fairbanks, along with a handful of other men who died a lifetime ago, built some of the finest musical instruments that have ever been made. They sounded so clear and sweet that they have come to be revered by banjo players much in the same way that Strads are worshiped by violinists. But old banjos are not surrounded by the mystery and glamour attached to antique violins. The banjo's obscurity is somewhat baffling because it is a truly American instrument. It began to enjoy a renewed interest following the revival of American folk music in the 1960s, when a small but dedicated contingent of urban young people grew up learning old banjo styles from a few elderly musicians.

James Bollman is distinguished among the revivalists of the banjo as the owner of the greatest collection of five-stringed banjos in the world, some 150 of the finest existing instruments. "Most collectors don't have the aesthetic vision he does, and nothing compares with what he has," says Douglas Unger, a professor of art at Ohio's Kent State University, and himself one of the country's leading restorers and builders of banjos.

"There's a magic quality about the banjo," says Bollman. "I love the way the old-time banjo sounds. It's haunting, plaintive; it strikes some chord in my brain. And visually, the banjo has something about it," he says, taking an old instrument off a wall in his home, and holding it out with both hands. "The proportions are pleasing."

No museum has exhibited Bollman's instruments. Ignored by their owners, many of the finest banjos are probably gathering dust in attics, and each year some end up in the garbage. The knowledge that these instruments—"pieces of America, of somebody's loving labor"—will disappear forever rips at Bollman's heart. His "life's work," he says, is to gather and preserve the best instruments, "which would otherwise be lost, altered, scattered, or destroyed."

Bollman lives alone in a three-room apartment on a rural road outside of Boston. As I walked in his door, I found myself surrounded by countless banjos hanging from the walls and by cases and shelves crammed with banjo-related paraphernalia: banjo windup toys, hundreds of statuettes and old prints of cowboys, minstrel-show performers, and fanciful animals, and even a plum, pictured on a postcard, each playing a banjo. Albums of old photographs chronicle the lives of early banjo players. A wall lined with 78 rpm records testifies to what many of them sounded like.

The banjo occupies an important place in many styles of American music, but Bollman's personal favorite is the traditional, "old-time" dance music of the southern Appalachian Mountains. The old-time banjo is characterized by a subtle, understated sound and is "frailed"—that is, strummed rhythmically with the thumb and fingers or fingernails. Bluegrass, the popular descendant of old-time music, features a somewhat differently constructed kind of banjo, which sounds brighter and more aggressive. Bluegrass banjo musicians play with finger picks, in a more performance-oriented style.

Musicians in both categories favor old instruments. Many old-style players consider Vega's "Tubaphone" and A. C. Fairbanks's "Whyte Laydie" banjos, made between 1900 and 1930, to be the ultimate instruments. The Whyte Laydie (so called because of its blond maple neck and rim) is a prized solo instrument because it plays delicately and smoothly; the Tubaphone (its skin head rests on a solid brass rod that in turn sits on a hollow metal tube) is a little brasher, with a bell-like tone that cuts through other instruments without overpowering them.

For the bluegrass musician, the holy grail is the "Mastertone" line of banjos, made by the Gibson Company in the late 1930s and early 1940s. The Mastertone is penetrating yet not shrill, and its bass strings sound strong without muddying the overall tone. The ancestor of today's instrument, a simple three- or four-string affair made from a gourd, was brought to the Americas in the seventeenth century by African slaves. In the early 1800s, someone added a fifth string, which drones as the instrument is played, and the banjo was born.

Kevin Krajick, a free-lance writer based in New York, plays the fiddle and guitar in an old-time band.

A DRUM WITH STRINGS

"The art of banjo making hasn't advanced a bit since 1900." So says the contemporary banjo maker Michael Allison, who has brought so much of the old craftsmanship to his work that many musicians consider his instruments to be on a par with those of the old masters. Most professional musicians cling to banjos that were made well before their current owners were born; but a surprising number of topflight players have bought Allison banjos. They range from Phil Rosenthal, of the top bluegrass band The Seldom Scene, to Tony Trischka, dean of the avant-garde "progressive" banjo players. And when the collector James Bollman wanted a newly minted instrument twelve years ago, he sought out Allison in his workshop near Providence, Rhode Island.

Allison began as a banjo player and gradually taught himself the craft of building by taking apart and refurbishing old instruments. All of the great old banjo builders were long dead, so he had no choice. Although the banjo industry has picked up somewhat in the fourteen years since Allison became a professional builder, he remains one of only a few dozen full-time banjo makers in the world. His is a one-man operation, except for some of the banjos' decorative work, which he contracts out to specialists.

"I have no hidden techniques," says Allison. "I just have a certain kind of intuition, and I follow the best old designs." Each of the twenty-five or so banjos that he makes each year gets its start in a climate-controlled room, where a variety of aged woods are kept. The banjo has little in common with other stringed instruments; essentially a drum with strings, it is constructed as much of metal as of wood. Allison uses Mylar plastic for the drumlike head. He says it works as well as and is less troublesome than the stretched-out calfskin that served the same purpose in the past.

Sometimes he uses modern tools along with old-time craftsmanship.

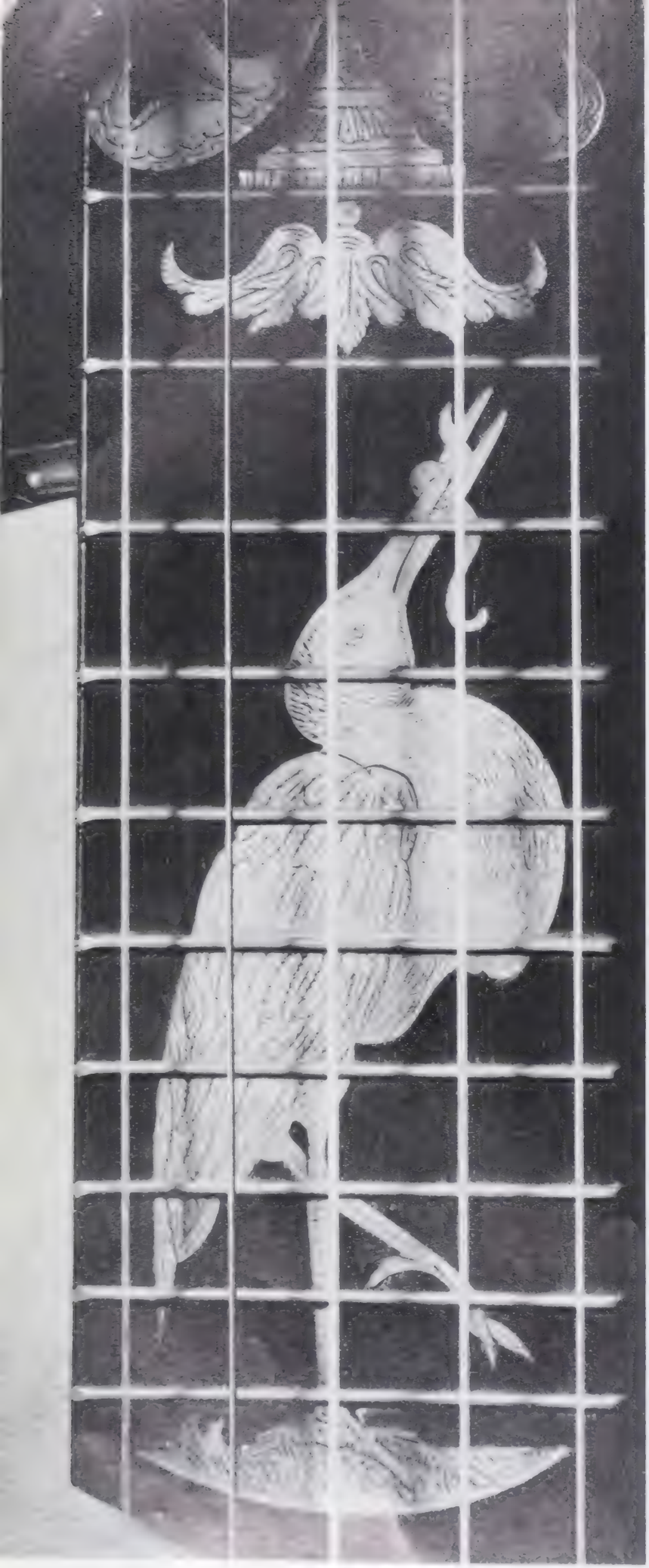
The banjo maker Michael Allison fits a tone ring to a wooden frame.

The crucial metal part of the banjo is the "tone ring," over which the head is stretched. This brass or bronze circle sits on a maple rim. The ring's shape, composition, and fit to rim more than anything else contribute to the banjo's tone.

Allison's "old-time" banjos are modeled on the turn-of-the-century "Whyte Laydie" line of the A. C. Fairbanks Company. He rolls and machines by hand a complicated three-piece brass assembly, which he fits onto the rim with a lathe. Leaving the back of the banjo open gives it a soft, sweet sound. His "bluegrass" banjos are built for a brighter, louder tone, which comes from a heavier, one-piece tone ring that is cast by a local founder from a special bronze alloy.

Getting the neck right is one of the most difficult challenges for the builder of any fretted instrument. Musicians are fussy about necks because they determine how responsive the instrument will be to the touch. A good neck should feel solid as a rock and yet comfortable in the hand. To make one takes years of practice, and the builder calls as much on instinct as he does on his knowledge of his craft. Allison does much of the preliminary shaping work with power tools. The final shaping is done by hand.

Allison's instruments start at $800, for a simple, undecorated old-time banjo, and run up to $2,200, for a fancy, gold-plated bluegrass model with engraved metal parts and intricate pearl and abalone inlays. The buyer of the higher-priced models pays for more decoration, not for superior sound, because, acoustically, each instrument meets the same standards. The low strings resonate with clarity and a "low-end growl," as Allison calls it. The high strings produce a strong, yet airy, effect, sustaining their tone even when played high up the neck—the mark of a distinguished banjo. —K.K.



"Classical" banjo technique, invented by urban musicians for use in marches, waltzes, and light overtures by classical composers, became a long-lived fad at the turn of the century. In the 1920s and 1930s, "tenor" banjos, minus the fifth string, were rhythm instruments in jazz bands. Today, along with the bluegrass and old-time music as played by traditionalists like Ralph Stanley and Tommy Jarrell, a "progressive" banjo style—a blend of jazz, bluegrass, and blues—is evolving among younger musicians, some of whom, like North Carolina's Jan Davidson, continue to play simple mountain music as well.

Until the 1870s, most banjos were made by musicians themselves or by a cooper or blacksmith. Many were too crude to play in tune. As the instrument grew popular, a few craftsmen opened small banjo factories, and the instruments improved dramatically. By the 1890s, manufacturers began concentrating on combining fine tone with the intricate decorative artistry that is the hallmark of the "golden age" of banjo making—1890 to 1910. Banjos were embellished by engraved pearl inlays and metal etchings, decorations that had their origins in fine sixteenth- and seventeenth-century guns and also reflected the influence of the art nouveau movement. The most beautiful and best-sounding banjos were made in Boston by four companies: Bay State, Vega, William Cole, and A. C. Fairbanks.

Many companies continued to make good-sounding banjos through the 1920s, but as early as 1910, as the old craftsmen started to die out, a gaudier aesthetic took over and the exquisite wood, metal, and pearl work began to disappear. Many banjo makers were wiped out by the Great Depression, and most people forgot about banjos until the renewal of interest in the American folk tradition in the 1960s.

This was the time when Bollman grew curious about the banjo. Outwardly a slightly reserved, foursquare, all-American male, he cuts a muscular figure whose avid interest in athletics (he once raced sports cars) comes as no surprise. But as he plays the banjo—which he does beautifully—he leans way back into a straight-backed chair and his features are transformed by an air of blissful ease. His physical vigor comes, perhaps, from another obsession—contra-dancing, a New England folk form. Usually quiet in a group, Bollman will talk for hours about his passion, with an articulate confidence that seems to dispel shyness. His interest in music began early, at the age of eight or nine, when he taught himself to play the ukulele by ear; at fourteen, he learned the guitar. His appreciation of well-made things stems, in part, from a collection of finely detailed William Britains lead soldiers that his parents gave to him, one by one, as rewards for completing various tasks, such as learning his multiplication tables. Bollman treasures these soldiers, which still stand in rows in a big wooden case among the banjos in his bedroom.

He attributes his attraction for old banjos to a longing for a time "when people had more respect for the beauty of everyday things. Stuff today works, but it's plastic, made without love."

At age twenty-five, Bollman was introduced to banjo collecting by a friend from his sports-car-racing days. At the time, he was working in his family's hat-manufacturing business, near Reading, Pennsylvania. "I always gravitated to beautiful things that were useful," he says; "there was something charismatic about the banjo for me." He also found that playing music could be a wonderful social event. "Some of the happiest times of my life have been late at night, half-drunk, with friends, when the music just takes off."

A Fairbanks Banjeaurine, inlaid with engraved mother-of-pearl.

The maker plays his own Allison Style 18 Bluegrass Banjo. A resonator on the back gives it a thick look and a more powerful tone.

At first, he indiscriminately bought banjos in junk shops and at auctions. Soon, though, he began to be aware that some instruments were special. Since there are no history books about the banjo, he gathered information by talking to every banjo player he met and by collecting his own archive of old catalogues and documents. He says, "I've spent years tracking down instruments and making contacts." Eventually he and two friends opened a music store in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The banjo's neglected status has worked to Bollman's advantage, for despite a limited budget most of the instruments he has wanted have been affordable. He bought his first rare instrument at a yard sale for twelve dollars. Fine old banjos rarely sell for more than $2,000. His most expensive—a pristine Fairbanks Tubaphone, custom-made in 1909, that he paid $2,700 for in 1974—cost less than a low-priced violin. The price is kept down because banjo players, working people of small means, constitute most of the market.

There is a painful split between Bollman the collector and Bollman the musician, who recognizes that the more good instruments he owns, the fewer there are for musicians to play. His feeling of guilt is, however, tempered by the knowledge that his research has flushed out hundreds of beautiful old banjos from attics and that he has sold most of them to musicians. His collection, which builders and restorers regularly use to find design and historical information, is a unique resource for others.

Bollman's dream is to open a banjo museum, if he ever gets an offer from some large institution to display his collection permanently, with himself as curator. Meanwhile, he is expanding his collection and practicing on an A. C. Fairbanks "Electric" banjo (just a model name; no electricity is involved) made in 1908. Out of all the banjos he has, it is the only one he plays regularly. Simple and homely, "It is the only one I'm capable of making good music on," Bollman says, expressing a feeling that nearly every musician has for his instrument.

He tunes the banjo down into a low, minor key, runs his fingernails across the strings, and begins to play a percussive, melancholy version of "Ducks on the Pond," an antique Virginia dance piece. In Bollman's hands, the banjo resonates with a dark, clear tone that evokes long-lost childhood memories; it isn't exactly sad, yet the music touches something deep inside, something that wants both to cry and to dance. For a few minutes, James Bollman lets A. C. Fairbanks's banjo speak for itself. □

BY WILLIAM DAVIES
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC FEINBLATT

Countess Eugenia de Serigny's latest customer, a pin-striped Arab gentleman, sits in his metallic gray Jaguar, neatly parked outside the avenue Victor-Hugo branch of O. J. Perrin, a top Parisian jeweler. At my insistent tapping, he rolls down the window and agrees to chat about his purchases. "Why did I buy Eugenia de S.? Because I'm fed up with spending thousands on jewelry for my wife that costs a fortune to insure and that she's too scared to wear." He flashes a dusky smile. "And also because I love Eugenia!"

In the last two years, Eugenia de Serigny has emerged as one of Europe's hottest new jewelry designers. Since the moment Charlotte Rampling was pictured glowering out from the pages of *Vogue–France* in November 1982, wearing a pair of her gold earrings, the countess's career has been one heady spiral upwards. Her company, Eugenia de S., was formed in 1981 shortly before a series of hugely successful exhibitions of her work in France, Spain, Switzerland, Brazil, and the Persian Gulf. This in turn was upstaged by an eleven-city tour of the United States late in 1982, with a gratifying tally of press interviews, TV appearances, and jewelry

EUGENIA'S JEWELS

A YOUNG JET-SET COUNTESS IS THE NEWEST STAR OF INTERNATIONAL HAUTE JOAILLERIE

Above: A necklace of pearls set in onyx with diamonds that can be worn without its pendant. Below: One of Eugenia's craftsmen—"a dear friend."

sales. She has signed distribution agreements with two important jewelry retailers, O. J. Perrin, in Paris, and Black, Starr & Frost, in America, where the collection travels between Washington, D.C., Palm Beach, Miami, Houston, and Detroit.

Over a *salade Caraïbe* at Elysées-Matignon's frantically hip street café, she set about explaining her designs and their inspiration, her strong Parisian accent doing wonderful, if sometimes ungrammatical, things to the English language. "You see, there are two things you must understand." She pauses to sip her Napoléon Cognac, taking almost undetectable pains to avoid wetting her expertly lipsticked lips. "I don't have to work, and I am . . . a woman." To this astonishingly self-evident truth—a truth breathed by her Chamade perfume, purred by her black Porsche 928S, and flashed by the swirls and bands of gold on her wrists and around her neck—I could only smile and nod agreement.

Yet behind her glamour-frosted clichés and celluloid theatricality, she is an astute designer with little patience for that reverent spirit in which fine jewelry is too often conceived and handled. "I hate to see jewelry in museums or safety-deposit boxes." She sweeps back her golden blond hair as another cliché bubbles to her lips: "It exists to be worn, and should be designed to be worn." Relishing the speed and rapid change of modern life, she designs jewelry that combines the finest precious and semiprecious stones with settings that could be broken down into smaller, wearable units, in which even the stones can be switched. One of her most popular early designs was a necklace composed of six strands of perfectly matched pearls and three pear-shaped rubies set in finely patterned eighteen-karat gold, symmetrically studded with scores of diamonds. Each gold-cased ruby could be released from its mounting and replaced with emerald, sapphire, rock crystal, amethyst, or anything else the buyer fancied. The rubies could be worn alone as a pin and earrings, while the necklace could be switched from precious to semiprecious stones as the owner's anxieties rose and fell, or simply to match a change of dress or eye shadow. "If I have to go to Miami or Detroit for a week, I want to be able to wear my favorite necklaces and bracelets without worrying myself to death. Being able to change the stones means I can.

William Davies is a writer who lives in London and travels the world.

Plus, it's more fun if you can change the colors to suit your mood."

Raised in Lausanne, Switzerland, the countess is the youngest daughter of a family of wealthy French landowners. While the average childhood is charted by holiday snapshots, that of Eugenia de Serigny is spread across the diary pages of *Vogue–France, Harper's Bazaar–France,* and *Paris Match.* "Oh, look, here I am with President Pompidou, hunting with my father," she gasps with genuine delight, tapping the ash from her Monte Cristo Havana cigar ("A cigar a day—even a big one—is better for you than cigarettes") as we sift through a pile of press clippings in her boulevard Suchet apartment, overlooking the Bois de Boulogne. "And here I am with Jean-Paul Belmondo."

Her interest in jewelry and her strident insistence on its practicality were fostered by her parents. "My father loved gems and collected them, and my mother used to let me have old necklaces and bracelets that she didn't want to wear anymore, which I would redesign for her with modern settings. I was always handling precious stones and metals and sketching them, so I was never intimidated by them." This easy familiarity with jewelry lies at the heart of her designs, and she feels the lack of it at times in the work of other designers. "There's a lot of beautiful jewelry around, classical pieces from old firms like Garrard and Asprey, and the newer jewelry from Bulgari and David Webb, but I sometimes find them cold when I see them worn. Jewels should be made to work; they are there to make the woman look prettier—she shouldn't just be a mannequin displaying them. In my designs the stone and setting are working for the wearer, not just for themselves.

"YOU SEE, I DON'T HAVE TO WORK, AND I AM... A WOMAN."

That's why I use pearls so often. They lighten a woman's face, while black pearls highlight the teeth and eyes, like a tan."

After a not quite conventional interlude in which Eugenia, in sequins, became a French national ice-skating champion at fifteen, went to the Sorbonne, married Count Erik de Serigny, and had two children, she found the demand for new and redesigned jewelry from her mother, her mother's friends, and her own friends becoming so insistent that she decided to

Above: Another craftsman at work. Below: A necklace of twisted pearls and rubies with an oval cabochon emerald set in a detachable pavé-diamond pendant.

Handfuls of jewels—pearls in onyx; a pearl in carved coral surrounded by diamonds, suspended from a necklace of amethyst. Below: Eugenia de S.

take it up "professionally"—though she remains, strictly speaking, an amateur.

Fascinated by ancient jewels, she has tended toward simple, often geometric designs: octagons, trapezoids, ovals, crosses, hearts. From these foundations she builds up pieces of striking modernity, enriching the jeweler's traditional palette of colors by combining precious with semiprecious stones: teardrops of amethyst and rock crystal hang from strands of cultured pearls; rocks of white quartz are glazed with amethyst and threaded with coiled strings of rose quartz. Her admiration for the technical brilliance of the best art deco jewelry is reflected in the intricately worked settings that hide the complex hinges and catches that give her work its flexibility. These tours de force are executed by four craftsmen in Paris; in New York she has access to a workshop of forty, owned by "a friend."

"She manages to design jewelry that is special enough for special occasions," explains Penny Martin, of Black, Starr & Frost in New York. "We are, let's face it,

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN HAUTE JOAILLIERE

Even if she goes to bed at two or three in the morning, after a party or sitting up late drawing jewelry designs, Eugenia de Serigny tells *Connoisseur*, she always gets up early (by European standards), between eight and nine-thirty, so that she may pack in a full day. She gets on the phone at once with her main office, in Geneva, her Paris factory, jewelry stores, and newspapers.

She also manages to squeeze in some housework, though she has part-time help with cleaning, ironing, and her dinner parties. (Her children, six and ten, are cared for by a full-time nanny.)

Between the telephone and household chores, she finds time to exercise, jogging from two to six miles in the Bois de Boulogne, roller-skating, or attending dance classes—jazz, ballet, or aerobic. If there isn't enough time to go out, she uses her videotape of Jane Fonda's exercise program.

Every day she has a business lunch—at Maxim's, or at its exclusive business club, M.B.C., or at the Relais-Plaza—with "important friends, good clients, and people in Paris for a few days—bankers, gemologists, journalists, and designers." (She can't name names; these people have their reasons for appreciating anonymity.) Afternoons are spent calling on clients who have jewelry they want adapted or redesigned and visiting her factory to oversee production, evaluate stones, and order materials.

She creates her designs whenever she can find bits of time in between other activities. She would be happy if she could always design during vacations in some peaceful place, but, as it is, she'll even sketch while she's driving her Porsche—for when an idea comes it must be jotted down immediately before it's lost. This, she admits, has led to "small accidents."

She spends one or two days a week in Geneva, going from one appointment to another, and has to visit Italy and England every couple of months. Sometimes she can combine vacations with work, when she goes to Saint-Moritz or Gstaad during the ski season, or to Marbella. Such resorts of the world of money and fashion are prime places to display her work. She rarely travels for any purpose but publicity.

She tries to limit her social life in Paris (cocktail and dinner parties for a dozen to a thousand people) to three nights a week, and before going out she likes to be home by seven so that she may see her children.

Evenings at home she makes her own dinner and watches movies on her VCR (many of her videotapes are brought back from the United States). But even here she combines business with pleasure: she is improving her English. Besides movies, she loves going to the ballet, the theater, and museums. Most evenings end with her drawing until the wee hours.

She does her own hair (there is no time for such commonplace luxuries as the hairdresser) and spends only half an hour getting on her clothes and makeup, another half hour arranging her hair in some elaborate fashion. There is little time in this zealous life for anything but career.

talking about three-hundred-thousand-dollar pieces at the top of her range. But it's practical enough to be worn all day." Certainly the mix of light pastel colors and the chunky modern feel have ensured her jewelry's commercial success in the well-heeled sun spots of the world, from Palm Beach to Marbella. "It's sort of out-of-doors jewelry that can be worn to dinner," explains one of the countess's clients in the Gulf. "I wouldn't wear it on the beach, but almost anywhere else."

Perhaps most remarkable is her ability not only to acquire gems of extraordinary quality at a moment's notice but also to be able to pick and choose from a seemingly endless supply. Her friends murmur about "a man in Greece," and a sphinxlike Eugenia will add only, "That's one of the advantages of knowing people."

There are, however, those who suggest that her meteoric success is not entirely due to the quality of her jewelry, but owes not a little to the overpowering glamour of her presence. "Some of her designs are really quite nice," comments the professionally neutral John Anderson, head of jewelry at Asprey in London. "She is careful to avoid the excesses of some contemporary designers, making her pieces fashionable but wearable. However, though her work is undeniably modern, it is not original. The mixing of stones and colors, the coiled strands of pearls, and the symmetrical motifs have been high fashion for several years and are being produced by jewelers all over Europe."

Nor, her critics point out, is there anything startlingly new about the flexibility of her designs. The Victorians wore bracelets that could be broken down into brooches and pins ages before Saint-Moritz and Saint-Tropez were fashionable, while London's antique-jewelry shops are liberally sprinkled with Edwardian pieces in which stones can be switched or reversed. Certainly Eugenia's pieces are distinguished by the sheer quality of the stones and craftsmanship, but something more lies behind the way in which she has been taken up by two respected jewelers to be groomed for stardom at a time when it is expensive and unfashionable to promote individual designers. The glamour of her presence, her name, and her status in transatlantic jet-set society exert their magic.

For Black, Starr & Frost, once a prestigious jeweler but lately with only secondary status, close association with a woman of Eugenia's pedigree can make a big difference. She not only designs upmarket jewelry but also has daily access to people, places, and life-styles synonymous with style and exclusivity. "Friends" like Ursula Andress, Régine, Jack Nicholson, et al. want to buy her work, and the bibles of style—the *Vogues* and *Harper's Bazaars*—

"IF YOU WANT TO BUY FROM A PERSON, THEN COME TO ME."

love photographing Eugenia and her fans wearing it. The countess is an exceptional marketing vehicle.

Eugenia tacitly acknowledges her PR value but leaves the tactical maneuvering to the businessmen. Her own approach to jewelry and the business of jewelry is strictly personal: she models her own jewels, lards her advertisements with photographs of herself, and calls her company by her own name.

"What I never want to do is lose a sense of personal contact with the client. In my designs for the Eugenia de S. collections in America and Europe, people can impress their own individuality on the jewelry by switching stones and adding or removing pendants, or they can give me old stones and settings and I will redesign and rework them. Or they can simply name a price and I will find the stones and produce an exclusive design just for them." It is this personal touch that has made her such a hit in the Gulf.

As she says, winningly, "If you want to buy from an institution, go to Cartier or Garrard or Tiffany. If you want to buy from a person, then come to me." Anyway, buying from Eugenia is more fun. Along with the jewelry you get a thick slice of that fantasy glamour that Hollywood has peddled for sixty years and that Eugenia is living to the hilt. □

From a pearl necklace hangs a great sapphire encircled by rubies and diamonds.

MAGIC IN THE MASKS

THEIR EXQUISITE MOSAICS EVOKE THE AZTECS' REFINEMENT AND BRUTALITY

BY BARBARA BRAUN

Few surviving pre-Columbian artifacts are as highly treasured as are Aztec stone mosaics—minute, finely cut tiles of turquoise, malachite, lignite, and shell, inlaid on wood in the form of masks, shields, pectorals, knife handles, scepters, helmets, and vessels. They evoke with singular power the extraordinary history, splendor, and mystery of ancient Mexico at the time of the sixteenth-century Spanish conquest; and they are dazzling.

Compared with stone sculpture and ceramics, Aztec mosaics are extremely rare: only about fifty important specimens are extant. Of these, a mere handful are in good condition, but it is remarkable that any of these fragile artifacts, made of highly perishable materials, are preserved at all. And, like ancient architectural ruins, their very fragmentation confers romantic resonance; missing stones and rotted frames are seen as the scars of long, difficult experience.

By far the most delicately cut, intricately joined, highly colored, and lustrous mosaics (numbering about twenty) have come out of princely European collections of great age, rather than from excavations or caves, which have produced cruder, less brilliant examples. The reason is not hard to locate: both the Aztecs and their Spanish conquerors prized the finest ones. Moctezuma's messengers bore Cortés gifts fit for the returning god he was thought to be. They dressed him in the raiment of the hero-god Quetzalcoatl, including a turquoise mosaic mask and plumes of quetzal feathers. In turn, Cortés presented these gifts to his royal sponsor, Charles V, commenting in a letter, ". . . as for the stones, there is no imagination which can divine the instruments with which they were so perfectly executed." In Europe they were kept in cabinets of curiosities, along with feather mosaics and painted books, as trophies of conquest and as specimens of a marvelous, richly endowed new world.

To contemplate the creation, imagery, and function of these mosaics is to conjure up many facets of the Aztec world. Tribute rolls indicate that Aztec mosaics were actually made in the south-central highlands by Mixtec craftsmen—widely acclaimed as superior lapidaries—and that their raw materials (mosaic stones) and finished products were exacted periodically from vassal states throughout the realm. Since the Spanish quickly suppressed the rites and ceremonies in which mosaics were used, we can only surmise their original context. The chronicles reveal that mosaic masks were worn by both men and idols as protection against evil spirits, illness, even death. They also recount that masks representing particular deities were thought to transform their wearers—princes, priests, warriors, sacrificial victims—into these beings during gory ceremonies in temple precincts. Perhaps above all, these magnificent examples of the stonecutter's art epitomize the supreme paradox of Aztec civilization: the strange, even baffling, coexistence of exquisite refinement and harrowing brutality.

Barbara Braun, an art historian, writes frequently about pre-Columbian and contemporary art.

A GOD TAINTED BY DISEASE

The unusually well preserved surface of this light-green turquoise mosaic mask has curious bright-blue patches on the forehead and under the pearl-shell eyes. The surface is also studded with irregularly shaped cabochon turquoises, which may be a clue to the identity of this otherwise unadorned being. If these stones are interpreted as boils, the mask might represent the leprous sun god Tonatiuh rather than the hero-god Quetzalcoatl, with whom it is usually identified. In a ceremonial context, his identity would have been clearly signaled by additional paraphernalia worn or carried by the wearer.

CHRISTY COLLECTION, BRITISH MUSEUM

LEE BOLTIN

LEE BOLTIN

SYMBOL OF REBIRTH

Form and content are perfectly integrated in this mask, which possibly represents the Aztec water deity Tlaloc. It consists of two intertwined and distinctly colored rattlesnakes whose curving turquoise bodies shape the nose, mouth (which originally held seven teeth of white shell), and goggle eyes, and whose once-gilded rattle-tipped tails, adorned with feathers, constitute the brows. The profile serpent heads that filled the cheeks have since broken away. The wearer of the mask, which is entirely composed of serpents (the symbols of water, birth, and regeneration in Aztec religion), would be transformed into a supernatural being in a ceremony. It is thought that this mask may have been among the gifts that Moctezuma presented to Cortés.

HEIGHT 6[illegible] INCHES, WIDTH 6[illegible] INCHES
CHRISTY COLLECTION, BRITISH MUSEUM

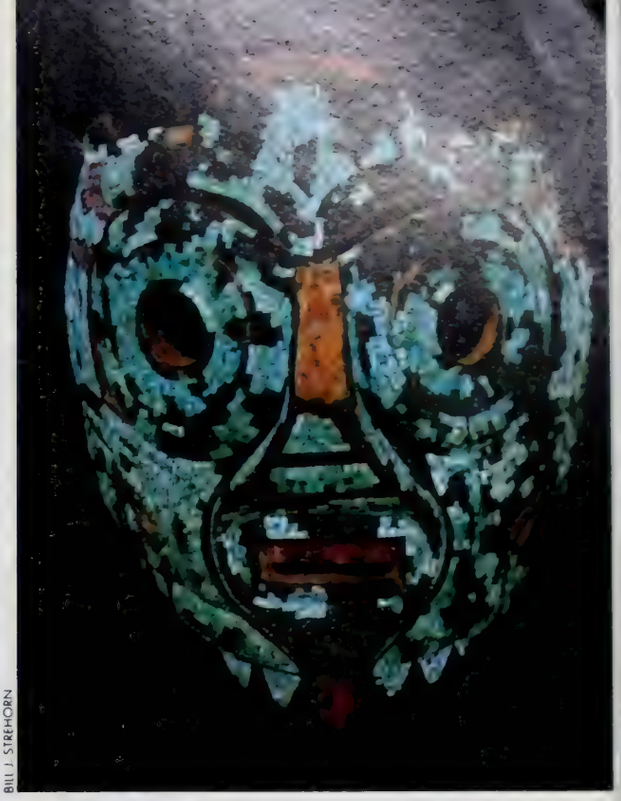
LEE BOLTIN

ENDLESS SERPENT

The red-stained wooden backing of this object is in itself a remarkable piece of craftsmanship. It is hollowed out to form a U-shaped section along the coils of the serpent's body, and the front is partially covered with fine turquoise mosaic dotted with larger cabochon turquoises that trace a line along the body's center. On

[illegible] CHRISTY COLLECTION, BRITISH MUSEUM

either end, matching snake heads, carved in the round, have open maws with teeth and fangs represented by white shell, and gums, nostrils, and a band across the nose, by red shell. Holes along the top of the coiling body suggest that it was worn suspended, possibly as a pectoral ornament.



BILL J. STREHORN

STUNNING PUZZLE

Acquired in 1979 by the Dallas Museum of Art, this mask compares favorably in quality with those known to have been in Europe since the conquest and is of similar dimension. It would be helpful to know precisely where it was found. Its iconography has stumped the experts. Goggle eyes and profile serpents on the cheeks—resembling those on the British Museum specimen—indicate that it too may represent the water god Tlaloc. But the central portion of the face, especially the buff areas at the bridge of the nose and the pointy chin, is unique to this piece. John Lunsford, senior curator at the museum, suggests that there was once a projection or crest extending from nose to chin, resembling the one that adorns a colossal Mixtec ceramic head of Tlaloc, also at Dallas.

HEIGHT 7 11/16 INCHES WIDTH 6 7/16 INCHES
ROBERTA COKE CAMP FUND, DALLAS MUSEUM OF ART

THE DESIGNER FRANCES ELKINS CREATED A NEW AMERICAN STYLE

BY DUPUY WARRICK REED
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRED LYON

Frances Adler Elkins is something of an enigma in the history of her profession. Billy Baldwin, the late dean of American interior designers, called her "the most creative decorator we ever had, and perhaps the greatest." Michael Taylor, California's number-one designer and Elkins's greatest disciple, says of her: "She was pure genius, and I think she has been greatly underplayed. I'm sick and tired of hearing Syrie Maugham and Elsie de Wolfe get all the credit for teaching Americans how to decorate their houses in good taste. Neither of them had the creative genius this woman had." Though Maugham and de Wolfe, her seniors by a few years, have been the subject of biographies, a little more than thirty years after her death, in 1953, Frances Elkins is little known outside the inner circles of the interior-design world.

This is partly the result of geography. She lived in the small California town of Monterey, and most of her clients lived in the nearby resort of Pebble Beach and in San Francisco, as well as in Chicago's affluent suburbs, where her brother, the architect David Adler, built superb "period" houses for whose decor Elkins was responsible. Since it is unclear how much of her Chicago work survives, however, she must be judged by what remains in California. "Frances was a tremendous influence on the West Coast and around Chicago," says Tony Duquette, a Los Angeles artist. "For many years she was the one."

"Even so," says Stanley Barrows, a widely respected design historian and chairman of the interior-design department at New York's Fashion Institute of Technology, "her location limited the national appreciation of her work." And he goes on to define another problem: "Elkins's work is so subtle that sometimes it's hard to put your finger on what makes it special. Whereas Syrie Maugham, with her all-white rooms and tufted Victorian sofas, is more obvious in her influence."

Subtlety, though it may have curtailed her fame, is the key to Elkins's approach. Schooled by her Beaux-Arts-trained brother, David, she brought a perfect sense of scale, proportion, and balance to her work. Although magnificent antiques or strikingly innovative modern designs might figure in an overall design, she never allowed a single theme to overwhelm her composition.

This sense of harmony and balance is particularly remarkable considering the range of influences she was exposed to. "There were so many facets to Elkins's personality," observes Stanley Barrows, "that she could appreciate someone as exotic as Tony Duquette or as austere as Jean-Michel Frank. And she didn't have the slightest hesitation about putting them together."

Tony Duquette, whose work in furniture, sculpture, and set design was full of Romantic fantasy, recalls, "For Frances, I designed my first 'antler console,' a very early work. Elsie de Wolfe usually gets credit for discovering me, but Frances was the first." Elkins was also the first to bring the minimal, classical modernism of Jean-Michel Frank from Paris to the United States, importing his furniture and lamps the first year they were available in Europe; Frank's designs are still widely used on both sides of the Atlantic.

Born around 1890 in Milwaukee, Elkins traveled extensively in Europe as a young woman while her brother, David, studied at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, in Paris. By 1918, she was married to Felton Elkins, a socialite polo player, and had bought the Casa Amesti, an adobe house built in 1824 in what is now downtown Monterey. It is one of the finest surviving examples of its kind.

After an early divorce, Frances Elkins was faced with the need to make a living. The beauty and originality of her own house showed the way. A friend in Pebble Beach recalls that when Elkins bought it, the house was a wreck. "I was appalled when she told me it had cost her only five thousand dollars. But the transformation was complete. Friends went wild when they saw what she had done with it, and she was made."

Casa Amesti, now a private clubhouse,

Dupuy Warrick Reed writes about contemporary art and interior design.

Frances Elkins (left) had contrived a markedly eclectic contemporary American style by 1938. Plaster palms seen here are from David Adler, in Chicago; cotton carpet, from Morocco; plaster console and mirror by Emilio Terry, from Jean-Michel Frank, in Paris.

Elkins's imagination and Adler's classicism in 1931, in a stereoscopic presentation. Left: Fanciful pelmets are neobaroque; spool chairs, adapted by Elkins from Georgian originals, have since become classics. Right: Luxury and comfort are given style by allover pattern.

is a perfect statement of her early style. A civilized Edwardian languor survives within a disciplined but original floor plan that allows for a series of cozy conversational groups around a large English partners' desk placed in the center of the living room. The shots of vibrant color are Elkins's own, inspired response to the California landscape and a look forward to the jazzy glamour of the twenties. Here, as later, balance is the key, a balance between boldness and restraint. In this room, Spanish colonial architecture, improved by David Adler's addition of mantelpiece and cornice, and French, Italian, and English furniture mix naturally with Chinese paintings, porcelains, and rugs—so naturally that one might say they set the style of northern Californian good taste that prevails to this day.

Elkins's great talent for the use of contrasting textures is also displayed in this early design. Shining silver lamps are set on the mellow antique English desk and a pair of eighteenth-century French console tables, which in turn rest on a rough-planked floor, partly covered by velvety Chinese rugs. The walls are rough plaster; the ceiling, rough planks. The original upholstery fabrics were shiny glazed chintz, coarser linen toile, nubby tweed, and needlepoint.

"Frances loved to mix rich things with poor things," Michael Taylor observes. "With Elsie de Wolfe, everything was rich—all fine French furniture. But Frances could take simple things, mix them, and have a completely contemporary look."

When the renovation of the Casa [illegible] in the early 1920s, every style-conscious person in northern California hoped to see it. Not only was the house itself, with its fine Spanish garden, a work of art, but the hospitality was of a high order. Elkins's Basque cook prepared meals that are still remembered. The table was set with Ming porcelain, Georgian silver candlesticks, Salviati glass of her own design, and a garniture of silver lusterware with coral branches made by Misia Sert, a friend of every artist in Paris from Vuillard to Diaghilev, and of Frances Elkins too. Another friend was Coco Chanel, whose clothes she wore, along with Mainbocher's.

An air of international savoir faire added greatly to Elkins's mystique, and she was highly selective in her friendships. "She could be a very good friend if she liked you," one of them recalls. "If she didn't, she was polite, but you simply didn't exist." Perfectionism and the impatience with incompetence that went with it made her an apparent snob, but her friends insist that she was genuinely shy as well, preferring to eat lunch at home alone

The brilliant floor plan of this southern clubroom creates pairs of seating groups on either side of an enormous French provincial antique table—a sort of central focus Elkins loved.

Left: Plaid and chintz together—heresy in 1931. Instead of repeating the chintz of the bed hangings at the window, she used net to vary pattern and texture. Right: Pale marble inlaid in a wood floor dramatizes the contrast between the dark furniture and the white walls.

rather than at her golf club. And she was capable of generosity toward the young and impecunious.

Elkins was at her best with the sophisticated country style she created for the Monterey peninsula, one that in Billy Baldwin's hands became the recognizable style of America's urban aristocrats. The panache with which she combined simplicity and grandeur shows in the grandest surviving Elkins design, one of her first Pebble Beach commissions.

The house, designed in Spanish colonial style by the Santa Barbara architect George Washington Smith, was begun in 1926, although the drawing room was not completed until 1930. In this long, low room, pale stripped pine is contrasted with gleaming black and gold lacquer, gros point with shiny tooled leather, fine antiques with sculptured, contemporary lamps by Jean-Michel Frank. The diversity of the room, with its light and dark, pattern and texture, period and modern, is held together by one element, a large Persian carpet in black, beige, and yellow.

An eighteenth-century commode from the south of France and a pair of coromandel screens had both become very familiar Elkins trademarks by the late 1950s.

Elkins's love of craft and her ability to inspire craftsmen to produce extraordinary results appears here too. The bleached-oak armchairs (adapted from a Queen Anne chair at the Art Institute of Chicago) were carved by Peter Byling at the Monterey firm of Myron Oliver. The original silk satin curtains were handmade by two ingenious old women in Pacific Grove, Mrs. Little and Mrs. Longford. The terrazzo-topped coffee table was made in Monterey by the Bruton sisters. The leather for the chairs was hand-tooled by yet another craftsman, Sturgess M. Sturgess. Few designers have been able to command such loyalty and have obtained such results. In a small California town in the 1920s, it seems almost miraculous.

The most famous craftsman with whom she was involved was Dorothy Leibes, sometimes credited with revolutionizing modern weaving. "They created together," says Michael Taylor. "They were a tremendous influence on each other. Leibes created fabrics everyone used, even Chanel. She revived the techniques of the ancient Egyptians, putting in metallic threads." Her coarse-woven fabrics were particularly appropriate to Elkins's later style, in which, during World War II, Mexican influence replaced that of Europe. Elkins was quoted at this time as saying, "I have always felt strongly that we should use our own creative force to express our own era. I felt that, as our needs were different, we should liberate ourselves from European ideas and spirit and design articles suitable to our own way of life." Her exploitation of many different cultures in a uniquely American amalgam has remained an influence to this day.

Left: This library is a thirties classic, with its bold mix of zebra rugs and antlers in combination with Renaissance bookcases and a highly polished floor. Right: The mirror over the mantel in this Elkins dining room seems to be the source of Adler's much-copied plaster palm pilaster.

The flowering of her final style is best seen in the small David Adler house designed in 1949. The clients were close friends of Adler and Elkins, and the fixed budget they imposed on artists who were used to unlimited resources resulted in what may be Elkins's most original surviving work. It is given stature by its fine detailing and large living room, whose simple pegged-pine flooring is laid diagonally, with a large walnut star at the center. The pair of carpets defining the seating groups is the foundation of her design strategy. Their deep-brown background pins the room down, while the large leaf pattern plays off the fresh green and white pattern of the upholstery. The white walls provide a cheerful, spacious envelope, the scale of its only large room expanding the psychological scale of the entire house.

This room, in which pattern, texture, and scale are in such harmony, walks the edge between tradition and innovation, between perfectly proportioned good taste (which could be dull) and bold new forms and colors (which could be excessive). Elkins was a master of balance without boredom. Abstract principles of style, however, never took precedence over comfort. "Frances said that she would all but bite her fabrics to make sure they were durable," the owner of the small Adler house recalls. "And after I had selected the fabric for my bedroom, she made me pin the sample to the wall for two weeks to be sure I could live with it."

Her rooms had a loved, lived-in look because they were designed as enduring backgrounds for ongoing lives. When the owners of the George Washington Smith house went to a diplomatic post in China after the war, Elkins advised them what to buy there for their house. The result is a splendid collection including a Ming altar table, Han figures, and carved rock crystal, all fitting so perfectly into the original design that the objects seem to have grown there.

Like Elkins's other California clients, these owners have never considered changing the basic original scheme, though fifty years have passed since the room was designed. Another client explains, "When I had been in my house for a couple of years, I told Mrs. Elkins how much I loved it. She replied, 'When you can say that after twenty years, then I will feel complimented.' I think of that so often and have done my best to keep it as it was." Such loyalty is rare in the world of interior design, where fashion is as inexorable as it is in women's dress.

Like any good designer, Elkins adapted her decor to the taste of her clients; whether restrained or flamboyant, they got rooms to match. The few rooms she produced that now seem dated tend to be of the latter sort. Every artist has his failures. Jean-Michel Frank's were too severe, like the waiting room of some expensive dentist. Elkins's were bitchy, like the salon of an expensive hairdresser—the curtains overelaborate, the scale exaggerated, the gilt plaster vulgar.

But when she got it right, Elkins could create true glamour. In 1938, in a spectacular house in San Francisco, she designed a bar and cardroom that mix Hollywood and Paris to perfection. The style is softer than Frank's, though the metal cocktail tables are his designs, and her sources of inspiration were far more eclectic. The banquette is modern Chinese Chippendale, the card tables and chairs Elkins-style Queen Anne. All is held together by the color scheme of beige and black, which, bathed in the silver light of northern California, lends an air of festive tranquillity to the entire scheme. These seem to be the rooms Fred Astaire was searching for in all his early films.

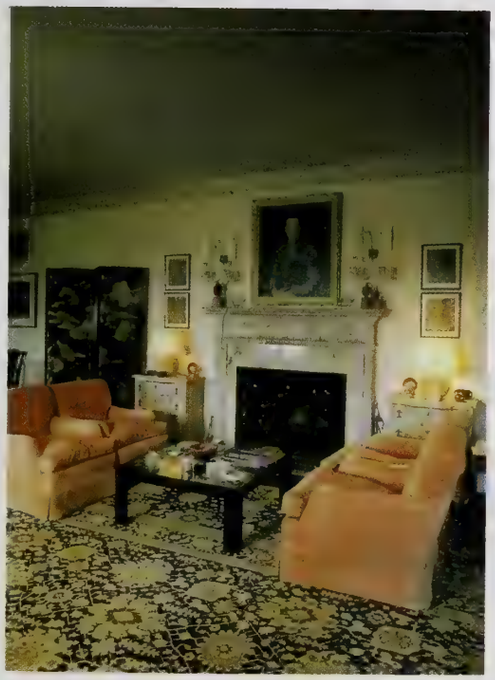
She created public works as well—the Women's Building, on the island of Yerba Buena, for the San Francisco World's Fair of 1939, which was a fine example of what has been called "1930s neobaroque," and the Stern Dormitory for Women, at the University of California at Berkeley. For the U. S. Flag Centennial celebration, she "redecorated" Monterey's main street, covering it with bronze leaf and stenciling storefronts with enormous flowers. She worked with mass manufacturers, designing inexpensive carpets for Cabin Crafts.

But her most lasting contribution is the influence her luxurious and imaginative interiors had on the development of American decorating. She used the traditions and innovations of Europe to her own ends, in the process liberating herself from them. More than anyone else, with the exception of Billy Baldwin and Van Day Truex, longtime head of the Parsons School of Design, who admired and were influenced by her, Frances Elkins was responsible for working out a twentieth-century American style of interior design. She was a decorator's decorator, it is true, and she is hardly known by more than a few insiders, but, as Michael Taylor puts it, "She was certainly one of the guiding forces in the whole development of what is the American style today and, God knows, what it will be tomorrow. Her genius was in doing it *when* she did." □

THE ELKINS TOUCH: A MIXTURE OF THE GRAND AND SIMPLE

International sources are so skillfully blended in this bar that its eclecticism is hardly noticed. The sofa is an Elkins interpretation of English Georgian; the wall sconce is Italian; the table is by Jean-Michel Frank, in Paris; the glass, from Steuben.

Above: In the small Adler house (1949), Elkins mixed modern carpet, Frank lamps, a French portrait, and English antiques. Below: In her own house (early 1920s) she brought together brilliant flowers, antique wallpaper, and engravings in a very modern spirit.



Superb detailing in the Smith house (1926–30). Above: Elegant curtains, pine paneling, an Oriental rug.

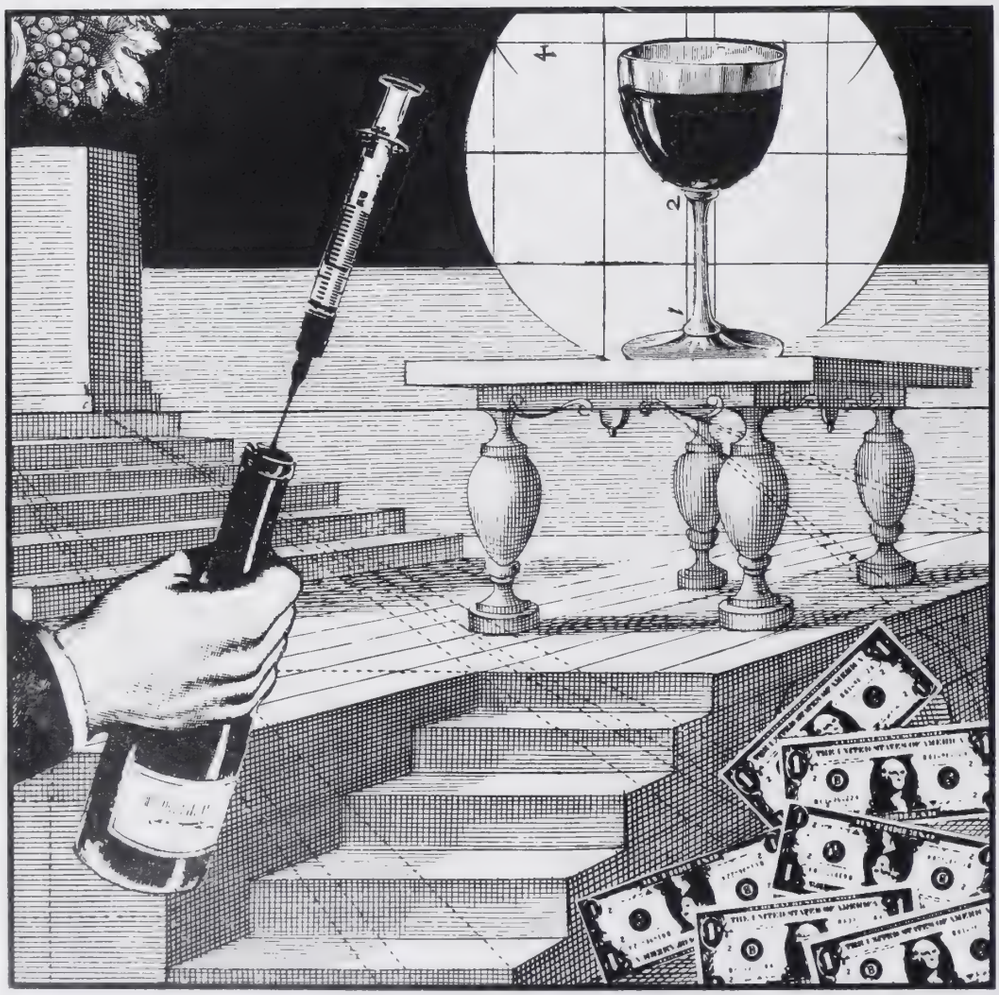
Below: A confident contrast of textures among pine chests, pottery lamps, lacquer screens, and velvet sofas.

Right: The black-and-white carpet and marbleized paper under the chair rail look more 1960s than 1920s. The Frankenthaler painting, acquired much later, is perfectly at home in this hall.

IS DRINKING WINE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH?

WHAT'S IN A WINE

BY FRED HALLIDAY



JOAN HALL

We tend to think of wine as a pure drink—a lot purer than tap water, anyway. But for years consumer advocates have been clamoring in lawsuits and in the media about the loads of chemical additives that they say pollute each vat, barrel, and bottle.

If they can prove their allegations in court—and they are trying—we may soon be confronted with a legend similar to the following on wine labels: "Ingredients: grapes, yeast, and sulfiting agents and sorbates [or other comparable additives] as preservatives." For its part, the industry has never denied using chemicals, but claims that it defers to standard rules on permitted additives. That claim is complicated by the fact that the wine makers are subject to the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms, instead of to the Food and Drug Administration, and so they have never had to list chemical additives. Besides, they say, it would cost too much to produce new labels. Meanwhile, as far as I can discover, neither side in this colloidal suspension of rumors and counterrumors has published any proper chemical analysis of a representative sampling of wines. The industry and the BATF refuse to divulge trade secrets; and aside from obscure academic treatises on wine-making techniques, little information is available to the public except what can be extracted from wine makers themselves and the BATF's regulations.

It is no secret that American regulations permit the use of more than fifty "treating materials," in limited quantities, in wine production (e.g., calcium sulfate, potassium sulfate, sulfur dioxide, and potassium sorbate, to name a few); and other wine-growing countries allow similar additives. The question is, How much of what actually goes into a wine?

In an effort to clear away some of the confusion, *Connoisseur* recently submitted five wines to a carefully selected laboratory for chemical analysis. I bought the bottles of wine off the shelves of my local liquor store myself, as anyone might do, selecting a representative range of varieties and prices.

1) Château Pétrus, Grand Cru, 1979, perhaps the most expensive single bottle of Bordeaux to be found. Ours cost $52, even in an off year, and so was fair representation of the upper end of the French wine-making scale.

2) Ruffino Riserva Ducale, Chianti Classico, 1973. Chianti is perhaps the

best-known Italian wine in America; most people judge the Riserva Ducale a fine one, so I chose it to uphold the Classico standard as well.

3) Robert Mondavi Napa Valley Chardonnay, 1981. Year in, year out, Robert Mondavi is perhaps the most respected California wine maker. It will be interesting to see how his techniques test out against the Europeans'.

4) Ropiteau Frères Beaune Premier Cru, 1977. A good standard Burgundy, from a good standard house.

5) Gallo Hearty Burgundy. While we were mainly interested in testing wines that our readers might actually buy, we nonetheless included this extremely popular wine from the largest winery in the world. Ernest and Julio Gallo's impact on wine making can be neither ignored nor overstated.

Due to the cost of chemical analysis, we stopped with these five, but because of their price and wide distribution, we felt that we would obtain from these samples at least a rough indication of what was happening in the world of wine.

After contacting twelve labs around the country we found that many work for the wine industry; they did not want to be involved in the project and we did not want them involved. At length the facility chosen was National Testing Laboratories, in Long Island City, New York. This lab does testing for government agencies as well as for consumer groups and private companies—in one famous episode, recently, finding no alcohol in a Manhattan bistro's Bloody Marys—and we could discover nothing wrong with its reputation.

The tests ran for three weeks on three bottles of each wine and were elaborate in themselves, using such methods as infrared spectroscopy, gas chromatography, and colorimetric reduction, which identify chemical constituents and measure them in infinitesimal amounts. This information was recorded on graphs, and the results were positive and negative and illuminating.

Despite widespread stories about the heavy use in wine production of the preservative sulfur dioxide, which can cause severe headaches and nausea in people who are allergic to it, none was found in any of the samples. Because the result ran so contrary to what we expected, the test was repeated. Again, the outcome was the same; no measurable sulfur in any form.

It had been reported that, as a production shortcut, some wines are filtered under pressure through asbestos sheets and that asbestos fibers, with all the connotations that that suspect material conjures, remain in the wine as suspended matter. So, we tested for foreign suspended matter in the wine. The results: the Château Pétrus and the Ropiteau Frères Beaune contained "no foreign suspended matter." In two of the remaining three samples, minute traces of cotton were found—from normal, harmless winery filters—but no asbestos: 0.05 percent per weight in the Mondavi Chardonnay; 0.08 percent in the Gallo Hearty Burgundy. The Ruffino Chianti contained 0.06 percent paper and other cellulosic fibers, also from filters. I ingest more than that in one bite of bread. According to the National Cotton Council of America, none of these elements is harmful, and in any case the amounts are insignificant.

How Five Wines Survived the Lab

(Results obtained from three bottles of each brand)	Château Pétrus	Ruffino Chianti	Mondavi Chardonnay	Ropiteau Frères Beaune	Gallo Hearty Burgundy
Foreign suspended matter (by weight)	*none*	*0.06%*	*0.05%*	*none*	*0.08%*
Sorbates	*none*	*50 ppm*	*none*	*none*	*60 ppm*
Other preservatives	*none*	*none*	*none*	*none*	*none*

American regulations permit the use of more than fifty "treating materials" in wine making.

The next test was for a chemical that is becoming the acknowledged whipping boy in wine production: potassium sorbate. Used by many as an inhibitor of secondary fermentation—to keep wines from changing in the bottle on their way to market—it is admired for its extreme stability. It will stand very high temperatures in transit—for example, in the heat of a loading dock in July—without precipitating out of solution and leaving telltale crystals in the bottom of the bottle, as, for example, does tartaric acid, which occurs naturally in all wines. Many people have a low tolerance for sorbates, which cause them to suffer headaches. If excessive sorbates are used in wine this effect is hard to recognize, the headache being confused with a hangover; but if you get a headache from one or two glasses of wine when you are accustomed to drinking much more, chances are it's the sorbates. Sources in the wine industry say they have been phasing out their use; critics on the outside say there is no proof.

The Château Pétrus, the Robert Mondavi Chardonnay, and the Ropiteau Frères Beaune contained no sorbates at all. The Ruffino Chianti contained fifty parts per million (ppm), or 0.005 percent, and the Gallo Hearty Burgundy 0.006 percent—a small and harmless fraction of the current BATF allowance of up to one thousand ppm.

Finally, apart from infinitesimal amounts of nitrates (to a maximum of forty ppm in the Gallo Hearty Burgundy), tartaric acid, and other natural ingredients that showed up as a matter of course, other substances were recorded so weakly in the tests that they could be neither measured nor identified.

We cannot be sure that all wines that come to our table are made as well as these five. Clearly there is a need for thorough government testing to augment this modest study—and for publishing the findings, rather than concealing them behind "protection of trade secrets," a coverup that justifiably arouses our worst suspicions of deceit in the wine industry and the BATF. But if the results of our tests are any reflection of the wine makers' practices, the charges brought against them of wholesale and irresponsible use of chemical additives cannot be sustained. □

Fred Halliday's most recent novel is Ambler *(Simon & Schuster, 1983), which he [illegible] between wine-tasting assignments for national magazines.*

ALWAYS A

In 1950 John H. Jenkins began selling rare coins by mail from his parents' modest home in Beaumont, Texas. He spent half his profits on books, mainly books about the Southwest and Texas in particular. In 1953 he unloaded all his coins except his private collection and began antiquarian-book dealing. He was then thirteen years old.

Today John Jenkins claims to have the world's largest antiquarian bookshop, with an inventory of a million and a half volumes worth well over $20 million. He lives in Austin in a colonial-style mansion more imposing than the official residence of the governor of the state. As for his weekend "ranch," he believes it to be "the largest collectible in America"—a fifteen-acre nineteenth-century university campus he bought for just under a million dollars in order to save it from demolition. He is now restoring the five-story, seventy-two-room main building (with its five-hundred-seat auditorium), the four dormitories, and the rest of the campus. The site can be leased for conferences.

Jenkins drives a Jaguar and jets around the world buying for the Jenkins Company, which does several million dollars of business a year, much of it by mail. He publishes, too; so far, some four hundred titles, mostly southwestern in focus, have appeared under his two imprints. Jenkins deals in artifacts and objets d'art from every country in the world. And he has backed two locally made horror films: the money-spinning *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* and another, for release this year.

John, as he likes people to call him, is not really a typical urban Texan. He doesn't begin conversations with "Howdy" or end them with "Good to visit with ya!" Or wear rodeo clothes. Or compensate for his slightly shorter than Texas-

Above: John spent high-school graduation day autographing his first book. Right: He runs an empire; the throne is German antique.

TRADER

The Texan John H. Jenkins moves thousands of rare books a month

By David Lampe

Photographs by Dan Budnick

average height (he's five foot seven and a half) with cowboy boots. In fact, his appearance is well-to-do Ivy League, understated, anonymous. His face is unlined, and one suspects that he finally shaved off his toothbrush mustache because he now looks grown-up enough without it.

Truer to the Texan stereotypes, Jenkins runs his empire from a vast, throne-room-like office, deep within a huge, almost windowless corrugated-iron warehouse alongside Austin's main north-south artery. Location is not much of a factor in his business. John waves one of his big Upmann cigars: "I could take these damn' books to Panama, and people would still come to me for 'em."

John's family has been "the opposite of prominent in Texas history," but they have been there since the 1820s. "When I was a child we had a lot of old family papers around, which were to a little kid exciting." Many of his ancestors were Texas Rangers and sheriffs, and when he was small, a great-great-aunt filled his ears with frontier yarns and told him which books about the Old West were worth reading. "By the time I was eight or nine, southwestern American history was a major interest."

Very early he decided to become a nonfiction writer. "For that I'd need a reference library." But how to amass one without money? His people, he says, were masters at not accumulating it. His great-great-great-grandfather inherited five thousand acres of Bastrop County near what today is Austin, but when Indians scalped him, his widow sold the land for a pittance and cleared out. Thus it was that John's great-grandfather moved onto forty acres near Beaumont. "Around the turn of the century," John writes in one of his books, "he called his children together and said, 'After I'm gone I don't want you to fight over this land.'" So, the old man sold it for $1,100, which he distributed equally among his eleven children. Four months and thirteen days later, the buyers struck a gusher, and for the next three

David Lampe, the author of five books, has a special interest in southwestern subjects.

The stock kept in John's teeming warehouse is valued at over twenty million dollars.

The in-house bindery handles the Jenkins imprints as well as clients' custom orders.

The author of Basic Texas Books *gives some presentation copies that personal touch.*

decades the old Jenkins homestead was the world's most productive oil field—Spindletop.

All later generations of Jenkinses have been determined not to repeat their forefathers' mistakes, but so far only John has succeeded. "I was always for some unknown reason a trader," he recalls. "Everything from baseball cards to—you name it. When I was about nine years old I got in the habit of going down to the bank on Friday afternoons to buy twenty or thirty dollars' worth of small change. Over the weekend I'd sort out the rare coins and wholesale them to dealers. Sometimes I'd get as much as four or five dollars for particular pennies, and I began to build up a lot of money.

"On my tenth birthday I had a hundred-dollar government bond come due, and I put that and a little bit I'd gathered together to set up my own business, advertising in the national coin magazines. I got about thirty or forty letters a week, and with my dad cosigning I made arrangements with the bank for a three-day line of credit that would enable me to borrow $5,000 in coins on Friday and pay it back on Monday with interest. While we were playing Monopoly or poker or listening to 'Amos 'n' Andy' on the radio I'd sort through those coins for the valuable ones.

"One day when I was ten, my dad took me along on a visit to a friend, an attorney, and I asked him if he had any old volumes I could look at. 'Funny you should ask,' he said. 'I just threw all the old ones into a fire this afternoon.'

"I ran through the house—I was barefoot—and kicked the burning books out of the fire. And I rescued a complete set of Gammel's *Laws of Texas,* which I've used almost every week of my life. I don't know where that intense love of books came from, but I know I've always loved them enough to fight for them."

John's urge to become a writer remained strong. His first article, an interview with one of the country's last surviving Confederate veterans, appeared in a Beaumont paper when he was thirteen. Just a few years later the *American Mercury* published one by him advocating votes for eighteen-year-olds.

"I never had the opportunity not to excel," he says matter-of-factly, "because for as long as I can remember I was doing such unusual things that people were propelling me whether I liked it or not. The thing that amazes me most is that I didn't become a fruitcake. I was active in all the school politics, on the basketball team till it outgrew me, and had dates twice on the

weekends, Friday and Saturday nights."

At thirteen or fourteen he began work on a book based on his great-great-grandfather's recollections. The University of Texas Press published it on the day of John's high-school graduation. It was on the assigned-reading list of the first history course he took in college.

Upon graduation, John married Maureen Mooney (whom he had met as a student), sold his childhood coin collection for about $40,000, and set out with his bride on a Texas-style honeymoon. In four months of leisurely first-class travel westward around the globe, they bought art objects to sell back home in Austin: museum artifacts from Egypt, bronze Buddhas from the Burmese government, ivory carvings, whatever else struck their fancy. By the time they reached London's Heathrow Airport, they were down to their last pound note and up to their credit line on their American Express Card. "We survived the last seventeen hours of the four-month trip on airline meals."

He entered law school with an eye to a political career. It didn't pan out. "Instead of it being a broadening discipline, I found law confining." He turned for career advice to J. Frank Dobie (who had written the introduction for John's first book) and two other mentors: the university's chancellor, Harry Ransom, and its most celebrated historian, Walter Prescott Webb. "Why don't you," Ransom suggested, "become a publisher?"

"How do I do that?" John wondered.

"Well," Ransom answered, "you just start publishing."

John liked the idea. "It would allow me to be in trade, which I love—and still to be around books, which I also love."

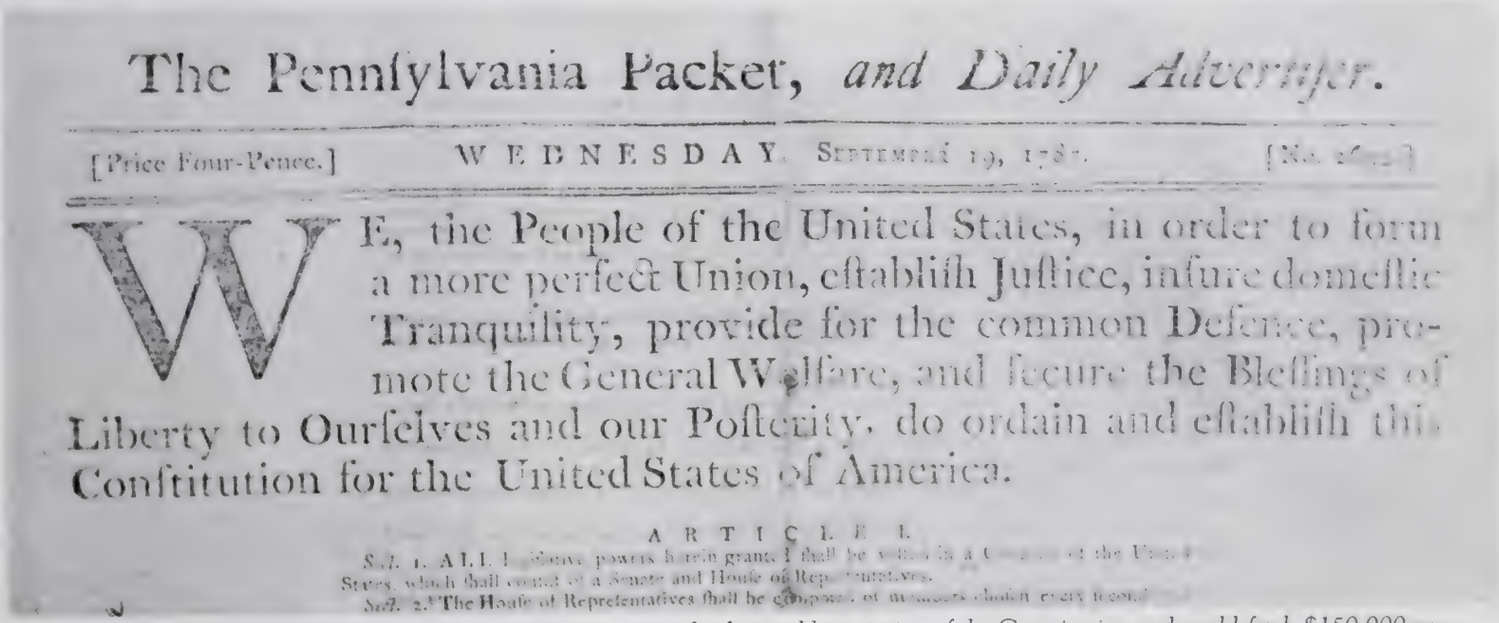
So, with $1,000 borrowed from an Austin bank, he rented an office and proclaimed himself a publisher. His first books, about Texas, sold well. "If you exclude California," he maintains, "there are more books written about Texas than about all the other states put together." His is one of the largest independent book-publishing firms in the Southwest, and it has so far sold some three million volumes. But because publishing is an erratic business, he has continued his vigorous trade in rare books.

John assembles collections and prefers not to sell individual volumes. Thoughtfully compiled collections bring in more than the books in them would individually, of course, but gross receipts are not John's only concern. He wants the collections to stay together, and for many of them, he has particular libraries or collectors in mind. "If they can't afford them right away," he says, "I hang on to them and wait. My books always rise in value so much, anyway, that there's always a struggle to decide when to sell and when to hang on." If he doesn't think that an especially rare book belongs in a given collection, he won't sell it but will wait for a more suitable buyer. He's sensible, ethical, but—to some impatient librarians and archivists, notably in Texas, who otherwise admire him—infuriating.

John still feels himself to be more a collector than a businessman. "Yet I knew from the beginning that to have the books I want I'd have to deal. There are always more books that you want, and never enough money to buy 'em."

Although he won't tell you this himself, he has always given books and other valuables to worthy institutions. Recently, he presented the last known portrait painted of Robert Browning to Baylor University's Browning collection. He could easily have sold it elsewhere.

John's remarkable success has had little to do with luck or force of personality. Mainly it is a result of his astuteness and his high principles both as a dealer and as a collector. "The thing a lot of young people in all the collectibles fields fail to realize," he says, "is that if you're not straightforward, it catches up with you in a few years. I've seen dozens and dozens of bright young dealers who knew their subject yet had their businesses fail without understanding why. They took so many people to the cleaners—paying less than the material was worth and/or selling it for way beyond its market value.



The Pennſylvania Packet, *and Daily Advertiſer.*

[Price Four-Pence.] WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1787. [No. 2[illegible]]

WE, the People of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, eſtabliſh Juſtice, inſure domeſtic Tranquility, provide for the common Defence, promote the General Welfare, and ſecure the Bleſſings of Liberty to Ourſelves and our Poſterity, do ordain and eſtabliſh this Conſtitution for the United States of America.

ARTICLE I.

Sect. 1. ALL legiſlative powers herein granted ſhall be vested in a Congreſs of the United States, which ſhall conſiſt of a Senate and Houſe of Repreſentatives.

Sect. 2. The Houſe of Repreſentatives ſhall be compoſed of members choſen every ſecond

At $2,000, this old newspaper was a rare bargain. It preserves the first public printing of the Constitution and could fetch $150,000 now.

"It's very difficult, when you're in the position of knowing more about the subject than the people you're dealing with, to hold the reins and treat them fairly. But it's what makes your business. You will find people all over the world who'll step forward and say, 'The most amazing thing in my life! I got a check from John Jenkins months after I'd sold him something, with a note saying he'd gotten more for it than he anticipated!' "

When a private seller lets him set a price, he feels an obligation to make a fair offer. He's candid, too, with customers, explaining that his prices must include overhead and profit, and cautioning that individual items and collections won't immediately resell at a higher price unless they happen to be sold as parts of much larger collections. "But," he insists, "the prices of the kinds of rare book I sell inev-

itably will rise because when I sell them, eighty percent of them go off the market forever—because they go into institutions or libraries."

John sells some incunabula and rare, fine editions, but his own main interest (and the main interest of most of his more than 10,000 regular private and institutional customers) is in what actually appears between the covers. "People buy books from me not just as investments," he says, "but to read." Most nights, John himself reads three to four hours before going to sleep. He has turned many of his poker-playing pals from business and politics into avid bibliophiles. Some of them, taking his advice, have gotten enormous tax breaks while at the same time enriching research libraries.

He ferrets out rare books everywhere. On a visit he made to the coast of France, some dinner companions mentioned a nearby winegrower who was a friend of theirs. "On the off chance I asked if he had any books on wine. 'Oh, yes,' they said, 'about three thousand.' So there was a lead I followed up. The excitement of the chase is one of the joys of this business."

Sometimes it is very exciting indeed. He proudly shows a crudely printed Philadelphia newspaper that he bought at auction at Sotheby Parke Bernet in New York. "It was simply listed as a newspaper, estimated value $200. Everybody was there, and maybe one other person either had an inkling what it was or started bidding because I was bidding for it." The newspaper cost him $2,000—a bargain, particularly considering that all his major competitors were in the saleroom. His years of late-night reading paid off. "Four months later I sold that paper for $85,000. Later I bought it back, and I've got it now. I'm going to try to get $150,000—maybe $130,000—for it."

John calls the paper the second-most-exciting buy he has made. Why? "It brings tears to my eyes to have those few sheets of paper in my hands. Imagine: It's 1787. You're in Philadelphia. George Washington is about to gavel the Constitutional Convention closed. He sends a runner half a block away to John Dunlap's newspaper-printing shop with a rush order for thirty copies of the draft of the Constitution. Dunlap was printing his paper, but he pulled it off the presses, printed the Constitution, and sent the copies back to George Washington. In secret session, the convention approved it and threw the copies away. Only a few copies of this secret printing survived. George Washington went out on the balcony and announced, 'We have a Constitution of the United States.'

"Dunlap had lost his afternoon edition, but he looks down and sees the Constitution. A scoop! And it's already set up in type. The secret copy was a kind of galley proof. He just runs his heading on it, and there he has the first public printing of the Constitution of the United States—within two hours of when it was approved."

What tops this? John's most exciting buy ever was a manuscript dated 1577 in a folio that also contains a South American treasure map and a watercolor of Lima. The map is the oldest one of its kind known to be in private hands in the entire New World; the watercolor is the oldest existing painting of a New World city anywhere in private hands. John turned up the folio in a London second-hand bookstore.

His biggest single purchase was the Edward Eberstadt collection of 41,000 rare volumes of Americana, in 1975. It cost him about $4 million, and sales from it by last year enabled him to repay the bank loan that bought it. At today's prices, the remainder is worth about $16 million.

Keeping a large stock of valuable books has always made John edgy about security. He has never suffered a break-in, but people have stolen books from him, and like many rare-book dealers, he is occasionally offered books stolen from others. When a Mafia agent tried first to foist on him a stolen set of Audubon prints and some incunabula and then offered to steal books to order, John called in the FBI. The stakeout and arrest in which he played a part was turned into an episode for the television series *Kojak;* it also helped John motivate the Antiquarian Booksellers Association of America to circulate lists of stolen books. As a result, all such items in America worth more than $5,000 have been recovered, with few exceptions. One in particular is the only annotated first edition of Edgar Allan Poe's *Tamerlane and Other Poems,* possibly the rarest American book in existence, taken from the University of Virginia and worth about a million dollars; it is still missing. John is convinced that it has been destroyed or buried. "Thanks to the system we now have for notification of book thefts to the FBI and Interpol, selling such works is impossible."

Most of John's sales are mail orders. He issues twenty or so catalogues annually; some or all of them are sent free of charge to the more than 10,000 buyers and dealers who place orders regularly throughout

He has turned many of his poker-playing pals from business and politics into avid bibliophiles. They buy books not just as investments, but to read.

The game at John's custom-built table is almost Texas history. Its roots go back to his college days, and beyond. Just how long? Who knows?

each year. Other customers pay from $35 to $120 a year for his catalogues, which are not only good buying guides but are also collectibles in their own right: useful, and in some fields essential, bibliographies.

Right now, the Jenkins Company is cataloguing books relating to South America and to the American Civil War. The general catalogue is growing by about 1,500 books a week, and a catalogue of books on women, listing some 4,000 volumes, is now in preparation.

Much of Jenkins's stock is acquired from other dealers, and he and his five knowledgeable assistants spend several hours every morning scanning other dealers' catalogues. He receives hundreds of offers of material a week from scouts; some of these are dealers, but many are simply bibliophiles who know what he and other dealers want.

"Everybody," John says, "is a potential book scout. Look around in secondhand bookshops for books in the fields you know about. There are so many categories, no dealer can possibly know them all. So you, with your special knowledge—perhaps narrow knowledge—will instantly spot bargains. And, believe me, they're everywhere. But avoid garage sales. They're usually a waste of time."

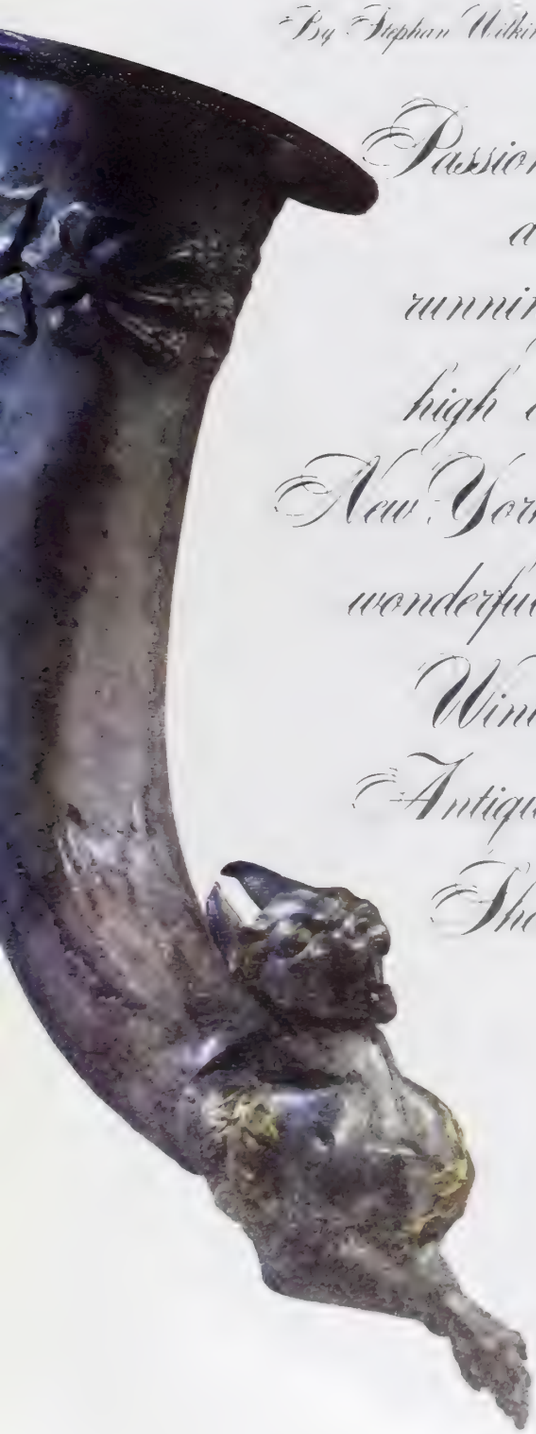
John's average unit sale is in the range of $100 to $3,000, but there are always more majestic offerings on hand, too, such as a 1,200-volume collection of books by and about George Washington, which will form the nucleus of a fine reference library and is priced at $85,000; or a map drawn for one of the first conquistadores to come to Texas and New Mexico, which should fetch about $60,000. John admits that it will interest perhaps only half a dozen libraries in the world. "But," he points out, "the ones who want it will want it badly."

John sits back in his chair and strikes up another Upmann. "It's a good business," he reflects. "A fun business." □

For Members

By Stephen Wilkinson

Passions are running high at New York's wonderful Winter Antiques Show



From Edward H. Merrin Gallery, Inc., a silver Parthian rhyton (drinking horn) in the form of a lynx, left; above, George I mahogany library chair, Hyde Park Antiques, Ltd.

Form a club and you create not one group but three—two content, one rigid with resentment. There are some who devoutly wish to join the club and are allowed to; a few who have no interest in joining and indeed don't; and many who would sever extremities to be members but can't get in. Such a club is New York's Winter Antiques Show—easily the best and the most prestigious used-furniture bazaar in the United States, a grand garage sale of museum pieces, a flea market for millionaires and perceptive middle-class collectors, a social occasion of vast grace and color. "It's entirely invitational," says the show's chairman, Mario Buatta, the Manhattan interior designer who controls much of the fair's destiny. "We have the right to invite dealers to participate or not. There are no twenty-year contracts."

"There is a selection committee, but its operating procedures are like the Star Chamber's," says Roger Howlett, of the Childs Gallery, a prestigious old Boston firm, which was dropped from this year's show. "It is only in the last two years that

Only

the show has had the courtesy to *tell* a dealer that he has been dropped; you have to give them credit for that. In the past, it was so brutal that right up until a couple of months before the show a dealer might not know that he had been dropped."

As with any club, some decline the invitation. Buatta admits that there are "seven or eight we'd love to have in—fine American-furniture dealers like Israel Sack—but they just don't feel they have to do shows. Harold Sack, the firm's president, believes that people who come to the show will also come to his shop."

For years, the Winter Antiques Show sailed along on the fair winds of prestige, rarely buffeted by controversy. Scattered in its wake, however, were the occasional exhibitors tossed over the rail for reasons as diverse as rudeness and poor taste, offering dull or occasionally even suspect merchandise, or failing to decorate their booths to the liking of the management.

Then, a year ago, reefs of negative publicity began to threaten, and the show's management became as touchy about criticism as a dowager who'd grown up barefoot. Word of *Connoisseur*'s inquiries percolated through the antiques-dealer community, the magazine was refused cooperation by the exposition's promoters, some committee members were enjoined not to talk to us, and some participating dealers were unusually sensitive. When asked whether he could tell us anything about the dealer-selection process, the rare-books and antique-maps dealer W. Graham Arader said, "No. I can't talk about it. I'm afraid I'll get thrown out."

Much of the miff involves the British procedure of vetting, in which committees of experts and scholars, dealers, and authorities check every item offered for sale in a reputable antiques fair. "Why do you have vetting? To guarantee the public that they aren't buying bozos," says one forthright collector of Americana. "Several U. S. shows now advertise that they're vetting every piece."

Such talk rankles Buatta. "There's no sense making a fuss over something that's never going to happen," he says, rubbing his head wearily. "Our dealers would never put up with it. If you think we're going

Enamel and stone snake necklace, above, A La Vieille Russie; below, at Marguerite Riordan, a 1784 portrait of Rebecca Sherman and son. Legend has it that her husband stabbed the painting when they separated.

Stephan Wilkinson, a free-lance writer, is the son of art dealers in Massachusetts.

Late-eighteenth-century English clock made by Daniel Cornwell, at Vernay and Jussel.

to have a vetting committee spend time scrutinizing our merchandise, you're crazy. It would cost a fortune to keep the show open two extra days to do it."

After last year's show the dealers were polled and voted against vetting. "They don't want to have anything to do with it," Buatta insists. "It's simply too political. Who is this wonderful person who would give an absolutely unbiased opinion about every piece in the show?" One answer is that the wonderful person would be many dozens of people apportioned among seventeen or eighteen specialist panels—as in the cases of London's famous Burlington and Grosvenor House antiques fairs. The Winter Antiques Show's committees, composed largely of socialite ladies, expend the bulk of their personpower on [illegible] w of them are [illegible] associate

show, "but most of them simply use the show office to store their minks while they go out and parade around the floor.")

"Who vets the vetters?" asks the carpet and tapestries dealer Doris Leslie Blau, whose praise of the winter show is without reservation. "The people so concerned with vetting should go off and have a little show for themselves where vetting is the theme. It's a selling technique." Buatta agrees. "The Grosvenor House show is a business proposition—we're not; we do this for charity [the East Side House Settlement]—and it's a good sales idea to tell your customers that every item in a show has been vetted."

Others aren't so sure. "Americans aren't exactly against vetting," says the Massachusetts antiques dealer Kathryn Arkus; "more than anything else they fear it." Another adds, "Some of the winter-show dealers would get a nasty shock if they had their goods vetted . . . but don't quote me."

"A lot of people are nervous that introducing vetting into the East Side show would change its character into something rather too English or stiff," says Trevor Potts, a British dealer. "But if they want a world-class antiques-dealers' show, they should have vetting. A serious dealer would want to know that if he was offering something genuine for $1,000 and the next booth was offering a fake for $500 he wouldn't seem to be overcharging."

"I don't think vetting means a thing," sighs Buatta. "Russell Carrell and I and other committee members walk around the floor looking at everything that's being shown. I've seen Russell walk in and say, 'Uh-uh, that's gotta go,' and the piece is carted right off the floor. Wouldn't you consider that vetting?"

Whether or not last year's vote has put the vetting issue to bed forever, the sub-rosa dealer-selection process continues to enrage those passed over or pushed out. "A member of the East Side committee recommended to me that I hire a lawyer," said one dealer who was dropped from

Amish quilt, circa 1910. Bars and Nine Patch pattern, Thos. K. Woodard Antiques.

Audubon's "American White Pelican" aquatint, 1836, at W. Graham Arader III.

this year's show. Had he done it, his claim would have been based on restraint of trade, and though such a case against an antiques show has yet to reach court, several show committees and managers have let dealers back in rather than participate in such litigation. "If there were damages allocated, the people on the committee are probably the ones who'd have to pick up the tab personally," says the lawyer Richard Sugarman.

"If you were on a board of directors, wouldn't you rather operate in complete secrecy?" asks one collector. "Of course you would, but in a real corporation, you usually can't get away with it. Our selection committee is accountable to no one; they are not required to make their decisions public; they don't even have to make their membership public."

Buatta's explanation for the secrecy is more elemental. "We don't want to be pressured all year. I walk into a show now and all the dealers think I can get them into the winter show, and I can't. I couldn't get my own brother in, though thank God he's not in the antiques business."

Though the spurned are quick to blame their demise on everything from sexual preference to failure to attend the right parties, the selection and culling of dealers is not done capriciously. "I think they're trying to get new blood into the show, people with more exciting things," says the New York dealer Vito Giallo. "Not the usual Queen Anne chairs and Chippendale tables, but more eccentric, offbeat things." Says another perceptive dealer who has both worked at and followed the show closely, "They want to have a look more like the European antiques fairs, with very fine things displayed—a very open look, rather than wall cases on the aisles filled with perfectly respectable things but a lot of them."

The show has also widened its focus increasingly, to the dismay of some traditionalists who decry it as becoming "a decorator show." "They're letting in art deco and Stickley furniture," says one longtime show goer and dealer. "That's for an interior-designers' show, not an antiques show." And in the opinion of Roger Howlett, of the Childs Gallery, "The show is slipping. The kinds of dealers museums and collectors respect are not being added, and those who deal with the decorator trade are."

The classic antiques market, however, is changing. No longer the privilege solely of the Eastern carriage trade, diluted by growing interest in lower-quality crafts and collectibles, fishing within an ever-diminishing pool of "great pieces," and catering increasingly to a younger and more geographically diverse market, the field's leading exposition has had to broaden its purview.

"The dealers who complain about it want the definition of antiques to stay at 1810," the collector Jonathan Holstein explains. "Their capital is committed to Queen Anne, and they yell about the inclusion of Empire furniture or art deco. 'It's in poor taste, it's decadent, it's not classic . . .' Who ever said that good taste resided only in Chippendale and Queen Anne furniture?"

Through the bluster of the winter's storms, the show remains America's finest. "The show generates a massive amount of excitement, of passion. It fires people up to buy," says the dealer Doris Blau. "Its vitality is a wonderful thing. I feel it when I come on the floor and I see it in the faces of the people."

"I don't know of anything that can hold a candle to it," says Melanie Kahane, one of Manhattan's classic interior decorators. "There's a lot of elitism, but it pays off."

"New Yorkers are the most demanding connoisseurs there are," the rare-maps dealer Graham Arader insists. "You show them something second-rate and you're dead. Three months before the show, I'm holding back my best material."

That dealers squirrel away each year's most awesome finds for the show is one of its greatest attractions. "I go every year because there's a chance to discover some really extraordinary things that are being brought out for the first time that night," admits Jonathan Holstein. "Certainly it figures in my decision to pay the $150 for the preview ticket that gives me half an hour's grace before the herd comes in, because it's a very competitive collecting situation. It's an exciting show by anybody's definition. I expect to see beautiful things, and I do. And once in a while, you see something utterly extraordinary." □

A chance to discover beauty.

Marble head of an athlete, Roman, first century A.D., Edward H. Merrin Gallery, Inc.

David Hockney designed the production of Francis Poulenc's opera Les Mamelles de Tirésias *for the Metropolitan Opera's 1981 revival.*

The Changing Perspectives of

DAVID HOCKNEY

He is famous, popular, clever, chic, agile,

glittering, fun, witty—but is he any good?

By Marina Vaizey

At a relatively young forty-six, David Hockney is the best-known, most productive, and most popular English painter at work today. He has, in his glittering career, made modern art accessible, enjoyable, and fun. In the process he has explored a wide variety of media. As lithographer and etcher, to take one example, Hockney has made highly praised autonomous series of prints, mostly biographical and autobiographical, as well as prints inspired by poems (including Wallace Stevens's "The Man with the Blue Guitar," which in its turn was inspired by Picasso—an elaborate conceit typical of Hockney's wit). His paintings—of swimming pools, even portraits of his family and friends—sell phenomenally well. Last June, his painting *Boy About to Take a Shower* (1964) went for $104,500 at Christie's. In addition to fortune, Hockney has earned considerable fame. His deliciously cool and elegant paintings of California life have even been shown as the background for the title credits of the movie *California Suite*.

Despite all this, the critic Hilton Kramer, while conceding that Hockney's work seems entertaining, clever, accomplished, versatile, prolific, and impressive, also (in the same 1977 article in the *New York Times*) judged it hollow, superficial, reactionary, and lightweight—"a kind of nineteenth-century salon art refurbished from the stockroom of modernism." Hockney's materials are, of course, the copious quotation and gentle, affectionate, and intelligent parody of the giants of modern art—Picasso and Matisse—and his open acknowledgment of the homosexual world. Denys Sutton, the editor of the British magazine *Apollo*, has called him a painter of narratives and conversation pieces. These harsh judgments have been echoed by other critics as well, leading to the hard question: Just how good is Hockney?

The answer would be easier if Hockney simply pursued one proven formula. But the fact is that he has changed considerably, in large part because of his immersion over the past several years in areas other than painting. From 1979 through 1981, the primary focus of Hockney's professional attention has been on designs for one-act ballets and operas, including *Le Rossignol*, *Le Sacre du Printemps*, and *Oedipus Rex*, all with music by Stravinsky, and Poulenc's *Les Mamelles de Tirésias*. From the end of 1981 to mid-1983, he devoted his time to what he calls his "criticism of photography"—that is, making hundreds of photographs himself.

His recent evolution can be traced in two big exhibitions taking place right now on both sides of the Atlantic. In London, the Hayward Gallery is putting on a mammoth survey of Hockney's photographs under the auspices of the Arts Council of Great Britain. In Minneapolis, the Walker Art Gallery has, on the first stop of an international tour, a huge exhibition of the artist's theatrical sets, "Hockney Paints the Stage." Between the two shows, one can see that the artist has lost none of his accustomed wit, charm, and imagination, and, more important, that he may now be reaching for something harder, going beyond the anecdotal to the significant.

As he painted the sets for Maurice Ravel's L'Enfant et les Sort[illegible] *the Met in 1981, Hockney listened to the composer's music.*

"Hockney Paints the Stage" incorporates a four-fold view of Hockney's involvement with the theater. It includes over two dozen paintings that contain theatrical allusions and elements—for instance, stage curtains—or are derived from or influential for his theater designs. A second category comprises his stage models, props, and costumes; a third, his actual designs for the stage; and a fourth, full-scale three-dimensional scenes newly created by Hockney for the exhibition from seven Hockney-designed operas. In one of these, visitors can walk through the sets as if they were part of the "real" theatrical experience; Hockney has provided newly painted installations and environments. As for the photography show, it presents Hockney's long involvement with the photo image—he has taken thousands upon thousands of shots—and it includes most notably the complex photographs he has made over the past two years. These composites may incorporate upwards of a hundred individual photographs of the same subject but shown from slightly different angles over a period of time that may be as long as four hours.

What both exhibitions demonstrate is how much intelligent appreciation, absorption, and understanding of Western art in general, and twentieth-century art and literature in particular, inform Hockney's work in all media. "People think that an artist's life is glamorous," he says feelingly. "It isn't. It's just hard work. I work all the time. And the work starts always with you, what's in you." Designing for the stage clearly expanded Hockney's thoughts about the essential nature of painting and about the problems posed by seeking to interpret and to grasp time, memory, and narrative. The results are perhaps best seen in his designs for Ravel's *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges* (The Child and the Magic Spells); they were originally made in 1981 for the Metropolitan Opera, in New York, and re-adapted by Hockney last summer for London's Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. This forty-five-minute-long opera, with a plot taken from a short story by Colette, is probably the one Hockney finds most sympathetic of all his theater pieces. He has listened to the Ravel hundreds of times and deems it an indisputable "masterpiece" (he uses the word very sparingly).

Colette's story is about a naughty, bored child who, when left alone in his nursery, breaks his teapot and teacup, tears the wallpaper, destroys his books, and then ventures into the garden. There, creatures of his nursery and the night seem to turn against him because of the thoughtless cruelty and carelessness of his actions; but he redeems himself by caring for a wounded squirrel. Finally, he is able to return from the nightmare and the fears of the great world to home and comfort. The last sung word, suspended vibrantly in space, is *Maman*. "Well," says Hockney of the whole story, "that says it all: kindness is the only hope."

Ravel's treatment has been given concert performances but rarely any stage production because of the difficulty of sustaining the illusion of a child's vision. The opera is populated by singing animals, trees, and life-size animated objects such as the Wedgwood teapot (which sings in English). In addition, there is a problem of stage technology: how to dissolve from the child's room to the nighttime garden.

To create the sets, Hockney says, he had to "feel like a child." In his view, as in that of the nineteenth-century critic John Ruskin, to see and to feel are remarkably intertwined. He painted the trees in the garden while listening to Ravel's "tree music," the best tree music ever written, he thinks. "You have to do everything for the music," he says, when asked how one artist can subject his own creativity to interpreting the work of another. "If you do that, it's yours anyway."

"The most interesting thing we see is another human being."

The colors he used in the opera are Matisse-like reds, greens, blues. "The Ravel," says Hockney with great satisfaction, "is *very* blue." Much was done with lighting: red on blue, blue on blue. Indeed, Hockney feels that the aspect of theater design that has been missing of late, and has perhaps never been fully used, is that of color. "For the cats' duet I painted red lines round the tree. When the cats scream, the child's room dissolves into the nighttime garden, everything getting blue-er and blue-er and blue-er."

Any good designer of opera sets, Hockney believes, has to like the music and must "match the music, not contradict the music unless there is a valid dramatic reason." He brought this philosophy to Stravinsky's *Le Rossignol*, based on the Hans Christian Andersen story. The tale involves a real nightingale, banished from the emperor's court in favor of a mechanical toy. The bird is found and brought back in time to cure the dying emperor with its song. The story has enormous appeal: again, redemption is brought about through love, a mood not too far from that of the Ravel.

Like the Ravel opera, too, *Le Rossignol* is a blend of music, design, and dance. The combination recalls Diaghilev's famous view that his theater should be a balance of dance, music, and visual effects. Indeed, both the Ravel and the Stravinsky can be seen as latter-day realizations of Diaghilev's wish; in each, movement or dance is crucial to the effect of a spectacle that is magical and captivating.

"Feeling and seeing—without the seeing you can't know what the feeling is; if we didn't see we'd feel differently," Hockney says. He explicitly believes that "the most interesting thing we see in the world is another human being." Even in the fairy-tale operas, it is that sense of believable human relationships that anchors the fantasy. "One image," Hockney says, "is not enough to capture those feelings, those appearances. One single image cannot capture the flow of time." He agrees with Proust that the "past is in the present, the past is always present in the present." In his own words, "Memory shimmers." To Hockney, the experience of the ephemeral is a fit subject for art. "When dealing with the visible world," he says, "we have yet to fully use time, memory, and narrative."

This sense of time, of appearance interpreted by memory, has affected his views of photography. He has been trying to "cubify" photography—to introduce the passage of time, rather than the frozen moment, into photography. Until there is an intrinsic feeling of time passing, Hockney feels, photography cannot be as emotive and as expressive as painting. His own photographs of the past two years take a subject—his mother visiting a ruined abbey in the rain; the photographer Bill Brandt and his wife; a formal meal at the British embassy in Tokyo—and depict it from

Hockney's first opera design, Igor Stravinsky's The Rake's Progress *(shown here in San Francisco), was for the 1975 Glyndebourne Festival.*

CAVAN BUTLER

Photographic collages, Steering Wheel, *above, and* The Brooklyn Bridge, *below, suggest Picasso's cubist influence.*

a variety of viewpoints. At first, hundreds of photographs were arranged in a grid, each single image subtly overlapping, so that the entire image held together coherently, yet with an almost electric glow. In the double portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Brandt, the pair were depicted sitting in a studio, leaning over to look at a photo-portrait of Hockney (a Polaroid of a Polaroid) on the studio floor; thus, it is a photograph of a photographer (Brandt) looking at a photograph taken by a photographer (Hockney) who was at the same time taking Brandt's photograph. In other new composites, also taken in sequence, large photographs (many from a recent trip to Japan) are arranged to show the passage of time and the viewing of space by subtly dramatic placement of the photographs; they are no longer of equal size or arranged in a regular grid. In one composite, Hockney's shoes, used to indicate the photographer's presence, frame the famous Zen garden in Kyoto, itself a hymn to meditation yet always surrounded by crowds of tourists.

Hockney is able to keep the viewer's interest by means of changing perspectives, subtly shifting viewpoints; each sequence represents, too, time passing. However experimental, the photographs are remarkable for their overall coherence and conviction. Their inspiration clearly is cubism.

Hockney now insists that the world has yet to be "cubified." He means that the revolution in seeing started by the Cubists has not yet even begun to be fully explored and exploited. In fact, Hockney feels that the visual arts, including movies, are still only coming to realize their potential. "Postmodernism?" he snorts with an incredulity an actor might envy. "Modernism itself is just beginning."

Just as Matisse is the dominant influence—in color, in sensual feeling, in wonder—in much of Hockney's theater design, the Cubist Picasso is the influence in Hockney's photographs. "Even Picasso, let alone late Picasso, has not yet begun to be understood," the artist says. Hockney recalls that he was amazed by the Picasso exhibition at New York's Museum of Modern Art. Subsequently he gave a lecture at the Los Angeles County Museum—standing room only, and so popular he agreed to repeat it—called "Important Painting of the Sixties," concentrating on thirty-two paintings by Picasso done in twelve days in 1965 when Picasso was eighty-four, and all on the subject of the artist and the model. "The paintings are about Picasso looking," Hockney says. "Every figure is different, has a different weight. Late Picasso is so much better than people think. He was the master draftsman, but here there is a new freedom with the brush. And Picasso never gave up the ideas of cubism."

With the expatriate American painter R. B. Kitaj, Hockney has engaged in public debate on the value of the life class in drawing and, by implication, of an art that represents something and has subject matter other than itself. "Abstraction represents both a conclusion and a cul-de-sac, to which we were led by Mondrian," Hockney says.

He himself is returning now to painting, despite the temptation to continue with photography and with the theater. Hockney is gregarious and enjoys working with people. And he has had many attractive offers to design new sets, including one for a Royal Opera House production of Puccini's *Turandot*. But he has decided to go back to the easel, to being on his own. His explanation involves his changing perspective: "I learned too much about color from working in the theater and too much about cubism from working with photography not to have to try to put some of it back into painting."

He is now painting again, with enormous gusto and excitement. "You have to remember," he says, that "the real world is what we know." He, anyway, has to "paint the people I know, the people I love." Thus, this summer in London he began a big painting of a wedding: the wedding of two close friends in Hawaii, an event, as Hockney describes it with glowing affection, that combined the deep American interest in improbable juxtapositions—the wedding took place in a grotto—with good, old-fashioned, heartfelt emotion. The painting is full of great style and stylization, and, it seems to this observer, more freedom and emotion than have hitherto been seen in Hockney's art. This is doubly remarkable when one remembers that the painter's images have always been distinguished by their expression of love and friendship.

Another of the striking aspects of the wedding picture is its use of color. The plumage of tropical birds blazes out in brilliant hot reds, blues, greens—as though the fauve paintings of Matisse, near the beginning of this century, were reincarnated in

He is now painting again, with enormous gusto and excitement.

a range of deep, glowing colors. There is a new freedom in broad brushwork and in simplified, stylized forms that suggest the details of skin texture and textile pattern without precise delineation. This freedom, one is tempted to conclude, comes from Hockney's discoveries while working for the stage.

It is true that Hockney has previously emphasized color in his paintings. Several gigantic panoramas of Mulholland Drive and Nichols Canyon, roads in southern California, startled the art world and led to puzzled critical assessment when they were shown at the Royal Academy's "A New Spirit in Painting" show, in 1980–81. But there was no central focus then; the color was lurid, the whole panorama somewhat childlike. His stage designs went further with color: for example, the designs for *Le Rossignol* are full of subtle, silvery iridescence. The new paintings seem to take off from there, from both his interest in panoramas—the whole stage—and the new use of color, which is almost incandescent in effect.

Such progress led a recent visitor to ask Hockney whether anything would tempt him back to the stage. His surprising answer was that perhaps Richard Wagner would. He has yet to see Wagner with really convincing design. "Even the opera designer Wieland Wagner used pastel," Hockney says with wonder. *Siegfried*, after all, is music "about nature and green," although Hockney has seen designs for the opera which he describes as "bombed Berlin onstage." The idea of drawing Wagner back into the celebration of nature clearly entices Hockney. "Nobody is into color and Wagner," he says, though van Gogh, in his letters, talked about Wagner and color.

What Hockney will go on to accomplish is open to conjecture. Long popular, mostly praised, he has always pleased. Now he may be ready to take more risks. If successful, Hockney's work will gain greater depth, and no one will be able to write him off again as a "lightweight." Whether he can retain his immense popularity—that now is the question. □

The artist, with a work in progress, in his London studio.

Marina Vaizey is art critic of the London Sunday Times.

VERY SUPERIOR SPOONS

Fletcher of Sheffield has been making hand-forged silver for over four centuries.

By Edward Lucie-Smith

Those who treat themselves to very superior flatware make nice distinctions. Few eventualities cannot be met by this shining regiment of spoons in the classic rattail pattern, first made around 1710. (The tail is visible when the spoon is reversed.) From left: (1) large soup, (2) ice cream, (3) dessert, (4) demitasse, (5) small dessert, (6) bouillon, (7) afternoon tea, (8) cream soup, (9) coffee, (10) large tea, (11) fruit, (12) sauce, (13) tea, (14) iced tea.

"Born with a silver spoon in his mouth," people may say of someone enviously, but after a recent visit to Sheffield I shall ask, "Was it the *right kind* of silver spoon?" By which I shall mean, was it handmade? Between handmade and machine-made silver there is a world of difference once you know what to look for. A hand-forged silver spoon will be fully three-dimensional, beautifully shaped, and comfortable to hold. The metal of the bowl will vary subtly, becoming thickest at the point and edge, where the spoon gets the most wear. No machine can achieve this variation; it could only have been done by a craftsman deeply versed in traditional skills.

As it has been for generations, Sheffield is still the center of the English cutlery trade. Recently it has branched out into all sorts of items made of "difficult" metals like stainless steel. Near the railway station, on a quiet street of small workshops, is a Victorian brick building housing the firm of C. W. Fletcher—one of those splendid Yorkshire institutions where things are both nicely old-fashioned and smartly up-to-date. The period furniture in the managing director's office is immaculately polished. The tea comes in fine bone-china cups, accompanied by a plate of elegant biscuits. Fletcher does precision engineering: parts for Rolls-Royce jet engines, bits and pieces for nuclear reactors—things produced to the most exacting tolerances. These are shown, like gleaming abstract sculptures, in glass cases in the boardroom. But Fletcher has another string to its bow; it is also the only surviving manufacturer of hand-forged silver cutlery in England.

From one apprenticeship to another—

Edward Lucie-Smith is an English art historian with a keen interest in crafts.

each apprentice becoming a master in due course and then training his successor—C. W. Fletcher can trace its ancestry back to a silversmith called Nicholas Bartholomew, active around 1550. The firm's pedigree includes a number of well-known eighteenth-century craftsmen, who doubtless made many of the same patterns they are producing today. Now its customers are found mostly in America among families with names like Rockefeller. The biggest order in recent years was for the directors' dining room of the Chase Manhattan Bank headquarters in New York City.

People tend to think that handmade things are the work of one man, who carries the operation through from start to finish. This is not true at C. W. Fletcher, where the system is closer to that of the craft guilds in the late Middle Ages, each of which was responsible for a particular phase of an article's manufacture. In 1408, London had three different guilds concerned with making knives: the bladesmiths, the cutlers (who made the handles), and the sheathers.

Fletcher can trace its ancestry to a silversmith who worked around 1550.

Today at Fletcher a silver spoon passes through the hands of five people before it reaches completion—the forger, the stamper, the hand filer (traditionally known as the odd worker), the buffer, and the finisher. The first three are the most important, for their work determines the form of the piece. When I was in Sheffield, Colin Wallace, who has been with the firm for thirty-six years, was working on a set of rattail spoons—a pattern that goes back to around 1710. Everything about these spoons is shaped with the hammer alone, starting from a narrow bar of silver known as a slip. About half of this makes the bowl, with its raised, tapering rib running down the back; the rest becomes the handle. It is part of the forger's job to get all the spoon blanks exactly the same size, measuring each against a template. Wallace shapes the material with such practiced precision that blank and template always correspond exactly.

The next stage is to "let down" or "drop" the bowl itself. This was being done by Brian Greenacre, with the aid of a little drop hammer. Eric Fletcher, the managing director, and Michael Rosewarne, his manager, seemed a little embarrassed by this minor piece of mechanization. In the past, they explained, the job was done by two men, one with a sledgehammer, the other holding the punch in place. "They wouldn't allow it today; too much risk of a nasty accident." It is clear that they both like everything to be as near pure handwork as possible. The rattail pattern is their favorite because no die is needed to produce the design. This is not the case with later, more elaborate patterns like King's pattern, introduced about 1815. Here the ornament is created by the hammering of the metal into a matrix.

The hand filer, next in the sequence, is also responsible for giving the various pieces the right curve. He has to see to it that a set of spoons or forks, laid on their sides, will nestle neatly together, each one cradling its neighbor. This too is done almost entirely by eye.

The room where the polishing is carried out is shared by the oldest member of the firm and one of the youngest. Kate Higgins, so tiny she stands on a little wooden box to reach her work, is now in her eighties. She started work with Fletcher in 1926. She works only half days now, not because she has to, but because she likes the companionship. Last winter, when she arrived one afternoon to find that everyone in the polishing shop was away, either sick or on holiday, she clocked in, took a look around, and promptly went home.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULIAN NEIMAN

The old hand Katie Higgins buffs knives.

With Kate was Gary Walker, in his early twenties and looking even younger, working in a mound of grayish sludge—fine pumice mixed with oil. "We used to add sand from the river Trent, which is even finer, but they don't find it worthwhile to get it out anymore." The pieces to be polished are held against rotating wooden buffers of different shapes. I asked Gary why he kept switching from one piece to another. "Feel!" he said, and dropped the spoon he had been working on into my hand. It was almost red-hot. The object of the polishing is to get not a bright, shiny, just-manufactured look but a "butler's finish"—the soft gleam of silver that has been polished for generations. If you looked at a spoon through a strong magnifying glass, once Gary had finished with it, you would see not a smooth surface but a cross-hatching of the finest possible scratches. Even polishing is highly skilled. The surface must be given the right luster while all the hand-forged detail remains crisp and fresh.

Why do people buy modern hand-forged sil-

Colin Wallace forges identically sized spoon blanks from silver bars.

TOBEY SANFORD

ver when old silver cutlery sometimes costs very little more? There are several reasons. Sometimes they want to replace a missing piece or add to silver they already have. When I visited C. W. Fletcher, the firm had just been commissioned to make a few replacements for the late-seventeenth-century trifid service used when the queen entertains at Holyrood House, in Edinburgh. There are people who apparently cannot resist taking teaspoons as souvenirs—and sometimes bigger pieces as well. Usually, however, Fletcher's customers think that new silver, following one of the established traditional patterns, is better and more practical. The firm can supply every whim: soup spoons in three sizes, little butter spreaders, long-handled spoons for iced tea, all to match. These are items, unknown in the eighteenth century, that are an offshoot of modern styles of eating and entertaining.

> "Somebody's got to hold on in this tide of producing for the mass market. It's a cause!"

Another consideration is that old hand-forged silver comes in many grades. The kind Fletcher makes comes in only one: the solidest and heaviest. Their silver-handled knives have heavy-gauge handles, to which the blade itself is securely soldered. Old examples tend to have handles of thin sheet silver, filled with mastic, into which the spiked end of the blade is thrust. In this particular, contemporary hand-forged silver improves on the old tradition.

Will it continue to be made? At the moment, C. W. Fletcher has healthy order books, largely because of its New York connection (see box). And, while Kate Higgins has been with them for fifty-seven years and Colin Wallace for thirty-six, the firm is trying to take on young people willing to learn the traditional skills. "Of course, they don't always stay with us," says Eric Fletcher a little gloomily. "They stay for five years and leave just as they are getting really good." Yet attitudes are being changed somewhat by Britain's economic situation. Gary Walker took his job because he thought it would be more secure than working in a garage. Now he gets a lot of satisfaction from being the master of a very special skill. □

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULIAN NEIMAN

Manager Michael Rosewarne.

HOLDING FAST

The survival of an enterprise run along eighteenth-century lines cheek by jowl with the highly sophisticated production of parts for jet engines and nuclear reactors within C. W. Fletcher is an anomaly for which the New York firm of James Robinson can be thanked. After World War II, when Fletcher was about to give up on handmade silver for good, Robinson, a dealer in antique English silver, porcelain, and jewelry, set up a relationship with the firm that has flourished for thirty-five years, without any written agreement.

Some 90 percent of what Fletcher now makes is sold through James Robinson—for an average of around $600 a place setting. Yet at a price two and a half times that of commercial flatware, demand outstrips supply, for very little handmade silver is sold any longer in the United States. What passes for it ("largely handmade") has been stamped out by a machine and polished by hand.

Part of the success of the partnership lies in the care Robinson takes not to overwhelm Fletcher with orders. If ninety-one dozen pieces are ordered by some individual or corporation, the order will be doled out little by little. On the other hand, during difficult periods, such as the silver crisis of 1980, Robinson continues to supply orders on a regular basis to keep the craftsmen busy, though the market may not justify it at the moment. "It's not like machine production," says Edward Munves, Jr., the vice-president of the firm. "You can't simply turn the spigot on and off at will. You have to consider the individuals."

James Robinson, Inc., a firm selling Chinese export porcelain, was founded in 1914 by Edward Munves, Sr.'s brother-in-law. Later, Robinson began to deal in antique silver and jewelry as well as reproduction silver (though since Fletcher has produced silver in the same way over the centuries, it is not, strictly speaking, "reproduction"). There is a man somewhere making classic tea and coffee services for Robinson, an engraver who keeps his skill bright by never doing anything less demanding than coats of arms. The candlestick maker has retired, and somehow another devoted craftsman must be found. These people are sadly few today, but Robinson will go to great lengths to acquire work of the highest quality, and knows how important it is to treat those who make it with tender loving care. "Somebody's got to hold on in this tide of producing for the mass market," Munves says, with passion. "It's a commitment, a cause . . ." —E.A.

A fagot of forks fresh from the drop stamp, ready for filing.

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A PROCESS OF NATURAL SELECTION

Charles Darwin's gift of gab earned him a berth on the *Beagle*. His sense of wonder earned him immortality.

By Jeremy Bernstein

I have to begin these remarks with a confession. While I have read more *about* Charles Darwin than I can remember, until quite recently I had never read a book *by* Darwin from beginning to end. I have no good explanation for this. Of the great scientists, surely Darwin is one of the most accessible to the general reader. In this category, Freud also comes to mind; but, whereas most Americans read the works of the Austrian psychiatrist in translation, Darwin wrote in English, so there can be no possible quibble about things meaning something else in the original. In fact, unlike many scientists, Darwin was a fine prose stylist. There is no sensible reason for me not to have read him—I just didn't. I am now starting to cure this cultural defect and, starting at the beginning, I have finally read, in its entirety, Darwin's first book, which is now known as *The Voyage of the Beagle*.

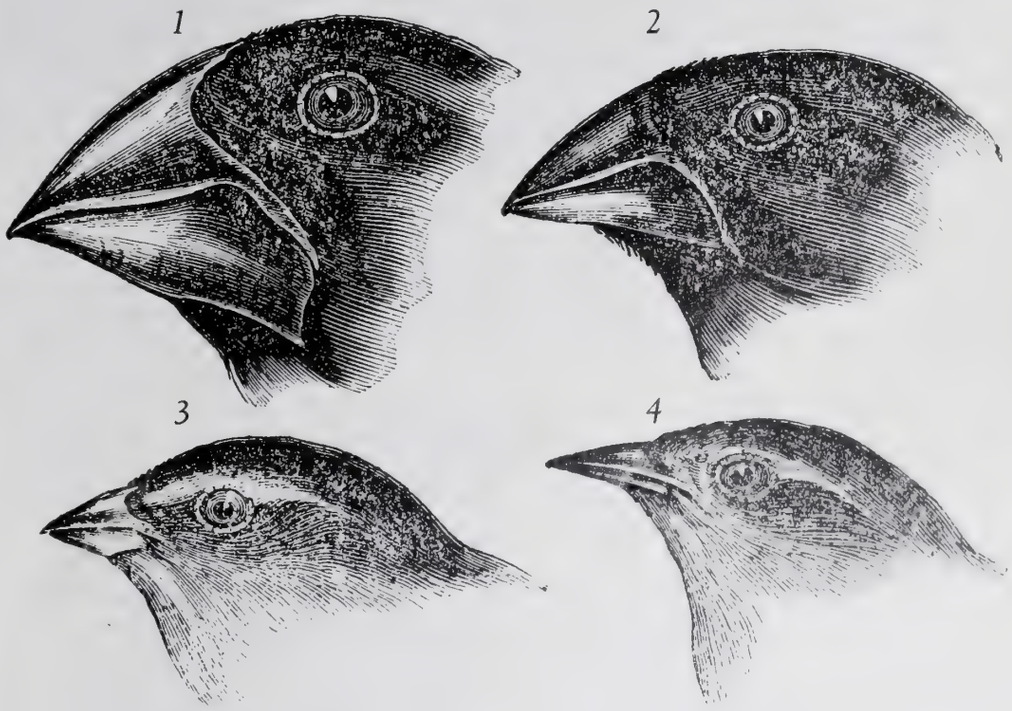
I say "now" known because when it was first published, in 1839, it bore the leaden Victorian title *Narrative of the Surveying Voyages of His Majesty's Ships Adventure and Beagle, between the years 1826 and 1836, describing their examinations of the Southern Shores of South America, and the Beagle's Circumnavigation of the Globe. Vol III Journal and Remarks, 1832–1836.* Between 1839 and 1845, the manuscript grew from 189,000 words to 213,000 words, and its title was shrunk to its present size. I recommend the Doubleday Anchor paperback, which is enhanced by some updating and historical information supplied by the science writer Leonard Engel.

The first matter of discussion is what Darwin was doing on the *Beagle*, anyhow. When she sailed, on 27 December 1831, Darwin was twenty-two. He had failed as a medical student in Edinburgh and was not much more successful in three years at Cambridge, where, his father, a prominent doctor, hoped, his son might take to the ministry. If he had any vocation, however, it was as a naturalist, a field in which he was largely self-taught.

Yet he did not come aboard the *Beagle*, as it is commonly supposed, as the ship's naturalist. (That title belonged to one Robert MacCormick, a surgeon who, for various reasons, ran afoul of Robert FitzRoy, the ship's twenty-six-year-old captain, and wound up being shipped home not long after the *Beagle* docked in Brazil, in April 1832.) Actually, Darwin barely made it as third choice for an unpaid job involving, among other duties, being the captain's dinner companion. In conformance with the mores of the time, FitzRoy was not permitted to socialize with ordinary crew members. Since the voyage was expected to last five years, it is not surprising that the chief officer would be interested in having on board someone whom he could talk to. As it happened, FitzRoy was a religious fundamentalist—we now call these people "creationists." It is one of the great ironies in the history of science that the nearly five years when he shared his table with Darwin was the very time when the young scientist was becoming aware of preliminary inklings about the evolution of species.

Do not infer from this that *The Voyage of the Beagle* is a science text. It is more like a scientific adventure story. While Darwin is reticent about the risks involved, it is clear that they were many and continual, ranging from storms at sea to hostile Indians. Darwin emerged almost unscathed. I say almost because in the entry dated 25 March 1835 he describes an encounter with a "great black bug of the Pampas," now known as *Triatoma infestans*. This blood-sucking pest is known to be a principal carrier of Chagas's disease—a relative of sleeping sickness—and

Darwin saw that the finches' beaks differed according to their island of origin.



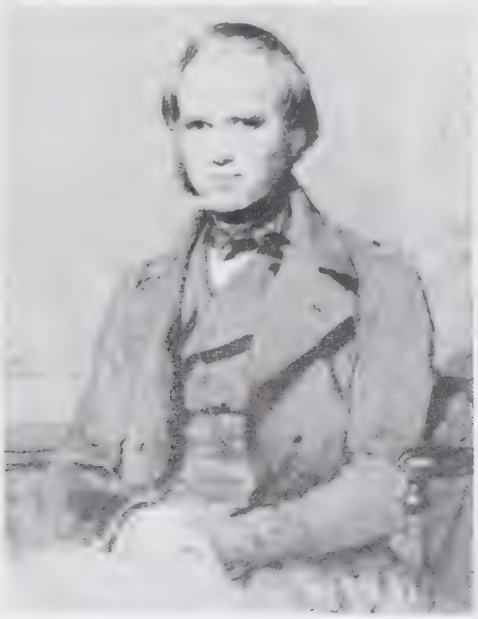
1. Geospiza magnirostris.
2. Geospiza fortis.
3. Geospiza parvula.
4. Certhidea olivacea.

Jeremy Bernstein, a staff writer for the New Yorker, *is also a professor of physics at the Stevens Institute of Technology.*

it is conjectured that the invalidism Darwin suffered for the forty-five years after he returned from his voyage was not, as has often been suggested, psychosomatic but rather a manifestation of that tropical disease.

Most of Darwin's writing about these matters is restrained—a style that typifies nineteenth-century British travel books—but the one place where Darwin's passion comes through is in his contempt for slavery, especially the type he witnessed in Brazil, where seemingly kindly elderly ladies would apply thumbscrew torture to female slaves who got out of line. When he let his views of slavery slip at an evening meal, Darwin had a major blowup with FitzRoy. They made it up, and Darwin subsequently avoided controversial subjects at mealtime. Some years later a former midshipman on the *Beagle* remarked of Darwin that "... he was the only man I ever knew, against whom I never heard a word said; and as people when shut up in a ship for five years are apt to get cross with each other, that is saying a good deal." The *Beagle*, by the way, was a small, three-masted sailing ship that carried a crew of sixty-five as well as nine "supernumeraries," of which Darwin and his servant were two.

The naturalist Darwin at thirty-one.



If one is not alerted, it is possible to miss the great scientific moment in Darwin's book, the moment when he has the flash of recognition that eventually led him to his theory of evolution. It is especially easy to miss because, in a footnote not many pages beforehand, he appears to speak favorably of the notion of the "immutability of species"—the very opposite, "essentialist" view of the fixed nature of plant and animal types with which he began his voyage. It was in September of 1835 when, en route home, the *Beagle* began an exploratory sail in the Galápagos Islands. This archipelago lies in the Pacific some six hundred miles west of Ecuador, to which it belongs. Gigantic tortoises live on these islands, along with a species of bird now known as the Darwin finch. (In the book there is a drawing that shows four closely related varieties.) What Darwin noticed—and what no one previously had noticed or attached any significance to—was that these finches differed from one another according to their island of origin. He wrote, "The most curious fact is the perfect gradation in the size of the beaks...." He then goes on to remark, "Seeing this gradation and diversity of structure in one small, intimately related group of birds, one might really fancy that from an original paucity of birds in this archipelago, one species had been taken and modified for different ends." One might, indeed! It was pointed out to Darwin that each island also had its own kind of tortoise, and he sums up by saying, "But it is the circumstance, that several of the islands possess their own species of the tortoise, mocking-thrush, finches, and numerous plants, these species having the same general habits, occupying analogous situations, and obviously filling the same place in the natural economy of this archipelago that strikes me with wonder."

The risks involved were many and continual, ranging from storms at sea to hostile Indians.

HMS Beagle *at Tierra del Fuego.*

In this remarkable sentence it is the word *wonder* that impresses me most. How many people would simply have accepted those variant finches and tortoises at face value, and gone on to other pursuits? Darwin never again was able to go on to anything else.

Upon his return to England, on 2 October 1836, Darwin began to try to understand this odd variability in the species. It would be more than twenty years before he published *The Origin of Species* (1859), the keystone of his lifework. As for his employer, Captain FitzRoy, his fate was a sad one. He had a family history of mental instability, and, it is said, one reason he wanted Darwin's company aboard the *Beagle* was to help him maintain his equilibrium. Late in life FitzRoy began to blame himself for Darwin's heresy and, in a celebrated meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in 1860, where Darwin's views were being debated, FitzRoy made a spectacle of himself. Five years later he slit his throat. But he did achieve his own share of immortality: climbers named one of the hardest mountains in the world after him, FitzRoy, in Patagonia, on the border between Argentina and Chile. The great French guide Lionel Terray, who in 1952 made the first successful ascent, wrote, "... above all the terrible winds which make climbing on it mortally dangerous, render its ascent more complex, hazardous and exhausting than anything in the Alps." Although climbers conquered FitzRoy's mountain, the winds of ignorance continue to buffet modern pathfinders even as they once lashed Darwin. □

FROM THE VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE

Of individual objects, perhaps nothing is more certain to create astonishment than the first sight in his native haunt of a barbarian,—of man in his lowest and most savage state. One's mind hurries back over past centuries, and then asks, could our progenitors have been men like these?— men, whose very signs and expressions are less intelligible to us than those of the domesticated animals; men, who do not possess the instinct of those animals, nor yet appear to boast of human reason, or at least of arts consequent on that reason. I do not believe it is possible to describe or paint the difference between savage and civilized man. It is the difference between a wild and tame animal: and part of the interest in beholding a savage, is the same which would lead every one to desire to see the lion in his desert, the tiger tearing his prey in the jungle, or the rhinoceros wandering over the wild plains of Africa.

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A BLADE UNSTAINED IN BATTLE

Heroes—and collectors—since the dawn of time have known that great weapons can also be great works of art. We asked Helmut Nickel, the Metropolitan Museum of Art's curator for arms and armor, to select for us the five most dazzling pieces of war gear extant (thus ruling out the mythic Shield of Achilles; consult your Iliad*). Here's one of his top picks.*

There is no blood on the Sword of Murad V, yet it tells a story. It is the scimitar of state made for a hapless puppet sultan of Turkey. Tradition has it that the sword, a composite treasure incorporating the handiwork of master craftsmen of successive generations, was the supreme showpiece prepared for Murad's ill-fated accession ceremonies, in 1876.

It was to be a deceptively brilliant affair. After the political and fiscal crises of 1873–75, Murad's reactionary uncle, the sultan Abd al-Aziz, was deposed by his own ministers. (The circumstances of his death are lost to time, but suicide is not improbable.) As his successor, the ministers chose Murad, a well-read but unworldly and fearful man known for his sympathy for their progressive causes. After his uncle's death and a bloody incident in the chambers of state, Murad went to pieces—even before the sword-girding, the last and most crucial stage in the investiture, could be performed. His henchmen had him declared insane and confined to a palace on the Bosphorus, where he died in 1904. His reign had lasted three months.

The blade of the scimitar, of the finest seventeenth-century Damascus steel and displaying the famous Mohammed's Ladder pattern, is entirely battle-worthy. But the elegant jade grip, inlaid with floral sprays of gold and precious stones, would shatter like glass at the first blow. Likewise, the pearl wrist strap is too delicate to serve any warlike use. Together with its jewel-encrusted scabbard, this sword is the glittering symbol of a power its bearer could not wield. —*Helmut Nickel*

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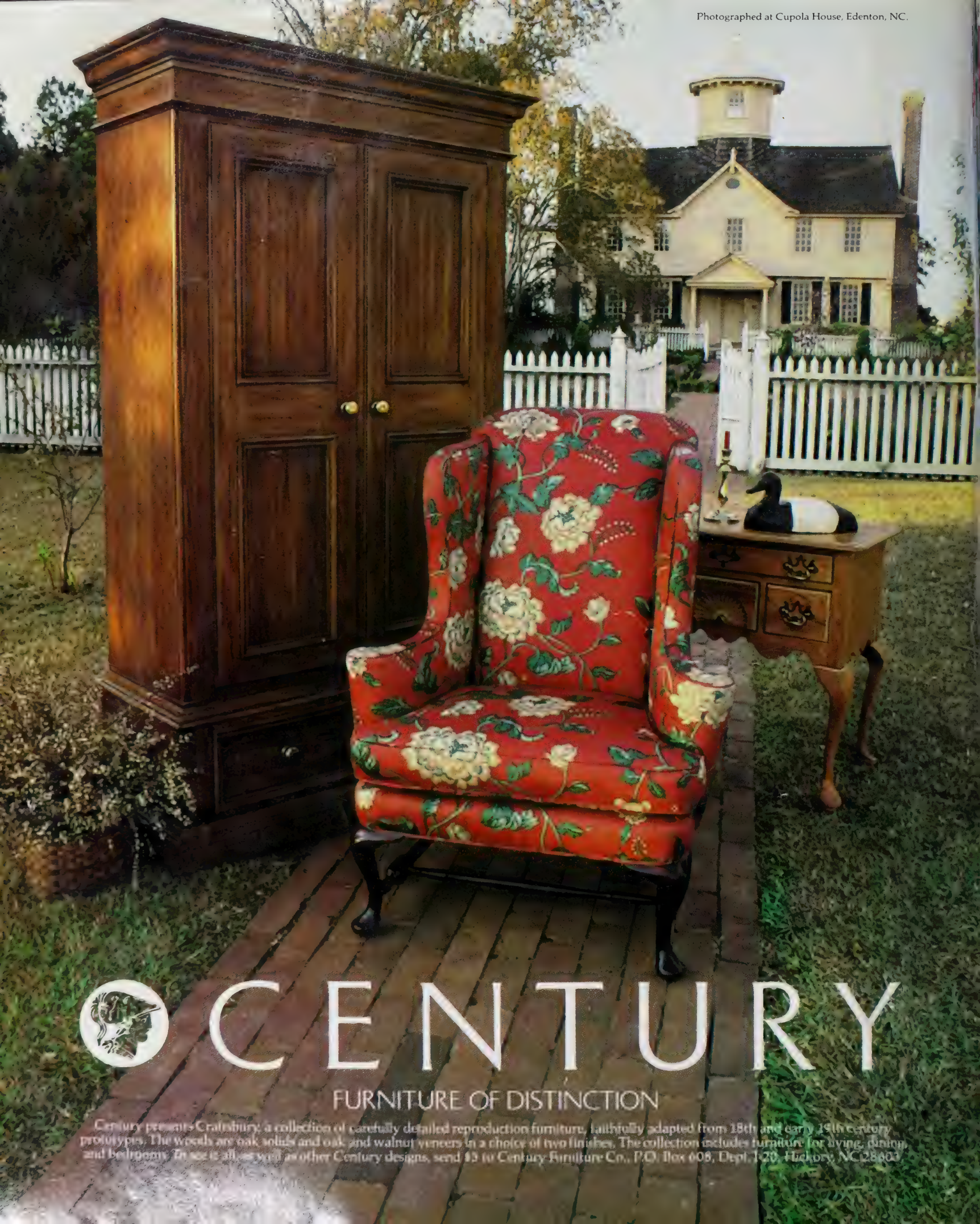

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Martha Washington Lolling Chair. Massachusetts, circa 1795. This Federal-style reproduction is crafted in solid mahogany with boxwood string inlays. The original may be viewed in the Billiard Room.

Connecticut Chest of Drawers. Connecticut, circa 1760. This chest of drawers, handcrafted in cherry, features strong vertical elements—pilasters and blocking—with equally strong horizontal elements—dentiling, shells, and fillet moldings. The brasses duplicate the originals. The original may be seen in the Essex Room.

Connecticut Canopy Bed. Connecticut, circa 1770. This Chippendale-style bed, reproduced in cherry and accented by solid brass bolt covers, is often called a "tester bedstead." The original may be seen in the Essex Room.

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Circa: XIX Century.
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Contemporary gilt wood frame.
An almost identical painting is illustrated
in "Chinese Export Art" by Jourdain and Jenyns,
Plate 67, in the collection of the Hon. Lady Ionides.

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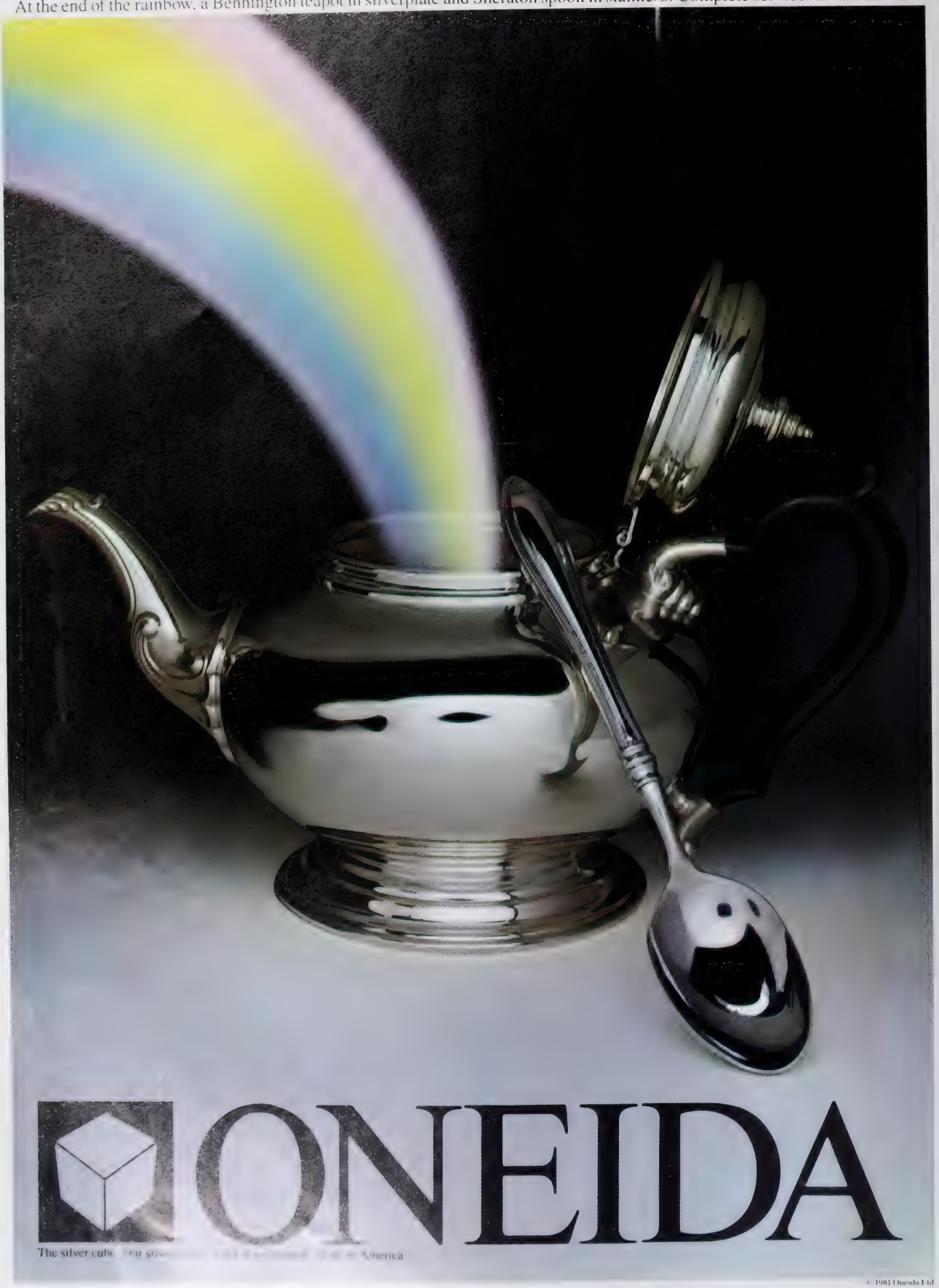

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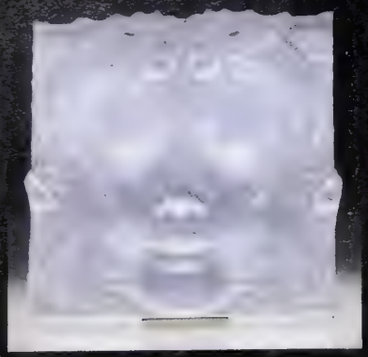

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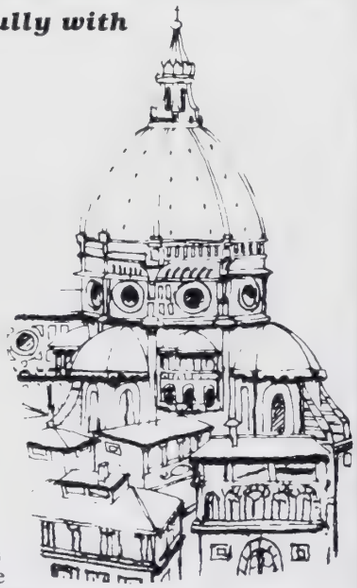

Quant'è bella giovinezza...

How beautiful is youth and springtime
But how fleeting!
He who wants to be happy, can be
Of tomorrow there is no certainty.
Lorenzo the Magnificent

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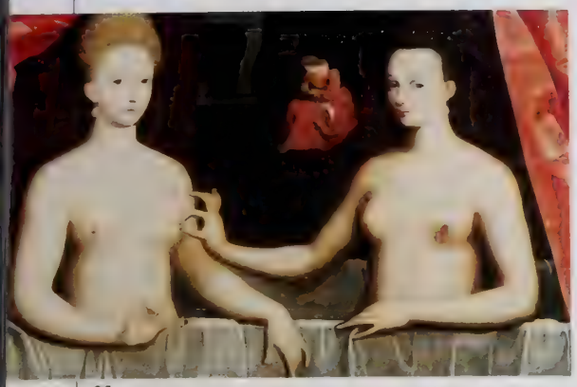

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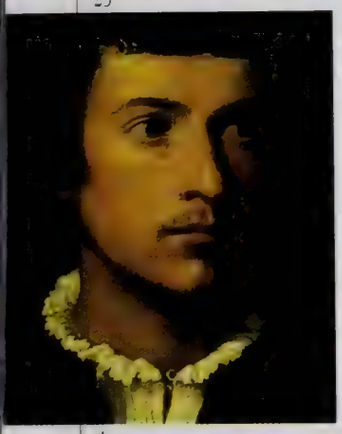

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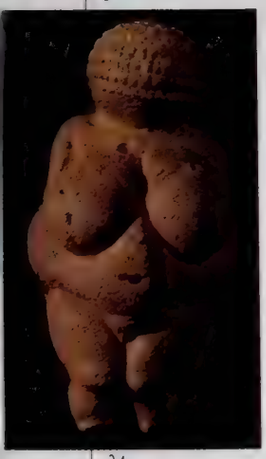

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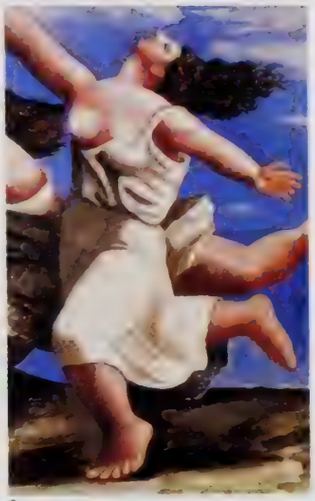
MY EYE by Thomas Hoving

A Special Warmth

Throughout history many of our greatest artists have been moved to portray sensuality—that erotic aura exuded by certain human beings in special situations. When the artist succeeds, the result is electrifying, balancing in wondrously good taste on the fine line between elegance and the purely sexual. To me the best examples in art are the following:

1. *The Polish Rider*, by Rembrandt (Frick Collection, New York)
2. *Girl in Fur*, by Rubens (Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna)
3. Discobolus, after Myron, Greek, fifth century B.C. (National Museum, Rome)
4. *Man with the Glove*, by Titian (Louvre, Paris)
5. *The Small Bather*, by Ingres (Louvre, Paris)
6. Uta, anonymous (Naumburg Cathedral)
7. The Golden Mask of King Tutankhamen, anonymous (Egyptian Museum, Cairo)
8. *The Ecstasy of Saint Theresa*, by Bernini (Cornaro Chapel, Santa Maria della Vittoria, Rome)
9. *Two Women Running on the Beach*, by Picasso (private collection)
10. *David*, by Donatello (National Museum, Florence)
11. Minoan Vaphio Cup, anonymous (National Archaeological Museum, Athens)
12. The Hermaphrodite, anonymous (after Polycles), 27 B.C.–A.D. 14 (Borghese Gallery, Rome)
13. *Nude Woman on the Bed*, by Boucher (Musée Toulouse-Lautrec, Albi)
14. Sculpture from the Temples of Khajraho, India
15. *Olympia*, by Manet (Galerie du Jeu de Paume, Paris)
16. *David*, by Michelangelo (Accademia, Florence)
17. *The Rokeby Venus*, by Velázquez (National Gallery, London)
18. *Nude #1*, by Tom Wesselmann (Janis Gallery, New York)
19. *Venus and Cupid*, by Lucas Cranach the Elder (Borghese Gallery, Rome)
20. *Sleep*, by Gustave Courbet (Petit Palais, Paris)
21. *Standing Woman*, by Gaston Lachaise (Museum of Modern Art, New York)
22. *Leda and the Swan*, anonymous, Roman, A.D. 100–200 (Archaeological Museum, Venice)
23. *Leda*, by Gustav Klimt (Museum of the City of Vienna)
24. Venus of Willendorf, anonymous, ca. 12,000 B.C. (Museum of Natural History, Vienna)
25. Gabrielle d'Estrées and her sister [illegible] century (Louvre, Paris) □



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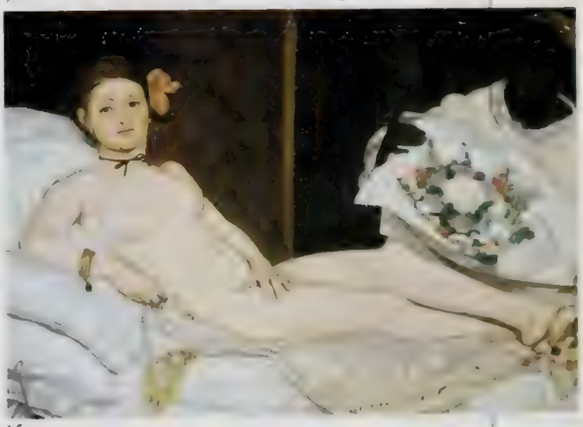

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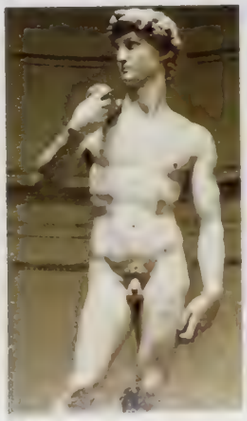

HONEYMOON WITHOUT A PLAN

Isn't it curious that couples newly embarked on a path as uncharted as marriage should plan honeymoons so thoroughly that even the gratuities are covered. I suppose it is precisely the uncertainty of the larger venture that gives us cold misgivings about leaving this first journey to chance.

George and I might have behaved no differently, but neither of us had been out of the States for years, and we preferred adventure. We had three weeks and the urge to see the world. Well, okay then, Europe. Okay, okay, Italy and a soupçon of Paris, for the fashion collections. We would fly to Rome and pick up a car. And we would have to book a room in crowded Paris for the third week, and train tickets from Italy. That would be the extent of our planning. To decide more seemed like choosing where we *wouldn't* be going.

We landed with two suitcases, one of clothes and one of books. It turns out you carry a lot of "just-in-case" information when you don't know where you're headed. It also turns out the facts play only a minor role in decision making. Moods are what count.

"I'm in the mood for water," George mused, as we strolled past a Bernini fountain. "I'm in the mood for Tuscany," I said, placing a sliver of truffle on my tongue.

Compromise came naturally. We drove up the coastal road toward a dot on the map labeled Punta Ala. There had been a pretty picture of it in one of the guides. Besides, we liked the sound of the name.

EMANUEL SCHONGUT

Punta Ala, it turns out, is perfectly lovely and virtually unknown to Americans. About two and a half hours north of Rome and two hours southwest of Florence and sitting on a point of land that juts into the Mediterranean, it is a European resort community of villas, boutiques, golf courses, private beaches, and a polo field. Of the four hotels—all first-class—we chose the Piccolo Hotel Allelujah, which turned out to be as charming as it sounds. Unfortunately, the weather did not comply. It drizzled. After one night we checked out, had a picnic in the car at the deserted polo field, and fled to the dignity of Siena. There we climbed the Town Hall campanile for the view of the magnificent Tuscan countryside.

"I wish we were out in those hills."

"Well, let's go." We toured the Toscana for days, surprised at each perfect new scene. We stopped at Arezzo just to see the Piero della Francesca frescoes; in Todi especially to eat the tagliatelle with wild mushrooms on the panoramic terrace at Ristorante Umbria; in Gubbio because we had heard that it was dark and forbidding. (Don't believe what you read. It's flower filled and bright.)

On Day Ten we dropped off the car in Florence and spent four days in the city before taking the train to Paris. The city-bound half of the trip lacked the sense of adventure that we'd enjoyed while driving around the countryside, but that didn't affect the real pleasure of our first journey together—traveling at whim and discovering that our whims aimed in the same directions. —*Cheri Fine*

LOVE'S LABORS WON

It is an appropriate season to remember the great nineteenth-century French author Henri Beyle, or Stendhal, who painstakingly analyzed and classified the varieties of love, ranging from *l'amour-passion* to *l'amour physique*, in *De l'Amour*. The affections and afflictions of the heart were the stuff not only of that eccentric treatise and of his great novels—*Le Rouge et le Noir*, *La Chartreuse de Parme*—but of his entire existence, which he spent ricocheting from one passionate and often unrequited attachment to another. "Most of these charming beings never honored me with their kindness, but in truth they occupied my whole life."

A little exhibition organized for the recent bicentennial of Stendhal's birth in his natal town of Grenoble, in the Dauphiné, attempts to mirror the author's amorous triumphs and fiascoes. Blurry black-and-white reproductions of long-gone beauties are unimaginatively displayed in the restored family apartment that once belonged to Stendhal's grandfather, in the center of town. Coarse navy blue and mustard wall coverings provide a dreary foil for mementos of the female luminaries who dazzled and daunted the novelist.

"I pass for a man of great spirit," he ruminated in his memoirs, ". . . yet I see that I have been constantly occupied with unhappy loves. I loved Madame Kubly, Mademoiselle von Griesheim, Madame Daru, and Métilde to distraction, but I never had them. Some of these loves lasted three and four years. Métilde occupied my life entirely from 1818 to 1824, and I am still not cured." Stendhal's first declared passion was for his mother, Henriette, who died when he was seven. "I wished to cover my mother with kisses, and that there be no clothes." At the age of nineteen, he met his "Beatrice," a young Grenobloise to whom he never dared speak his true feelings, named Victorine Mounier. "I loved her well, and I saw her only seven times in my life. All my other passions were but a reflection of that one."

Stendhal's later loves were tormented, stormy affairs, almost invariably doomed to failure. The Milanese Angela Pietragrua, whom he described as "undoubtedly

Would you send a valentine to this man?

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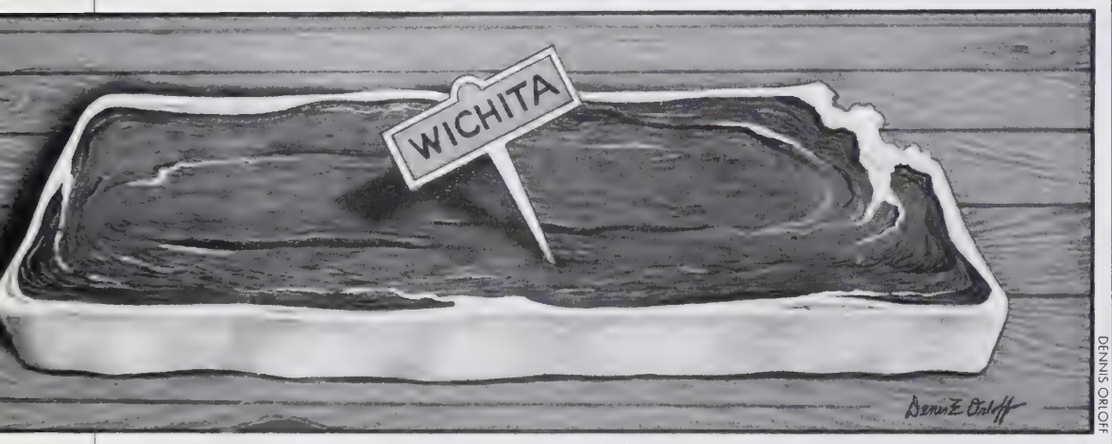
the most beautiful woman I have ever had, and perhaps ever seen," became his mistress ten years after Stendhal was initially smitten, during the first of many sojourns in his equally beloved Italy. And Métilde Dembowski, who inspired *De l'Amour*, rebuffed the writer's advances, accusing him of being refractory to despair, even when she cruelly restricted him to two monthly visits (she subsequently relented and allowed him four half hours per month).

One of Stendhal's few successes was the impetuous eighteen-year-old Giulia Rinieri, of Siena. Never handsome and by then nearing fifty, he was painfully conscious of the difference in their ages and conditions. When Giulia declared her passion to the author, he nobly imposed a two-month waiting period before becoming her lover. She waited impatiently: "I have known well and long that you are old and ugly . . ."

Lesser attachments, and great masterpieces—including *Lucien Leuwen, La Vie de Henri Brulard, La Chartreuse de Parme*—followed. The lifelong bachelor was keenly aware of the obscure relation between his prodigious literary gifts and his ever-disappointed yearning for love, as he candidly implied in the epigram to the *Charterhouse:* "Would you rather have had three women, or have written this novel?" He reserved the answer for later, in the epitaph he wrote for his tombstone in Montmartre: *Visse, Scrisse, Amò*—he lived, he wrote, he loved.

Musée Stendhal, Jardin de Ville, Grenoble, and Maison Stendhal, Grande Rue, Grenoble. Open every day except Monday, from 10:00 to 12:00 and from 2:00 P.M. to 6:00 P.M. Admission free. —*Patricia Corbett*



DENNIS ORLOFF

STEAKING A CLAIM

If you like meat, the next time your Cessna, Piper, or Learjet heads back to Wichita, Kansas, for a little sprucing up at the factory, go along with it. There, at the geographical center of America—or 170 miles southeast of it, to be precise—you will find much more than the small-plane capital of the United States; it's also the absolute center of the steak world. Forget what you've heard about the Kansas City strip and sit yourself down to a Wichita strip. Wichita is to Kansas City what K.C. is to New York: tender.

Drive out of Wichita—I suggest toward Haven—and you will find a vast flatlands flashed with watering ponds and grain elevators for the best beef stocks in the world. There are the white French Charolais, whose delicate filets rank high in Paris; there's the Aberdeen Black Angus, king of the sirloin steers, and the good old American White-Faced Hereford. Like French restaurateurs roaming local wine regions, Wichita steak-house owners buy from private stocks that rarely travel out of the district.

They also pick up something else: mesquite. This is the fragrant prairie wood over which local beef is smoke-cured to its most delicious turn. Not to mention the dry marinade used to season the meat further while it ages. An inquiry as to its composition usually produces a failure of memory or a false trail designed to throw a food critic off the scent. But let them keep their secret in Wichita. They've earned it. Having eaten steak in most of the world's cholesterol capitals—from Broadway to Buenos Aires, from Lyons to Houston to London to Brooklyn—I must award the palm to Wichita as World Mecca for Beef Eaters. Since the other meccas usually associated with the flesh are not to be found here, a short visit will suffice. A good place to cut into your sirloin is at either of the Homestead restaurants (6615 East Central, or 600 South Holland), where the mesquite-smoked T-bone is top choice on the menu, along with the Wichita strip. —*Fred Halliday*

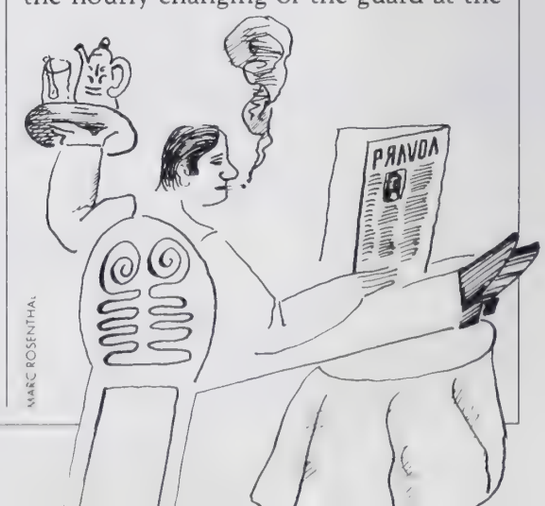
NO JUICE—PEPSI

Travelers to the Soviet Union often have trouble booking accommodations in advance, and it's a lucky visitor who is assigned a hotel where the bathroom appliances perform as required and the last visitor's toenails have been vacuumed off the carpet. It's an extra bonus to find oneself in Moscow's Metropole Hotel, a treasury of art nouveau that has successfully withstood war and revolution.

Other hotels in the USSR may have more history (Lenin and John Reed both slept at the National) or more efficiency (the 1971 Intourist features a timesaving buffet breakfast and lunch), but the Metropole is in a class by itself. Unapologetically elegant in its recently renovated fin de siècle dress, it defies socialist austerity.

The block-square, birthday-cake structure of five stories, decorated with four minarets, a glass roof, and majolica mosaics running along the façade, complements the neoclassic Bolshoi Theater, across the street. Inside the hotel, nymphs gambol on the ceiling of the marble lobby, keeping an eye on the ancient doorman, who keeps his eye on the revolving door. Only a hotel identity card will persuade him to swing open the glass doors of the Metropole's café, where French windows open onto busy Sverdlov Square, just a block from the Kremlin.

In the café, under pastel ceiling paintings of the domes and spires of that ancient fortress, a Georgian wine is good company during the long wait for the slouching waitress to produce the ordered chicken Kiev. The street scenes outside help while away the time, too—housewives with their *avoskas* (string bags) and commuters with their briefcases hurrying to the Prospekt Marx metro station or to queue up for some newly arrived item at GUM, the state department store down the street. Tourists join the rush to catch the hourly changing of the guard at the



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Lenin mausoleum, outside the Kremlin walls. In a park across the street, a statue of Karl Marx presides over the parade.

This swirling cityscape is also a block away from a more sinister location—Dzerzhinsky Square, home of the infamous Lubyanka Prison. In this innocuous-looking tan building, political prisoners are interned before exile or the firing squad. But at the Metropole's reception desk, bathed in a soft glow from the translucent glass roof, the prison seems a million miles away. Behind the reception desk, a towering, idyllic scene of storks and water lilies and a fairy-tale castle shimmers in the stained-glass windows.

The rest of the hotel is equally elaborate—crystal chandeliers, gilt molding, mile-long Oriental runners covering intricately patterned parquet floors. If only the service at the Metropole could match its grandeur! At the fifth-floor Russian Teahouse, waiters comb their hair and watch the afternoon soap opera on their thirteen-inch black-and-white set, while thirsty customers beg them for a cup of tea. Only a capitalist tip of hard currency or a package of Marlboros will produce a slice of lemon or a few cookies with the tea. A request for the juice on the menu elicits a "Saturday Night Live" response: "No juice—Pepsi."

But never mind the indifferent service. Try imploring the tourist agency to book you into the Metropole anyway. There are some wonderful rooms—high-ceilinged, light, with beds in curtained alcoves. It's fun to stay in this last gasp of elegant prerevolutionary Russian architecture. Subsequent proletarian architecture ran to such overdone ornamentation that a 1955 decree consigned it to the same fate as political prisoners. In the USSR today, architectural charm, like oranges and toilet paper, is a deficit item. *For information, call: The Russia Travel Bureau, 20 East Forty-sixth Street, NYC 10017; (212) 986-1500.* —*Barbara Phillips*

A Lucrative Connection

New York—"Silk Roads/China Ships," at the American Museum of Natural History, February 17 through May 12. For two thousand years Europe and the Orient plied the silk roads and trade winds to exchange goods, technology, art, and ideas. The mutual benefits are superbly obvious in this traveling show of

more than four hundred items (which will proceed to Cincinnati, Vancouver, and Baltimore and to other cities in the United States, until 1986). A clockwise sampling, from top left: detail of a seventeenth- century Indian coverlet that combined English design and Chinese style in exquisite silk embroidery on cotton tabby; *Imari*-style bone-china butter dish, actually made in the Derby factory in England, 1810–20; a seventh-century West Asian wine merchant (the Tang Chinese were fond of depicting foreigners in earthenware); a nineteenth-century Mongolian necklace made out of coral, gilt silver, kingfisher feather, and pearls—exotic materials that always whetted European tastes.

The Bather
by
Falconet

Paris was captivated by the grace and charm of this figure when it was first exhibited at the Louvre in 1757. Copies soon appeared in the homes of wealthy Parisians. Falconet had portrayed a pretty girl as a divine Venus. The original, only slightly larger than the Eleganza copy, has never left the Louvre. It is to be seen there as a part of the French collection.

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NOTE TO COLLECTORS

A book on the art and history of Cartier, the jewellers, is due for publication in 1984. The author researches relevant documents and wishes to photograph important pieces by Cartier created between 1900 and 1950. All information to be handled in strictest confidence.

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Châteaux Latour, Mouton-Rothschild, and Margaux would not use any barrel other than Nadalié's to mature their wine. Nor would the Robert Mondavi or Stag's Leap vineyards, in California. Barrel making is a traditional craft, and the Nadaliés, an old Bordeaux family, have been masters of it for five generations. Their two cooperages supply forty-two sizes of oak barrels to vintners in almost every winegrowing region on earth, including such unlikely fellow customers as the Soviet Union and South Africa. Three years ago, Jean-Jacques Nadalié, the current dynast in this

Nadalié brings new barrels to California.

illustrious line of master coopers, decided to transplant part of the family business to California.

"The idea of starting a traditional cooperage in California had a romantic quality which I couldn't resist," says Nadalié. The energetic, forty-year-old Frenchman decided on Calistoga, in Napa Valley. Today his Tonnellerie Française is the only cooperage in America that makes barrels by hand. "We still use French oak, but we would like to work mostly with American varieties," Nadalié adds. Though it tends to age faster, he points out, Missouri oak, or *Quercus alba*, is tougher and costs only $168 per barrel, as compared with $235 or more for Alliers, Nevers, and Limousin, the three main types of French oak.

After a slow start, due to the long and arduous task of training full-time coopers, Tonnellerie Française and its staff of fourteen, working in a warehouse filled with

PAINTING, "Mr. Wiles and Mr. Springlar at Langley Heath, Kent" signed William Barraud, 1835

WRITING TABLE, Superb gilt-brass inlaid rosewood Regency writing table, circa 1810.

ARMCHAIRS, Pair of brass inlaid mahogany Regency armchairs, circa 1810.

VASE, Chinese blue and white covered tea jar of the Ch'ien Lung period, 1736-1795.

ACCESSORIES, Tortoiseshell inkwell inlaid with mother-of-pearl, circa 1815.

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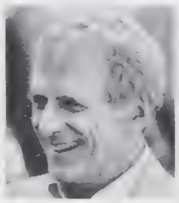

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ready-to-go white-oak barrels, now produces twenty barrels of varying capacities a day. California wine makers keep the cooperage busy; they have found that stainless-steel barrels, once the pride of the New World, will never replace oak barrels for protecting wine. Nadalié has a virtual monopoly on the barrel market in the Napa and Sonoma valleys.

At the root of Nadalié's success is his idea of making barrels the old French way with American wood. The art of the master cooper has changed little through the centuries. In Calistoga as well as in Bordeaux, craftsmen toast the wood, bend it into shape with a traditional tool called a martini, and hammer the hoops into place. It's a tough and noisy job. "A lot of our workers quit very quickly," laments Nadalié. "In France, we have employees who have been with us for more than twenty years." But in California, the master coopers who leave the Tonnellerie Française can always count on being hired by wineries to maintain and refit old barrels. —*Jacques Gauchey*

One Man's Path through the Past

As an aide to Pres. Lyndon Johnson, Bill Moyers helped make more than his share of history. As a TV journalist and resident pundit for both CBS and Public Television, he has reported events as they happened and has reflected on their probable meaning for the future. It was perhaps inevitable that he would someday try his hand at examining the past as well. *A Walk through the Twentieth Century with Bill Moyers*, an ambitious, nineteen-week series that began its Wednesday-evening airings on PBS last month, is his first attempt to do just that. And if the ninety-minute special on how history affected his own hometown of Marshall, Texas, and the other early programs are representative of those to come, the series is well worth watching.

> Moyers has been careful to avoid biting off more than he can chew.

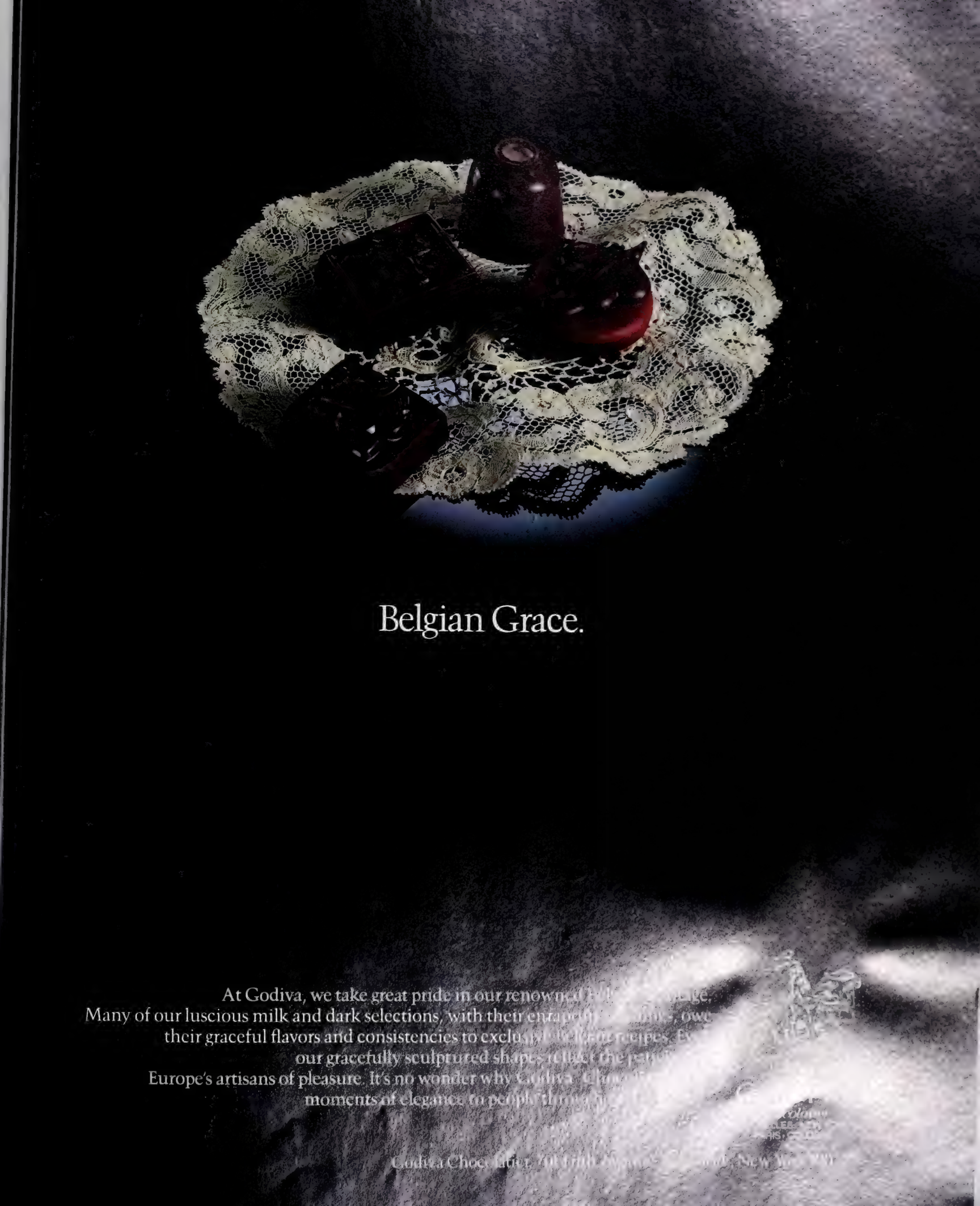
Moyers is modest in his claims for the series: his programs are "personal essays," he says, "a journalist's look at history, not a historian's." And he has been careful to avoid biting off more than can comfortably be digested in a television hour. Rather than attempt a televised survey course, he has chosen to tackle an eclectic range of topics picked for the best of journalistic reasons: they happen to intrigue him. Some programs deal with major themes—the steadily growing menace of arms, for example, and the struggle for civil rights (seen here through the eyes of the actors Ruby Dee and Ossie Davis). Others are more fun: the startling rise of the art of public relations; how newsreels used to be made; the various false technological futures predicted for us by World's Fairs. Moyers has always been a gifted interviewer, and he has leavened vintage footage with eloquent reminiscences by a host of eyewitnesses to our past, both celebrated and obscure. History rarely gets as good treatment on television as this.

But Will It Sell in Dallas?

Texas, not New York or Los Angeles, is the barometer of what will sell to fashion-conscious Americans, or so say Italy's shoe designers, whose sumptuous and varied autumn wares go on display next month at Milan's annual shoe fair (March 9–12). Shoes are Italy's biggest single export, and Americans buy some 60 million pairs of them each year. That may seem like a lot of shoes, but West Germans buy even more, and many of the most exotic and innovative Italian styles never show up in American stores. The Italian shoe industry hopes to remedy that this year.

Calf-hugging sandal by El Vaquero.

If last September's Bologna show was any measure, the Milan show promises to be spectacular. Bologna displayed the most exciting and diverse collection of shoes to be seen anywhere: wide-strapped lizard and snake skin, pastel summer boots, thonged "barbarian" sandals that ladder their way up the calves, the popular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The season's shoe designs from Italy span the history of footwear. From left, summer models by El Vaquero, Enzo of Roma, and Pfister.

"sportivo" look, and a tattered style that is lugubriously called "post-atomic." Even this futuristic look is rooted in an ancient tradition: men and women in Italian Renaissance paintings wear shoes and sandals remarkably similar to the most daring Italian styles of today.

This should not be a surprise. The Guild of Italian Shoemakers was founded more than six centuries ago, and the industry's unique system of *stilista* apprenticeship is calculated to ensure that the Italian tradition of fine creative shoemaking will continue. Promising young workers are spotted in factories, then carefully trained at industry expense until they are ready to join the elite corps of professional designers. They are so elite, in fact, that some manufacturers from other countries are interested in buying their designs directly, a circumstance that adds to the cloak-and-dagger air of Italian shoe exhibitions. Buyers come from everywhere to purchase new designs—and to steal them. The result is rampant paranoia: for all but a trusted few, entrance at some pavilions in Milan will be more restricted than private audiences with the pope.

Still, even if the inner precincts of the fair are off limits, if you want to wear the latest in Italian footwear, Milan is worth the trip. No city on earth offers a richer profusion of styles at lower prices. *For information, call: The Italian Shoe Center in New York; (212) 980-1500.* —*Diane Raines Ward*

CHOICE AUCTIONS

Later this month Sotheby's London inaugurates a ten-week course in Islamic decorative arts under the direction of the house expert Jack Franses. Twenty lucky souls will pay £2,000 for a program guaranteed to awe even the most dedicated of students.

Sounds crazy? Actually Sotheby's enjoys a deserved success with its education programs, such as the popular (and less expensive) "Styles in Art" and "Decorative Works of Art" courses. These activities derive from the true strengths and purposes of the house and staff, and one devoutly hopes that the new régime of Messrs Alfred Taubman and David Ward will expand in these areas. In fact, both Sotheby's and Christie's (a conspicuous undercompetitor in this market) would be well advised to tap the enormous interest in these fields stateside as well. With the resources available in the New York area, for example, it should be possible to design an equally superior curriculum in most areas of study.

I say most, because the year-long preprofessional course that Sotheby's and Christie's each offers in London probably requires the greater resources available uniquely in that city. "The Course," as it is always described, in hushed, reverential tones, is very different at the two houses. The Christie's "Fine Arts Course" offers a broad cultural history of connoisseur-

Left: One of a pair of Qianlong vases at Christie [illegible] le jewelry at Sotheby's

ship. The Sotheby's "Works of Art" [illegible] gram is much more object oriented [illegible] unabashedly stresses the art-auction business, although students are expected to be fluent in French and to study German and Italian in addition to following a rigorous academic regimen.

Both programs run from October through July (with plenty of holidays for keeping to the London social agenda). [illegible] ilment, which involves filling out a simple application form and submitting to an inte[illegible] and prices are steep [illegible] by's, anyway, that all the young ladies are

But if money, manners, and milords make you uncomfortable, these courses will not be your cup of tea.

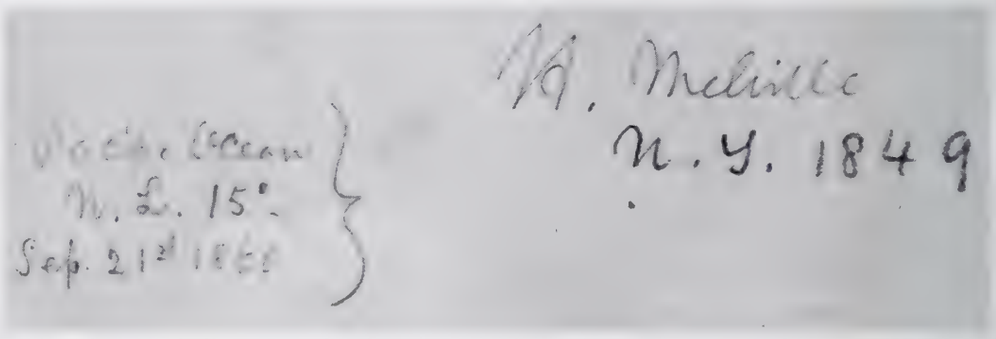
Meanwhile, on the regular beat, in the past eighteen months the jewelry market has rebounded from the disastrous 1980–81 season to regain some of its glitter in the major centers—New York (now tops), London, and Geneva, with increasingly good sideshows in Monte Carlo. This month Geneva tops the bill (see article on page 74): February 23–25 at Sotheby's, February 27–28 at Christie's in Gstaad. In the United States, try the New York Arcade Jewelry sale at Sotheby's on February 7. Begun in 1982, the Arcade jewelry sales (ten to date) have sold 3,676 lots for over $2.4 million, averaging just over $650 per lot. Lots of very good, affordable trinkets like the ones on the previous page.

New York—Christie's, February 23, 1984. Chinese export ceramics and works of art. The West has the curious habit of rediscovering China every two hundred years or so (see also page 17). This month marks the purported bicentennial of America's entry into the fray: on February 22, 1784, the *Empress of China* set sail from New York to Canton, and any student of nineteenth-century American history and decorative arts knows the importance of the subsequent China trade on both the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts. A pair of Qianlong *famille rose* covered vases (see previous page), standing on elaborate ormolu bases, are marvelous specimens and worth snapping up.

New York—Phillips, February 29, 1984. English and Continental furniture, works of art, Judaica. The top lot is probably a late-Regency gilt-wood side chair, sadly separated from its mates, that bears a modest $6,000–$8,000 estimate. Of special interest in the sale are some seventy-five Prattware pot lids and theme plates, a collection remarkable for both its completeness and its rarity. Estimates range in the $100–$500 area, but scoff not: last year a similar collection at Phillips London brought almost £35,000.

Last but not least, a stop-the-press Melville discovery by the Phillips book department in New York. Herman Melville's long-lost, extensively annotated copy of Milton's *Poetical Works* (two volumes, Boston, 1836) has been consigned for sale next month. A sample of the blockbuster marginalia: "God's alleged omnipotence and foreknowledge are insuperable bars to his being made an actor in any drama imagined."

How Melville would have relished the thought of his dead hand reaching from the grave to demolish 130 years of criticism! Stay tuned . . . —*James R. Lyons*



Flyleaf from Melville's copy of Milton's Poetical Works, *a companion of many voyages.*

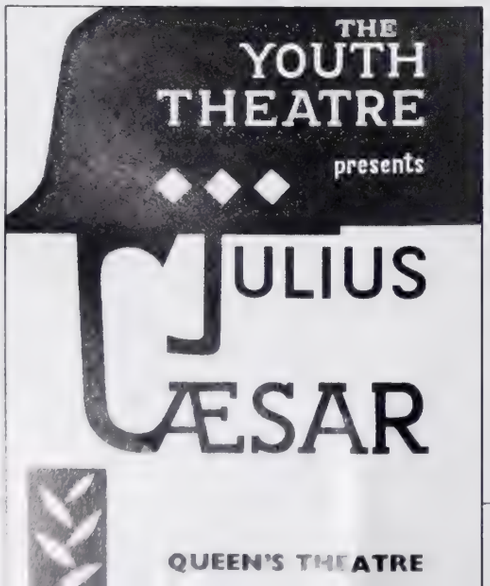
Wanted: Theatrical White Knight

One evening last fall, the curtain had just dropped in London's Shaw Theatre on the final performance of the National Youth Theatre of Great Britain's *Hamlet* ("Go, bid the soldiers shoot") when onstage strode the troupe's director and founder, Michael Croft.

Croft's curtain speech was not the usual recital of humble thanks to a successful cast and an appreciative audience. It was a lambasting of London's municipal authority, the Greater London Council, for withdrawing financial support from the NYTGB: "the kiss of death," Croft called it. The council, he charged, had given no real reason for withdrawing support, but, he said, the left-wing ruling group resented his accepting sponsorship from a U.S. oil company (Texaco) and were piqued at Croft's refusal to share the Shaw—the NYTGB's home of the last twelve years—with the "basically Communist-orientated" Unity Theatre players. "Some," Croft thundered, "might call it political blackmail."

The incident's significance extends far beyond the London theater district. This past season three thousand youngsters between fourteen and twenty-one from all parts of Britain applied to join the NYTGB. Of these, three hundred were accepted, and together with the two hundred regulars have staged, played in, and directed five major productions, two of them sellouts. But the NYTGB is not just another kiddie program; for years, it has provided an essential theatrical training ground for much of Britain's top acting talent, and its demise would no doubt have reverberations in Hollywood as well. Famous alumni include the *Gandhi* star Ben Kingsley, the Hollywood expatriates Michael York and Ian McShane, *Young Winston*'s Simon Ward, and the actors Diana Quick and Michael Pennington.

Playbill from a former NYTGB production. The beginners Ian McShane, Simon Ward, and Michael York were in the cast.



But even they, and patrons as distinguished as Sir John Gielgud, will be hard put to save the theater company that Croft created and has developed over twenty-eight years to its present pitch of artistic success and international renown. Heavyweight sponsorship and help from friendly theater owners is crucial to its survival. A spokesman for the London Council said that funding from Texaco was so substantial that the NYT no longer needed additional support, but Croft says that Texaco's backing falls short of enabling the NYTGB to present productions the year round; as a result the Shaw's owners are terminating Croft's lease. The final night of *Hamlet* was also the last NYTGB production at the Shaw, and the troupe has reverted to the status of strolling players. Worse yet, they could end up

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unable to continue as a producing unit with a permanent staff.

At the time of this writing, Croft was prepared to start operating the NYTGB from his London home, just as he did twenty-eight years ago. In those days, he occupied a flat in the house owned by the widow of the captain who went down with the *Titanic*. The waters may be uncomfortably high, but Croft's fighting speech signals that neither he nor his troupe is sunk yet. —*Ross Davies*

PICABIA'S FIRST PASSION

Fauvist, Impressionist, Cubist, Futurist, and Dadaist, Francis Picabia was the most versatile painter of his brilliant generation. Born rich, he raced his pet Delage coupe on the French Riviera, tasted opium highs and lows, blew several fortunes, and left a stream of widows to mourn him when he died, at age seventy-four, in 1953. "He had seven yachts and 137 automobiles, but that's nothing next to the number of women he had," said his last wife, Olga. Though short and squat, Picabia was irresistible to women. Isadora Duncan once told his wife of the moment, "If you get tired of him, cable me. I'll come."

TOBY MOLENAAR

At 103, Mme Picabia still remembers all.

His first wife, Gabrielle Buffet, now 103, has the last word. A musician and composer who studied with Vincent d'Indy, she met Picabia in 1908 and remained a polar force in his work long after they separated. "There were many Madame Picabias, but I am the real one," she says.

Buffet, who became a journalist and was active in the Resistance, now lives in a tiny Paris flat off the Champs-Elysées. She has little good to say of modern life, but she takes fabulous trips in time. "When I met Picabia, I had no taste for painting, but I knew about the mysterious pull of art. He was sick of Impressionism and ready to give up painting; I changed his direction." His Abstract gouache *La Musique Est Comme la Peinture* testifies to her influence.

In 1913, the Picabias went to New York for the famous Armory Show, where Picabia made a splash lecturing on the new, iconoclastic art. Two years later he returned, nonchalantly deserting wartime France to hobnob with the Alfred Stieglitz in-crowd. Gabrielle was invited to join him—without their four children. "He never wanted to know them. They were enemies because I took care of them instead of him."

Later, when Picabia met the editor Tristan Tzara in Switzerland, the Dada movement took off. In Paris, they held provocative and fashionable shows. Finally, though, "Picabia broke with Dada because both he and Tzara wanted to be the big boss," laughs Buffet.

After they separated, she lived another life. "But I never chose it. Still, I had many friends—the one who counted was Stravinsky. I met him during the Boeuf sur le Toît period." Did she enjoy that fashionable club? "Enjoy it! It was the bad time of my life. I was alone with four children . . . But enough talk of the past. Let's think of the future." —*Joan Dupont*

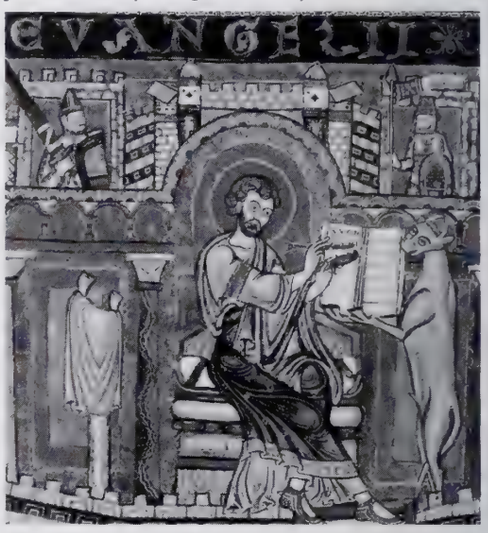
THE MIAMI ARTS CENTER FINALLY MADE IT

Miami—"In Quest of Excellence," at the Center for Fine Arts, through April 22, 1984. Just before the scheduled opening of Miami's new arts center last spring (see Connoisseur's World, April 1983), the event was suddenly postponed: the smoke evacuation system failed to meet code standards. Now the system has been redesigned and completed, and the center finally opened last month with an exhibition that makes up for the delay. Organized by Director Jan van der Marck, the show contains more than two hundred works drawn from top museums around the United States and samples the full range of classical Western art from Fra Angelico and Rembrandt to Calder and Matisse, as well as ancient and modern objets d'art from around the world.

The center will not build a permanent collection of its own; it is intended for revolving shows like this one, to provide Miami with a continuing variety of exhibitions.

UPDATE: GOOD GOING, GERMANY!

In case you missed all the hullabaloo that surrounded the Henry the Lion Gospels auction in London, last December 6: our feature that month predicting the sale's outcome was slightly wrong. Although we came closest, we underestimated the price by half. Sotheby's hammer came down on a record £7.4 million (then about $10.7 million, not counting the 10 percent buyer's premium). But as for the larger question of who would win the prize, we told you so: it was Germany, discreetly bidding through the dealers H. P. Kraus and Bernard Quaritch Ltd. The underbidder? Not the Getty Museum, but J. Paul Getty, Jr. Now, the Gospels are back on display in their rightful place, in the Wolffenbüttel Library, near Brunswick, where Henry the Lion commissioned them in about 1173.



Henry's Gospels finally return home.

THE REAL THING

"These are difficult times for true materialists. The outpouring of trash and trifles and soulless status symbols complicates the search for satisfaction in abiding objects." So say Betty Cornfeld and Owen Edwards in the introduction to their new book, *Quintessence: The Quality of Having It* (Crown; $12.95). With the help of immediately recognizable photographs, snappy captions, and enough inside information to satisfy all but the most fanatical trivia fiends, the authors define, probably as well as anyone can, the quality of quintessence.

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durable, enduring style—an ability to be "absolutely apt." And what *has* quintessence? Cornfeld and Edwards have chosen sixty-five examples, each provoking varying degrees of emotional kinship.

A clockwise sampling from top left: the Faber Mongol #2 pencil, brainchild of the German immigrant Eberhard Faber around the time of the California gold rush; the Zippo lighter, a Pennsylvania oilman's 1932 knockoff of an Austrian army lighter; the Louisville Slugger, now a century young; the Kleenex tissue, since 1924 "the ultimate standard in great American nasal architecture." Other entries: the Checker cab (r.i.p.), Levi's jeans, Barnum's animal crackers, the martini, the Frisbee, the Oreo cookie, the Steinway piano, Crayola crayons, and the peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich.

The book is not a shopping guide or a "book of bests." "Quintessence is sublime," write the authors; "it's here today and here tomorrow." On such an admittedly subjective honor roll you might expect to find a few unworthy impostors; surprisingly, there's not a single clinker among them, but there is one grave omission: the good ol' Western Electric telephone. —*Mary Flynn*

A Very Smudgy Issue

Newspaper readers will find no consolation whatever in the following story. People prone to despair over the struggles of modern life must immediately turn the page, pausing only to ponder how pristine this light exercise leaves their fingers. Newsprint is different. The ink on newspapers rubs off the page, besmirching hands and clothes. Print diehards must scour afterwards.

We had hoped to discover some genius (soon to be hailed by the civilized world) who has dreamed up a superior ink that sticks to the newspaper page instead of imprinting the reader. Instead, we have ordered a gross of black silk gloves.

"Rub-off," says Mike Mylett, general manager of News Ink, part of the largest printing-ink company on earth, "is not a function of the ink, it's a function of the printing process." Magazines are printed with inks that are heat-dried on press or that contain a volatile solvent as a drying agent. There are no heaters on newspaper-printing presses. Solvents would cake on machinery left idle. Newspaper ink, an unappetizing brew of mineral oil and carbon black, dries by absorption—that is, the oil soaks into the paper, while the carbon black sits on the surface.

"All newspapers have this problem," averred the *New York Times* quality-control manager, George Schnurr, warily, when asked if he was inundated with complaints from readers coated in carbon black. It is an especially hot topic in summer, the season of pastels and perspiration, but some grievances are aired year-round. People have told Schnurr that "they find it difficult to read in bed because the sheets get dirty."

Only the sheets? "What about the little old ladies with a white cat and white furniture?" asked John Markey, production manager at *USA Today*, a paper whose optimistic slant on the human condition extended to a promise to readers to reduce ink rub-off. "We have attempted to train our production people to use less ink," Markey notes. For the time being, his readers will still have to keep their gloves on.

So much for newsprint in the age of postmodern technology, although there is one paper that rates better than most in the smudge stakes. The *Wall Street Journal* uses the same low-class ink as the competition, but better paper. What's more, in a business where the pictures are particularly filthy, the *Journal* primly eschews photographs. —*Elisabeth Wynhausen*

Tusk, Tusk, Tusk

In "Selinunte's 200 Years of Grandeur" (*Connoisseur*, December 1983), we unwittingly got our Hannibals confused. The Carthaginian commander named Hannibal who razed Selinunte with a large invading force in 409 B.C. should not be identified with his more famous namesake, two centuries later—as we did by saying that perhaps the city had been destroyed "with the help of his famous elephants." There is no evidence to suggest that the earlier Hannibal commanded any pachyderms whatsoever.

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TOMBOY FIDDLER

The violin is Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg's first love, but baseball runs a close second.

By Barbara Jepson

If Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg beats the odds and becomes the hottest solo violinist since Itzhak Perlman, she may go down in music history as the most unconventional fiddler of her sex: she smokes Camels, she dabbles in ceramics, and she plays softball with as much intensity as she performs Tchaikovsky. In fact, what sets the short, slender twenty-three-year-old apart from the hordes of faceless virtuosos churned out by conservatories each year is not her sinuous phrasing, silky tone, or formidable technique but her highly personal, impassioned interpretations. "Nadja brings something refreshing to the music she performs," says the conductor Sergiu Comissiona, who has led the young soloist in appearances with the Baltimore and Houston symphonies. "You can agree or disagree with her conceptions, but her playing is infectious."

So is her enthusiasm for baseball. "'Baseball' was one of the first words I learned when I came to this country, at the age of eight," explains the Italian-born violinist, whose most prized possession right now is an autographed picture of the Yankee left fielder Dave Winfield. The former Juilliard student plays left field herself with fellow musicians in Manhattan's Central Park and remains an ardent Yankee fan despite the team's disappointing showing in 1983. "So they're not world champs this year," she concedes. "They're still terrific athletes. It's just that—well, it's the way I feel sometimes—people expect them to be great all the time because they have such an incredible record."

Salerno-Sonnenberg's record is short, but her batting average is impressive. Her career was launched in 1981, after she won the Naumburg International Violin Competition. Rave reviews greeted the bulk of her 1982–83 recitals and solo orchestral appearances with such prestigious orchestras as the Chicago Symphony, the Buffalo Philharmonic, and the Detroit Symphony. Martin Bernheimer, of the Los Angeles *Times*, called her a "phenomenally promising" musician who "played with the security and sensitivity of a mature veteran of many Mozartean wars" during her 1982 debut with the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra. Other critics praised her "high level of musicianship" (*Washington Post*), "powerful technique" (*New York Times*), and "wonderfully expressive quality" (Buffalo *News*). Then, last fall, she was one of five artists awarded an Avery Fisher Career Grant of $7,500, given annually to talented young instrumentalists at the outset of their careers.

The "new" Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg traded thrift-shop chic for a gown from Saks.

It takes more than glowing accolades, however, for a performer to reach the celebrity status necessary for a sustained solo career. The majority of Salerno-Sonnenberg's debuts last season were part of a cash, recording, and guest-appearance package she received after winning the [illegible] soloists one to [illegible]

years in advance, it is too soon to know whether the young violinist has made a sufficiently strong impression to be invited back. In the meantime, her concert dates this year are less glamorous: twenty-seven appearances with respectable regional and urban orchestras such as the Sacramento Symphony, where she performed on January 7–9, followed by an engagement with the Tupelo (Mississippi) Symphony, on January 20 and 21, and dates with the Bangor (Maine) Symphony, where she will play on February 11 and 12. In short, she is doing all the standard things required of any aspiring performer on the way up the musical ladder.

She sauntered onstage like Martina Navratilova coming onto a tennis court.

The transition from conservatory student to professional concert artist is never easy, of course, and Salerno-Sonnenberg was plunged into it overnight. In one hectic, highly visible season, she learned to play under less than ideal conditions—when she was exhausted from frequent jet travel, had a 102-degree fever, or had experienced a series of plane cancellations that caused her to miss the rehearsal for her first performance with the Detroit Symphony at the Meadow Brook Festival. Occasionally, her inexperience showed; during her 1982 debut with the American Symphony Orchestra, at Carnegie Hall, for example, her natural exuberance caused her to rush ahead of the conductor, Gunther Schuller, leading maestro and orchestra, as the *New York Times* critic Bernard Holland put it, "on a merry chase." But such mishaps are not uncommon among upcoming musicians. "Nadja's young and full of vitality," says the conductor-pianist Philippe Entremont, who has been Nadja's mentor since he met her, when she was eleven. "I hate it when young people play as if they had only one year left to live."

There have been personal adjustments to make as well. Even the most favorable reviews of the young violinist's first professional engagements commented negatively on her stage deportment and dress. She sauntered onstage like Martina Navratilova coming onto the tennis courts. Strapped for funds, she appeared in gowns purchased for five dollars at garage sales in her hometown of Cherry Hill, New Jersey. Eyes screwed shut, mouth tensed in a grimace, she occasionally became so engrossed in the music that she shifted from one foot to another. And during climactic moments in the score, her long, auburn hair flew out of control.

WARING-ABBOTT

Sometimes swinging a softball bat near the World Trade Center beats practicing the violin.

"I never thought appearance was all that important," admits Salerno-Sonnenberg, who is more comfortable in jeans than in a dress, "but I've changed my mind. It's a visual world today. I have a nice gown from Saks now, so no one can complain about that. I cut my hair, so no one can complain about that. As for my walk—I'm still working on it. Basically, I was just trying to be myself, not to put on any airs. I realize that you should have a little more elegance when you walk onstage at Carnegie Hall than when you walk down the street for cigarettes."

Most difficult of all, though, is a growing awareness of the expectations surrounding her career. "Every time I'm in a situation where I'm scared, like the first time I was on the 'Tonight Show,'" she explains, "I wonder how I'm going to get through it. You grow up brushing your teeth to that theme music—DEE dee dee dah dah," she hums, "and all of a sudden it's in the same room with you. And you're sitting next to this legend. Millions of people are watching. Every time I come through, I get more and more scared of my ability. Because then people know they can rely on me and they expect even more. And I'm afraid that, one day, I'll disappoint them. I never felt pressured when I was a student. I never felt competition from my peers. Now I do."

Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg was born in Rome of an Italian mother and a Russian father; the latter left home when she was three months old. Each Sunday, family and friends gathered at the Salerno-Sonnenberg home for informal musical afternoons. Her mother played the piano, and her brother sang. His sweet soprano made him the center of attention, and a family friend wisely suggested that the five-year-old Nadja might feel a trifle neglected. So, her mother arranged for violin lessons. "She went out and bought a violin, a case, a bow and some rosin—the whole kit—for about forty dollars," recalls

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Salerno-Sonnenberg. "I can't say that I loved it at first sight, or that the minute I picked it up I knew what I wanted to do for the rest of my life."

Nevertheless, she was sufficiently talented that her second teacher, a member of the Italian Radio Orchestra (RAI), persuaded her mother to move to the United States so that her eight-year-old daughter could enroll at the Curtis Institute of Music, in Philadelphia. During Nadja's six years at Curtis, she studied violin with Jascha Brodsky and was reprimanded officially several times, once for dropping water-filled plastic bags from the fourth-story roof of the institute's brownstone, and once for hiding in the tiny, attic-like space enclosing the organ pipes. "I would take Blimpie sandwiches and doughnuts up there and read comic books instead of going to class," Salerno-Sonnenberg relates with unconcealed glee. At fourteen, the young violinist transferred to the Pre-College Division at the Juilliard School, in Manhattan, and in 1978, when she was seventeen, she entered its college division. (She did not graduate.) At Juilliard, she worked with Dorothy DeLay, revered teacher of such violinists as Itzhak Perlman and Shlomo Mintz. "Her sound has developed beautifully," says DeLay. "She has an independent imagination; her ideas are very individual now."

> All signs point to a major career; still, she takes nothing for granted.

Indeed, all signs point to a major career for this talented virtuoso. Already she has been booked by both the Seattle Symphony and the Indianapolis Symphony for the 1984–85 season. But the energetic Salerno-Sonnenberg is not taking anything for granted. "If I could have the kind of career I seem to be headed for . . . that would be incredible," she muses. "But I don't know what's going to happen in five years. I can hope, I can guess, but nobody can really know. After all, this is show biz."

Five years from now, Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg may smile triumphantly at that shrewd assessment, or sigh wistfully. Right now, though, she is batting close to a thousand—something the superstar Dave Winfield, at best a .300 hitter, could never hope to do. □

Barbara Jepson is a New York writer with a special interest in music.

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ONE MAN'S FANCY

Calouste Gulbenkian acquired the best of all that he coveted, then willed his treasures to his adopted Portugal.

By Henri Veit

Lisbon is all uphill, and at the top of the tourist city—a long but agreeable walk up from the Ritz Hotel, through the Parque Eduardo VII and through the Estufa Fria, one of the prettiest botanical gardens anywhere—is a monument to perhaps the greatest, most idiosyncratic, and most willful collector of this century, Calouste Sarkis Gulbenkian.

Isnik pottery, from medieval Turkey, prized for its decorative exuberance.

Within it is a lifetime's accumulation of splendid objects: Egyptian, Greek, and Roman antiquities; Islamic carpets, brocades, pottery, and manuscripts; Chinese porcelain; French palace furniture, tapestries, and silver; art nouveau jewelry; and European paintings—a heterogeneous hoard of whatever Gulbenkian saw, coveted, bought, and kept.

Gulbenkian was born in 1869 to a prosperous, middle-class Armenian family established in Turkey for several generations. His father sent him off to England, where he studied civil engineering. His connections with Istanbul remained close in spite of Sultan Abdul Hamid's persecution of the Armenians, which forced the family to flee the country in 1896. After the First World War, Gulbenkian, a wily entrepreneur, began dealing with a powerful international consortium of Dutch, American, and English oil interests, which revivified the field of Transjordania and Iraq to create, in 1929, Iraq Petroleum. Gulbenkian's share was 5 percent of the gross of Iraqi oil; his income at the time of his death, in 1955, was estimated at five to ten million pounds sterling, something in the neighborhood of $70 million today.

Gulbenkian's life was largely spent in England, where his children were educated. He also maintained a place in Paris, eventually building a combination palace and gallery on the avenue d'Iéna; it was intended primarily to house his art collection, already unwieldy in the twenties, and incidentally to accommodate his family and himself. This arrangement came to an end during the Second World War. With the German occupation, Gulbenkian took refuge in Vichy, in unoccupied France. It was then that the British government, declaring him an enemy of the country, deprived him of his British citizenship and tried to confiscate his property. Gulbenkian thereupon took Iranian citizenship and, when Iran came into the war on the side of the Allies, was again forced to flee. His choice for sanctuary fell on Portugal, a very pleasant place and one with handy access to the safety of the United States, if the necessity arose. There he stayed, comfortably ensconced in a suite in Lisbon's Hotel Aviz, for the last twelve years of his life. It was also there that Gulbenkian wrote his will, leaving most of his fortune to an art foundation to be headquartered in Portugal.

At his death, a worldwide storm of greed was unleashed. England put forth a shaky claim to Gulbenkian's possessions based on his previous citizenship, but lost on several counts, the most notable of which was the government's wartime insult to Gulbenkian. France gracefully conceded her claim and allowed the collection to leave the palace in Paris with only a minimum of bureaucratic meddling. Portugal won, as Gulbenkian had clearly wished; and in 1969, after five years of preparation, the Museu Calouste Gulbenkian was opened to the public. Judging by the result, this is exactly where the collection belongs.

The museum is housed in a stately building designed by Alberto Pessoa, Ruy Athouguia, and Pedro Cid. Strong horizontal lines characterize the simple and asymmetrical masses; heavy overhangs and terraces anchor the building firmly to its sloping site, on the grounds of an old palace. It is an imposing place, yet friendly and welcoming. The surrounding lawns,

Henri Veit is chief of the history division of the Brooklyn Public Library, some 3,500 miles due west of Lisbon.

The Gulbenkian's Islamic-pottery collection is as fine as any in the world, even rivaling the Topkapi's.

A rare Persian Safawid carpet, made especially for the Portuguese market around 1700.

tempered by self-education and expert advice. Throughout, there is a love of brilliance and opulence, a preoccupation with virtuosity and surface glitter that at times teeters on the flashy. Gulbenkian's obsession with elegance caused him to buy only the best of whatever he happened to want, all of it with impeccable provenance and in perfect condition. Thus, the collection, although it includes items no longer in fashion, is of the highest quality.

The museum's exhibition area is surprisingly small, occupying a rectangle on one floor, roughly 180 feet by 285 feet, with ceilings only about 12 feet high. The visitor should start with the room that contains Egyptian antiquities, covering the entire time span of Egyptian civilization from the Old Kingdom to the Ptolemaic era. Most of the objects are small—an ivory toilet spoon, a sistrum, bronze cats, canopic jars, and several portraits.

Leading from the Egyptian Room is the collection of Greek and Roman objects, again on a small scale: iridescent Roman glass, gold Greek jewelry, painted Greek ceramics. The coin collection is important and is the result of Gulbenkian's earliest love; he bought his first coin as a child (and to the displeasure of his father). On display are gold coins from the full five hundred years of Greek hegemony, as well as the series of medallions found at Aboukir and believed to have been a hoard of Olympic medals.

The adjoining room, the largest in the Gulbenkian, is devoted to Islamic decorative arts. On permanent exhibit is an extraordinary collection of Oriental carpets—a highlight of the museum. One of the most stunning examples is a "Polonais" carpet originally thought to have been made in Poland, but now known to have come from Ispahan at some time in the seventeenth century. Another eye dazzler is a large Persian silk, woven in shades of red and green. In the center medallion, wild animals attack each other, while on the border, birds look on, unconcerned.

Equally startling, but less well known, is the assortment of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Turkish brocades from Bursa and Scutari: cushion covers, prayer mats, simple panels, and fragments, woven with a parade of carnations or tulips marching across gold, vermeil, or silver backgrounds.

Among the most impressive of the Gulbenkian treasures is the collection of Islamic pottery. From Persia there are several rare Kashan pieces: heavily potted jars and tiles, decorated with embossed animals and covered with a thick, intense blue glaze on a bronze gold metallic background. An equally superb array of Turkish pottery includes large bowls, deep dishes, mugs, jars, and panels of tiles, dating from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Often decorated with tulips and carnations in tomato red, roses in off-pink, artichokes and cypresses in green and black on a heavy white glaze, these

Of the Gulbenkian's Isnik treasures, few are as unusual as this handsome tankard.

objects reveal the Turks' special love of vegetation. They are about as fine an accumulation as can be found anywhere in the world, rivaling even that of the Topkapi Museum.

The transition between East and West is a small room containing eighteenth-century Chinese porcelain, very much in the taste of Gulbenkian's youth—showy and at one time highly fashionable, but now rather deprecated. The rest of the museum houses European works and consists of a free-flowing series of areas broken up by dividers. The French eighteenth-century furniture is without exception of palace quality; in fact, most of it derives from various royal or at least ducal

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Mr. Papas was born in 1927 in Ermelo, South Africa, of Greek parents, and studied in both Cape Town and in London. He returned to Africa and became a roving artist reporter on the Cape Times for a number of years.

He has lived and traveled throughout Europe and the African Continent, with his paintings and drawings being exhibited in London, Manchester, Belfast, Cape Town, Toronto, Jerusalem, Athens, and Switzerland. We are happy to present his first exhibition in the United States in the O'Grady Galleries.

Mr. Papas has published two books about Greece, having sailed to almost every island in the Greek Seas; illustrated a number of children's books; and has recently published a book about the people of Jerusalem. Included in his plans for the near future is publishing similar books on Greece and Egypt.

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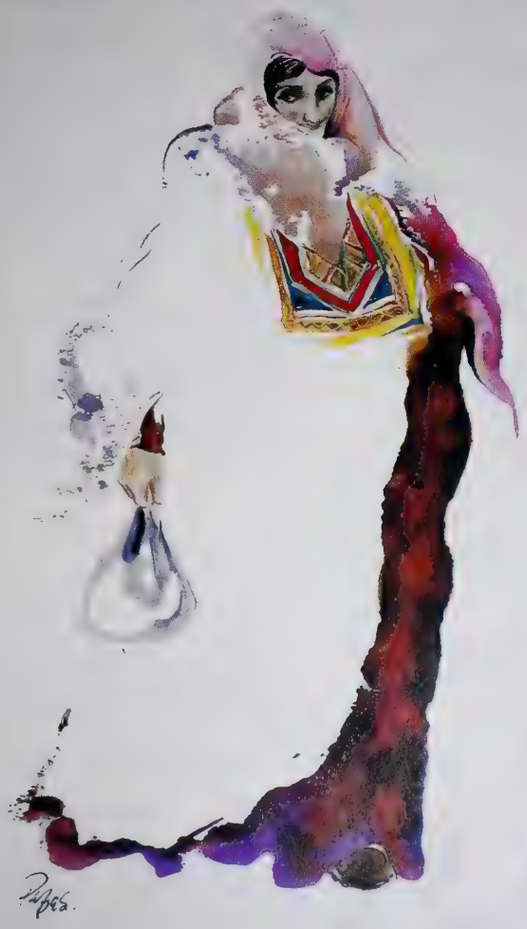
"The 2 Priests" by Bill Papas. Watercolor. 27½" x 19½".

"The Bedouin Woman" by Bill Papas. Watercolor. 27½" x 19½".



"The Fisherman" by Bill Papas. Watercolor. 27½" x 19½".

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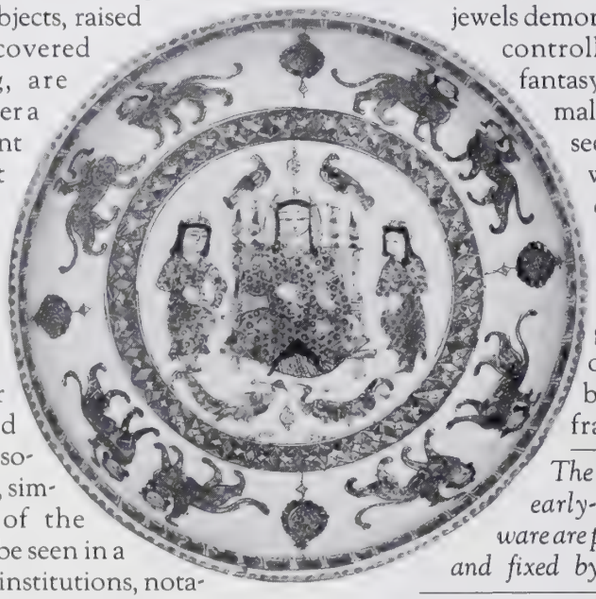
collections. A large Louis XV roll top made by Riesener for the comte de Provence looks as glittering and foursquare as a rich German dowager. Slightly earlier but just as imposing is a commode by Cressent, embellished with vigorous bronzes. These objects, raised on low daises covered with carpeting, are placed either under a picture or in front of a tapestry. But the important pieces of furniture are not convincingly arranged. The setting is neither palatial nor homelike, and they sit in chilly isolation. Moreover, similar specimens of the same quality can be seen in a number of other institutions, notably the Frick Collection and the Metropolitan Museum, in New York, and the Wallace, in London.

What cannot be found elsewhere in the world, however, is the treasure of rare eighteenth-century French silver, much of which came from the Hermitage and was bought by Gulbenkian from the Russian government after the 1929 crash. Perhaps the most famous items are the pair of silver-gilt tureens and matching candelabra made by Lenhendrick in 1770 for Prince Orlov at the order of Catherine the Great. These pieces are decorated with lively and jocose amorini and seem exuberant for such a late date. The most extraordinary object is a dome-shaped dish top completely covered with an oddly miscellaneous catch of seafood: oysters, an eel, a sole, and more, all piled on seaweed—comestibles helter-skelter.

The 150-year gap between Louis XV and the Belle Epoque is only a small step in fantasy. Gulbenkian's collection of Lalique is enshrined in a small period room, dominated by enormous silver and glass *dessus de table*. The 169 pieces include more than thirty jewels—pendants, hair ornaments, necklaces, dog-collar plaques, breastplates—displayed in curving cases lined in dark, dramatic colors. The jewels demonstrate a perfectly controlled marriage of fantasy and nature: animal, human, and insect shapes mixed with a profusion of field flowers, orchids, and water lilies and brought together in a design of flowering arabesques. Their fragility makes it unlikely that they were ever meant to be placed on a living body, even though one of the pieces was reportedly worn by Sarah Bernhardt.



The brilliant colors of early-medieval mina'i *ware are painted over a glaze and fixed by a second firing.*

The paintings—and there are many of them hanging in the European section—encompass a range of moods, from the austerity of Rogier van der Weyden and the sweetness of Lochner to the troubling intensity of Degas and the prettiness of Renoir. Many of Gulbenkian's pictures are paradigms of eighteenth-century decorative chic; they were, after all, meant to be hung with furniture and were designed to be pleasing. It was not dissonant to own a charming Boucher of the Three Graces sitting in a taffeta cloud, and at the same time hang a grandiloquent, pompous portrait of a French nobleman by Nattier. A lively series of *vedute* and *capricci* of Venice and of the Venetian mainland by Guardi represent the best of this taste. These are lively pictures: throngs in the Piazza San Marco for Ascension Day, gondolas jockeying for position on the Grand

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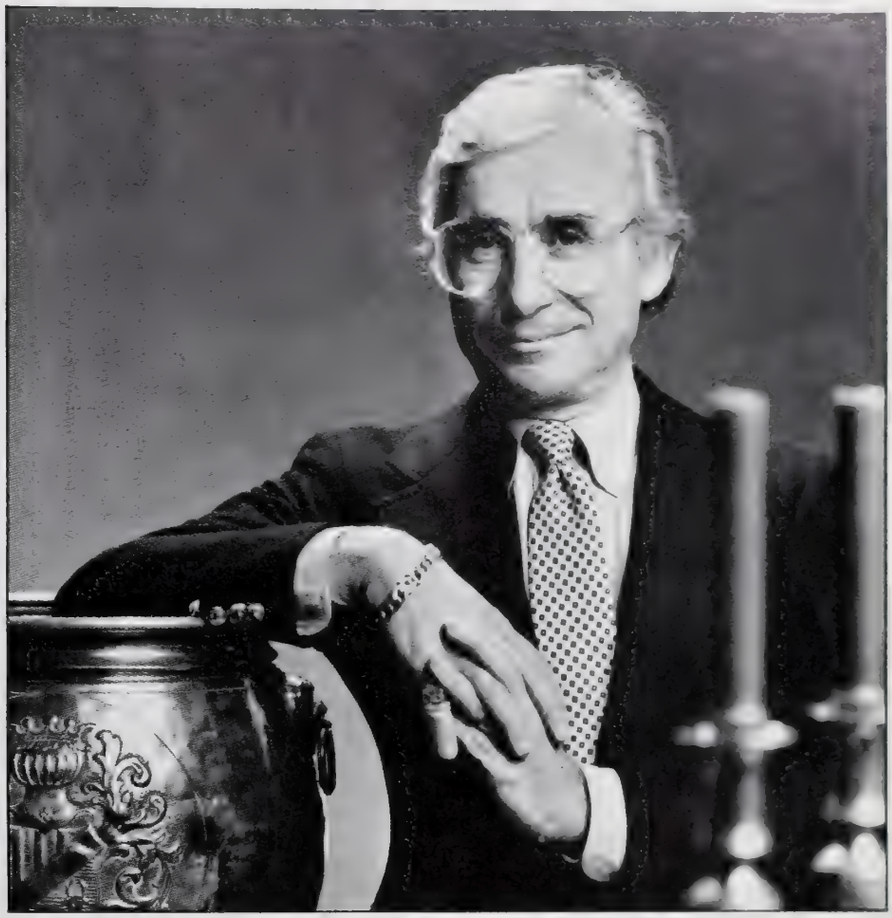

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Two Rembrandts are serious, almost dour; the Rubens portrait is a monument to abundant, luscious health.

Canal for the regatta, and above every scene the enormous, bright Venetian sky. Largillière is too infrequently shown, and it is especially à propos to see the delightful double portrait of Thomas Germain, pointing with pride to a silver candelabrum, and by his side, his wife, a most respectable body, pointing with equal pride to her account books.

The museum is rich in nineteenth-century masters, including Corot, Millet, and Fantin-Latour. Among the Impressionist works are a powerful portrait by Renoir of Madame Monet lying on a sofa, and an important Degas of a man, perhaps Cézanne, standing beside a huge stuffed puppet of a woman dressed in bright pink. The taste slips with the Barbizon painters, but Gulbenkian was luckily saved from buying a Bouguereau.

This is not the total of Gulbenkian's collection. The two Rembrandts, one of Pallas Athene and the other of a tired old man, are serious and almost dour, as is the old woman painted by Frans Hals. The large, full-length portrait of Hélène Fourment by Rubens is a monument to abundant, luscious health.

There is very little Western sculpture—a Carpeaux of Flora, dated 1873; a bronze Rodin of one of the burghers of Calais, which has been placed outdoors, and, of outstanding importance, a coldly perfect white marble Diana by Houdon, which belonged to Catherine the Great.

Viewing such masterpieces is an especially pleasant experience at the Gulbenkian. Objects are for the most part handsomely displayed and well labeled. Lighting is appropriately adjusted to the particular exhibits: a low level for the fragile carpets, a slightly higher level for the pictures, and the highest level for the most stable objects, the ceramics. Sound-absorbing ceilings and carpeting muffle distracting noises and allow for intimate conversations. And although the museum is a small one, comfortable chairs for resting or contemplation are scattered throughout the rooms.

The exhibition area is small, but the paintings are of supreme quality.

The foundation building, of which the museum is the most notable part, also houses a library with space for half a million volumes, an impressive audiovisual complex, and several sizable auditoriums and performance centers. The outdoor amphitheater, seating 1,200 people, is a popular spot for summer concerts and other cultural events.

Under the leadership of José de Azeredo Perdigao, the Gulbenkian foundation has continued the benefactions instituted by Calouste Gulbenkian. The latest creation is the Center of Modern Art, a three-story edifice next door to the museum. The gallery specializes in the work of Portuguese modernists, although foreign artists such as David Hockney and Robyn Denny are also represented. As it goes on expanding, the center will eventually encompass workshops for painters and research facilities in the most recent media, such as video and holography.

The original Gulbenkian collection, however, is a closed one; according to its director, Dr. Maria Teresa Gomes Ferreira, Gulbenkian's will stipulates that it can neither expand nor contract. The present thrust of the Gulbenkian, she says, is scholarship and preservation. The museum has its own laboratories on the premises and considers itself, at least in part, an educational institution. It is gratifying to know that Gulbenkian's "children," as he called his objects, are still as admired and appreciated as they fully deserve to be. □

The Gulbenkian Museum, located at 45 Avenida de Berna, is open daily from 10:00 A.M. until 5:00 P.M. except on Mondays, and on Wednesdays and Saturdays in July through October, when the hours are from 2:00 P.M. until 7:30 P.M.

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ESPRIT DE CORPS

I FLEW WITH THE BLUE ANGELS

BY THOMAS HOVING
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAY MAISEL

Waiting for them, you can't help feeling excited and a bit fearful. A minute or two before the hour, thousands of spectators fall silent, and in the last seconds, as if on cue, everyone scans the horizon. Where will they come from—doing what?

From the right, a four-plane Diamond explodes into view. Along they thunder at three hundred and fifty miles an hour, but they seem stately, as if marching by a royal reviewing stand. Ribbons of smoke ripple from their tails. Barely an arm's length separates a wing from its neighbor's canopy.

They're banked at ninety degrees. You're looking straight down into the cockpits. They pass so close to the ground that the crowd gasps; then they climb into a three-hundred-sixty-degree loop.

It's the incomparable Blue Angels! Six azure bullets, McDonnell-Douglas A-4 Skyhawk II jets, smartly trimmed and numbered in canary yellow, their engine exhausts tipped and their wings edged with silver.

Seconds behind the Diamond, the two solo Angels roar in for a move called the KE. At only one hundred feet of elevation, they close on each other from opposite ends of the field. Flying speed: four hundred miles an hour. As they approach the center of the stage area, the gleaming blue projectiles roll into a ninety-degree bank, and cross. Onlookers cover their eyes. KE stands for knife-edge.

The Blue Angels, founded in 1946 as the United States Navy's crack flight-exhibition team, are the best, most thrilling flying acrobats in the world. But they're no barnstorming aces. Luck, they'll tell you, is something a navy aviator just does not depend on. These star pilots take the maneuvers of military attack and evasion and make them as beautiful as classical ballet. If ever the technology of war can be said to have been transformed into a medium for the creation of art, the Blue Angels have done it.

It's fantastic—a combination of fireworks and an aerial act: six performers rocketing through the air at velocities approaching the speed of sound, sleek machines and crack pilots reacting with split-second timing. In their thirty-six-and-a-half-minute show, the Blue Angels perform as many as twenty-seven consecutive patterns. And when weather conditions are exceptional and the flight area is clear of structures and towers, the pack attempts the most magnificent maneuver of them all: the astounding Delta Vertical Break with Six-Plane Cross, which takes nearly ninety seconds to complete. Each daunting move demands the utmost in precision: a timing error of a single second translates into a displacement of an eighth of a mile, and that could mean not just a blown pattern but disaster.

It is now just over half an hour after the "smoke," as the Blue Angels call their initial approach. Time to quit. Although the Angels are in the prime of mature youth, even they are pushing their limits. Their bodies are continually being pitted against six or seven positive gravity forces and, in ballistic flight, into as many as four negative G's, which sends the blood rushing to fill the eye sockets in a wash of red. They make a final pass of the reviewing stand, pull the abrupt Navy Break (or "hit"), a drastic airspeed-cutting landing maneuver they would employ in approaching the relatively minuscule deck of an aircraft carrier. To grind down from five hundred twenty to two hundred miles per hour, the navy pilot slams his jet into a ninety-degree turn and throttles back. It slows you down real fast, even as your body cries out for mercy. Then the plane pounces on deck. Here, the classic move gets a fillip, with a tossed-in Tuck-Under Break, passing over center point in left echelon and rolling two hundred seventy degrees in ripple fashion. Allowing just a little extra elbow room for safety, they touch down, true to form, in impeccable Diamond formation.

The "walk-down" of jets, pilots, and ground crews after the performance, either in front of the audience or at a nearby airfield, is a ritual series of military moves that makes a fascinating show in itself. As one of the Angels puts it, "The walk-down is as disciplined and military for five jackrabbits at El Centro, California, during training as for a hundred thousand at a public air show."

The planes taxi in, turn in unison to their places, and stop on a dime; canopies open; helmets come off and are handed outside; ladders swing into place; pilots slip out of harness, hats on. Angel 1, the boss, gives the sign, and the six aviators climb from their cockpits in a smooth, athletic motion. In perfect synchronicity, they march down the line, six abreast, down to the end of the file of azure and yellow jets, where the detail halts, faces about, and salutes. What a show!

From March to November, the Blue Angel team performs an average of seventy-two shows at forty-three sites around the United States and Canada. The group—sixteen officers, seventy-four enlisted men—includes a flight surgeon, a public-affairs officer, a narrator, and a faultless maintenance crew. (In all the thirty-seven years since June 15, 1946, when the Blue Angels gave their first flight demonstration, not one show has been canceled on account of maintenance problems.) During the performance, the narrator is on the ground, giving the audience the play-by-play, but he flies, too. His plane, the seventh A-4, is a double-seater in which members of the press and selected aviation enthusiasts get a nibble of Blue Angel food.

PAUL O'MARA/U.S. NAVY

BOB CONRAD

THE KNIFE-EDGE

This maneuver sets the solos, Numbers 5 and 6, on a collision course. Within seconds of threatening disaster, the pilots roll ninety degrees and pass in sidelong flight, a whisper apart. The Blue Angels insist that they are no daredevils, but from the ground, the degree of risk is frighteningly apparent.

Flying in their tightest Diamond formation, as shown here at the top of a 360-Degree Loop, the Angels' Skyhawks seem welded together.

THE FORTUS

The solos roar in in tandem, Angel 5 upside down above Angel 6, upright, and just inches below his left wing tip. They're coming at 230 mph—real slow—deploying their slender, cranelike landing gear and the tail hooks they use for carrier landings. They flash by center point in a double image, as if a giant mirror were suspended up there in the sky. Only a pair of Blue Angels could pull it off.

BOB CONRAD

PAUL O'MARA/U.S. NAVY

A "dirty" roll is performed (sometimes on takeoff) with landing gear and flaps extended.

The average age of the pilots is thirty-two. The all-volunteer program is open to any career-oriented navy or marines flyer who has logged at least 1,500 flight hours in tactical jets. The average tour of duty is two years, but sometimes officers are recalled for an additional year. The officer who serves as narrator for one year goes on to fly for the normal two-year period.

During the rigorous nine-month exhibition season, the Angels' regimen is spartan. Each aviator follows his own fitness program. There are thousands of hours of practice, briefings, walk-downs, circlings of the show areas, debriefings, and dissection of the tiniest details of each movement in every show, all of which are videotaped. In these parleys, hands flying like airplanes do most of the talking.

Neither computers nor high technology is a part of the Blue Angel routine. The *feel* is the thing. In flight, each Angel concentrates on the same three basics as any other navy pilot: angle of attack, lineup, and elevation. In training, the moves are all "stepped out," but in time everything must become instinct and intuition.

The risks are high. The Angels have sustained many fatalities—twenty-two pilots and one crewman have been lost in midperformance. But a sense of comradeship in excellence—not danger—is uppermost in the pilots' minds. They adore what they do and talk about it without false modesty.

Flight Comdr. Dave Carroll, the boss of the 1983 team, states flat out, "We do things that no other team can do." With 4,450 flight hours and three Distinguished Flying Crosses, he speaks with some authority.

Meet the Blue Angels of 1983, left to right from top: Capt. Mark Lauritzen, Right Wing (Plane No. 2); Lt. Scott Anderson, Left Wing (No. 3); Lt. Comdr. Jim Ross, Lead Solo (No. 5); Lt. Curt Watson, Narrator (No. 7); Comdr. Dave Carroll, Commanding Officer/Flight Leader (No. 1); Lt. Chris Ives, Opposing Solo (No. 6); Lt. Kevin Miller, Slot Pilot (No. 4); Lt. John Virden, Events Coordinator (No. 8). Anderson, Ives, Lauritzen, Watson, and Virden continue on this year's team.

The ground crew, posted to their stations on the runway in preparation for takeoff, display the same crack discipline as the flyers standing by.

THE FLEUR DE LIS

In a Delta—which means that both solos have joined the Diamond in a triangle formation that looks like a giant Greek letter thundering through the sky—the Angels break straight into a high-performance climb. With that abrupt blast upward, the four flyers of the Diamond twist into a wild series of rolls, each of which takes a mere half a second to complete. The two solos, meanwhile, peel off right and left in horizontal roll-overs. The Diamond pilots, momentarily independent, loop apart, gathering back together on the downside, to exit with the solos at a roaring 530 mph.

BOB CONRAD

What exactly are they up to? "Art!" says Lt. Comdr. Jim Ross. "It is an intense world all to itself, one I never get tired of. We do moves that no one else will try, aggressive maneuvers low to the ground. Brute force. Sometimes we push those planes almost beyond their limitations. That's great!"

To Lt. Kevin Miller, "It's maximum performance—all blood, sweat, and agony, striving to be perfect. We are not stunt pilots; we aren't trying to scare people. If I found it scary, I wouldn't do it. Is it technology? Is it art? It's art. What does it feel like? Like sitting on the end of a bullet."

I couldn't put it better myself, and I know. One gorgeous day last May, down at Andrews Air Force Base, I spent thirty never-to-be-forgotten minutes flying nine tough maneuvers with Lt. Curt Watson over the Chesapeake Bay and the Patuxent River, in the VIP double-seater TA-4 Number 7. I lost four pounds and had sheeting headaches for three days. It was as if I had been bounced around in a ring by a gorilla.

First they briefed me for several hours on safety procedures. "If you have to eject, Tom, be sure you sit way back. Grab your shoulder harness with your hands crossed over. Be sure you keep your legs flat on the seat, because when the armed cockpit blows you don't want to have your legs bruised—badly. Your knees will clear the cockpit. Put your head back, elevate your chin. Keep y'r elbows in."

Short of ejection, there was lots to watch out for. "Be careful with the stick. It's live. And so are the foot pedals. Use your left hand for the toggle switch on the intercom, because on a crossover of your right hand you might touch the stick and send yourself into a spin." Later I would use that stick.

There were pointers, too, on resisting the forces of gravity. "The Blues don't wear G-suits, Tom. We won't give you any negative G's, but you've gotta combat the positive G's. Tense your muscles when you feel that pull. Do the 'G-growler.' Tighten all your muscles, particularly your stomach, and just grunt loud. That way you may not black out."

The tiny cockpit of an A-4 Skyhawk fits the body like a sheath. You are strapped in tightly at your shoulders, lap, and legs. They eased me in, helmeted me, and armed the cockpit. Someone patted me on the head for good luck. Then the canopy closed down like doom. Curt Watson taxied us down to the end of the runway. "If it meets with your approval, Tom," he drawled pleasantly, "I'd like to do a high-performance climb. We'll take off quick, tuck gear, fly low down the runway, and at the end go straight to three thousand feet. Then we'll do a Hammer Head, throttle back, and move slowly out to the performance area."

We raced down the runway at an elevation of about ten feet, and then, at the exact end of the tarmac, reared like a stallion and burst skyward. I was crushed back into the seat and found it exhilarating. The sensation was powerful yet peaceful. And that amazing silence!

"What about a nice Barrel Roll?" Watson asked, and the horizon spun before me like a whirlpool. "If you like, Tom, we can now do a Snap Roll. This plane can do about seven hundred twenty degrees in slightly less than a second. I'd advise putting your helmet over to the right of the

When the pilots of the Diamond cruise by in majestic echelon formation for the Fan Break, each plane seems superimposed on the next.

BOB CONRAD

DELTA VERTICAL BREAK WITH SIX-PLANE CROSS

The Six-Plane Delta starts with the front half of a loop. Once over the 8,000-foot top, on signal from Angel 1, they break out to the six points of the compass, and each Angel (having revved up to 500 mph), wings into a Half-Cuban Eight Reversal, part loop, part roll, whereupon they charge back from the six points of the compass toward the audience—and each other. At a closing speed of more than 1,000 mph the jets cross just over the heads of the dazzled spectators, seeming to miss collision not by feet but by inches.

cockpit so your head won't snap. Ready?" What the hell. I waited. I may have seen a flicker of light. I waited. I reached for the intercom toggle. "What are we waiting for, Curt?" I asked. "We just did it, Tom."

Next came the Half-Cuban Eight. We started the move flying level at three thousand feet and about four hundred fifty miles per hour. Then Curt pulled the nose up, and wham! We went straight up to about eight thousand, over the top, and flew upside down for what seemed like an hour. This kind of thing really clears your mind. On the way back down, picking up speed, we rolled two hundred seventy degrees to the left and then pulled out fast and hard. I was drenched with sweat. My stomach sank to the center of the planet. I twisted my air vent and out poured pellets of ice. My muscles were knotted with cramps and my spine felt as if the Inquisition had entered the cockpit.

"Feel okay?" Curt asked. I lied. He chatted about how much fun I'd have on the next maneuver: the Giant Loop. "On the pull-out, you'll want to do the G-growler," Curt advised. "You might experience a little grayness in your eyes from the G's."

I tried to brace my battered frame as we blasted straight up, but my body seemed to have turned to hot wax. My jaw went slack like a wounded fighter's. Up and over. For a second or two I was totally weightless. On the way back down, the horizon did the danse macabre. A soft, nodding grayness, then a darkening spirit took charge of my eyes. We slammed toward earth—not that I saw much of the trip. I conked out, staring deep into the gray-black cone of some brooding volcano. As I realized when I came to, that darkness was the elliptical end of my live stick.

"Want to take her, Tom?" I finally heard Curt say. "Take the stick. Try a roll." Gingerly I pushed the stick to the left, and the plane responded instantly, rolling to a hundred seventy degrees—and stopped almost upside down. It was absolutely thrilling! Then Curt broke in, an edge to his voice, telling me that I'd better complete the roll: we were running out of our airspace into Dulles International Airport. When we did run out, Curt took over. Wham! We pulled ninety degrees to the left, and what was left of my senses went catapulting into Dixie.

On the final approach to Andrews we performed a sedate Navy Break. Curt Watson graciously described it as "possibly the hardest thing you'll go through in this flight." The Skyhawk slammed onto the runway like a falling cinderblock. (Not to worry. "They're stressed to do that, Tom.") Taxiing in, I had disciplinary talks with my stomach and somehow managed to win.

What I went through was the mere shadow of the routine the Blue Angels endure in every performance. Curt brought me up to maybe four and a half G's. The Angels regularly climb to six and a half. I was spared the dreaded negative gravity forces. Besides, the double-[illegible] Skyhawk has a third less power than the single A-4's, and my plane was [illegible] alone, not a mere arm's length from [illegible] other thundering plan[illegible]

Back at Operations, I attended the briefing for the [illegible] at Annapolis. The mood was friendly, and the conversation came [illegible] fessional shorthand. I wa[illegible] didn't even sound like gibberish. "Modified Flat Pattern. Altimeter at 2,980 . . . Problem with the cranes. The FAA will sanitize the area. Diamond. Eight dances. Solo in Crossover Roll. Delta Roll. Tuck Roll. Fleur de Lis. Delta Flat Pass. Tuckaway Break. Tuckover Roll. Walk-down will be precisely at three-thirty. Smoke at four o'clock."

As they proceeded to the walk-down, Lt. Chris Ives, the opposing solo, promised he'd do something special on takeoff, "something that takes precise timing." His jet sat at the end of the runway, full power on, shaking with the force of the energy. Then he cut loose. In seconds, his jet was airborne. At no more than thirty feet of elevation, trailing his landing gear, he did a roll, dipping down to within a few feet of the tarmac. Up just in time. Another "dirty" roll. Then up, up, and away to join the Diamond.

The magnificent Blue Angels! Not for nothing is there a sticker pasted to the door of Operations, "It's hard to be humble when you're a ten." □

Blue Angels Calendar

In 1983, the Blue Angels flew seventy-five exhibitions in forty-three locations. A comparable number of shows is anticipated this year. [illegible] include Santa [illegible] 24); Washington, D.C. (May 12); Lakehurst, New Jersey (May 27–28); Seattle, Washington (August 4–5); [illegible]d, Ohio (September 1–3); Virginia [illegible]ach, Virginia (September 22–23); San [illegible], California (October 13 [illegible]

PAUL O'MARA/U.S. NAVY

PERILS OF PERFECTIONISM

A RESTORATION MELODRAMA

BY LENORE NICKLIN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL COOK

Leo and Anne Schofield wanted to buy St. Kevin's from the first time they peered at it over the dilapidated front fence. The big, old, high-gabled three-story house hid behind an overrun garden at 117 Queen Street, in the fashionable Sydney suburb of Woollahra. "It always looked terribly unloved," says Leo. "Very spooky and Charles Addams-ish."

The Schofields lived in the same street and had watched St. Kevin's gradually sink into disrepair. They tried to buy it when it first came on the market, nine years ago, but at the last moment the family of the original owners became sentimental, and another two years passed before the Schofields got their wish. When they finally moved in, white ants, possums, dry rot, rising damp, and vandals had all preceded them. The cost: $182,250.

"My first night there," Leo recalls, "I slept in the small study. When I woke up in the morning, there was water around the bed six inches deep. It was like being on a raft."

One Dr. P. J. Collins built St. Kevin's in 1892–93. The combined residence and office was designed by the doctor's distant relative John Bede Barlow, a leading domestic architect. In his day, Barlow was considered very avant-garde because he followed American rather than British trends. In such details as the four spectacular chimneys and the slate (rather than iron-clad) roof, he was much influenced by the eccentric American expatriate Horbury Hunt, who had settled in Sydney in 1863 and attracted many wealthy clients. It was Hunt who sowed the seeds of modern architecture in Australia, and the houses he designed passed for avant-garde in their day. Of his disciple Barlow's domestic work, St. Kevin's is the only example to survive without major alterations. Conservation is not, for most Australians, a high priority on the national agenda.

Dr. Collins had four daughters, all very beautiful and very grand. None married, and three of them, by then in their eighties and nineties, were still living in the house in the 1970s. The diva Joan Sutherland, who was a neighbor for twelve years, remembers that they would talk to or accept help from no one. The house was disintegrating around them. As holes appeared in the walls and the ceilings, the upstairs rooms were closed off and beds moved into the ground-floor sitting rooms. The garden grew wild. Mystery surrounded the aged occupants.

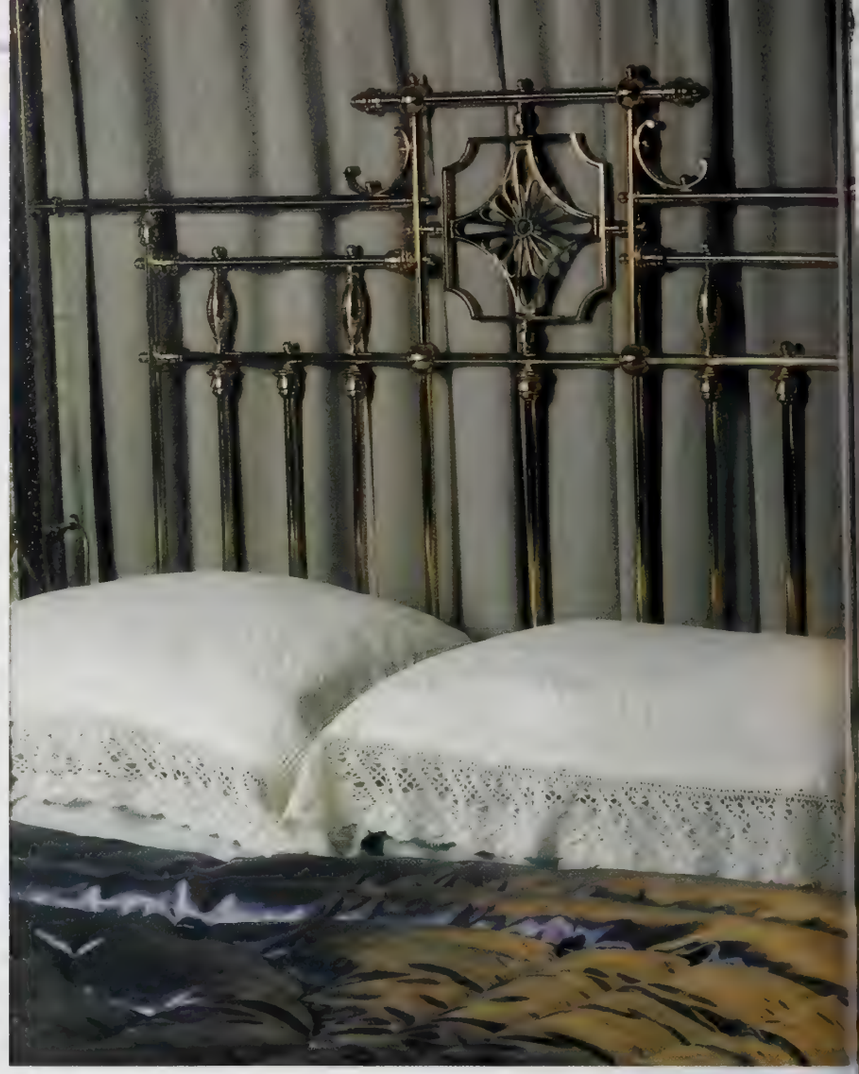
The new owners are far more visible. Leo Schofield is chairman of an advertising agency; Anne Schofield runs Sydney's most exclusive antique-jewelry shop. Each is much involved in Sydney's life of opera, theater, architecture, and the fine and decorative arts. Leo is a member of the Executive of the National Trust of Australia/New South Wales. Having worked over their first project on Queen Street, the old Masonic Hall (which now houses the Queen Street Galleries), and a rectory at the end of the street (first an office for Leo's advertising company and later a restaurant), Leo and Anne were old hands at the restoration game when they took on St. Kevin's, which was to prove their mightiest challenge. The cost was higher than they could have expected, financially and emotionally.

"From the start," Leo remembers, "we had this terrible feeling of responsibility. Whenever possible, we honored the spirit of

Lenore Nicklin, formerly principal columnist for the Sydney Morning Herald, *writes for the* Bulletin *and other Australian magazines.*

Choose any angle, indoors or out, the view is just so—even the back (top), seen from the garden. Right: The neo-Moorish sitting room.

This chair by George Walton picks up the guest room's art nouveau accent.



Counterclockwise from top: The master bedroom, a model of fin de siècle do-colorful japonaiserie; *a boy in a kilt by William Kennedy in a sitting room far*

the house. I became quite neurotic about not changing anything. It would have been a lot simpler to put a bathroom right next to the bedroom. It would have been simpler to put in downlights in the ceiling and hang big modern paintings on the wall. But we felt it was our duty to preserve it as it might have been. I became obsessed with the idea of acquiring things that were absolutely right for the place—and that sometimes meant overcommitting for paintings and pieces of furniture. We had a houseful of Georgian furniture and sold it all to go Edwardian. I doubt that anyone else in Australia has attempted a private restoration in such a neurotic and obsessive fashion."

Photographs taken around 1895 showed how the rooms were arranged and furnished, and in the event the Edwardian umbrella covered a multitude of styles and influences. Japanese cloisonné in Leo's study (formerly the Collins surgery) reflects the exotic tastes of the Aesthetic movement. The wallpaper and a salon suite reupholstered in French mohair woven after the original red-velvet design bear the stamp of art nouveau; the bedroom set, by Holland and Holland, features the painted neo-Adam decoration that was so fashionable in better homes throughout the empire in the 1880s and 1890s.

After Leo's damp night in the study, the roof was identified as the first priority. The special "green" slate and copper came to $17,780. Once the roof was completed (it took three months) Leo and Anne moved in with their three daughters. (Nell, the surfboard-riding star of the film *Puberty Blues*, is now twenty and continuing her studies at drama school. Tess, now eighteen, is studying art. Her twin sister, Emma, has just started college, following travels in Europe.)

Soon after moving into the house, the Schofields invited a few friends in for a drink. Leo was standing in front of the fire in the downstairs living room when he sank slowly through the floorboards—"like Mephistopheles on a stage set." The floors were rotten. "Instead of just fixing up the hole he decided he must pull up the entire floor," Anne says. "It remained pulled up for three years. With Leo, it's all or nothing."

Anne found it impossible to live in the house while so much work was going on. "There was no floor covering for four years," she continues. "The girls and I moved out for nine months. We

mesticity, embellished by J.J.J. Tissot's Le Journal; *the dining room and its from the Highlands, against wallpaper reprinted just for the house.*

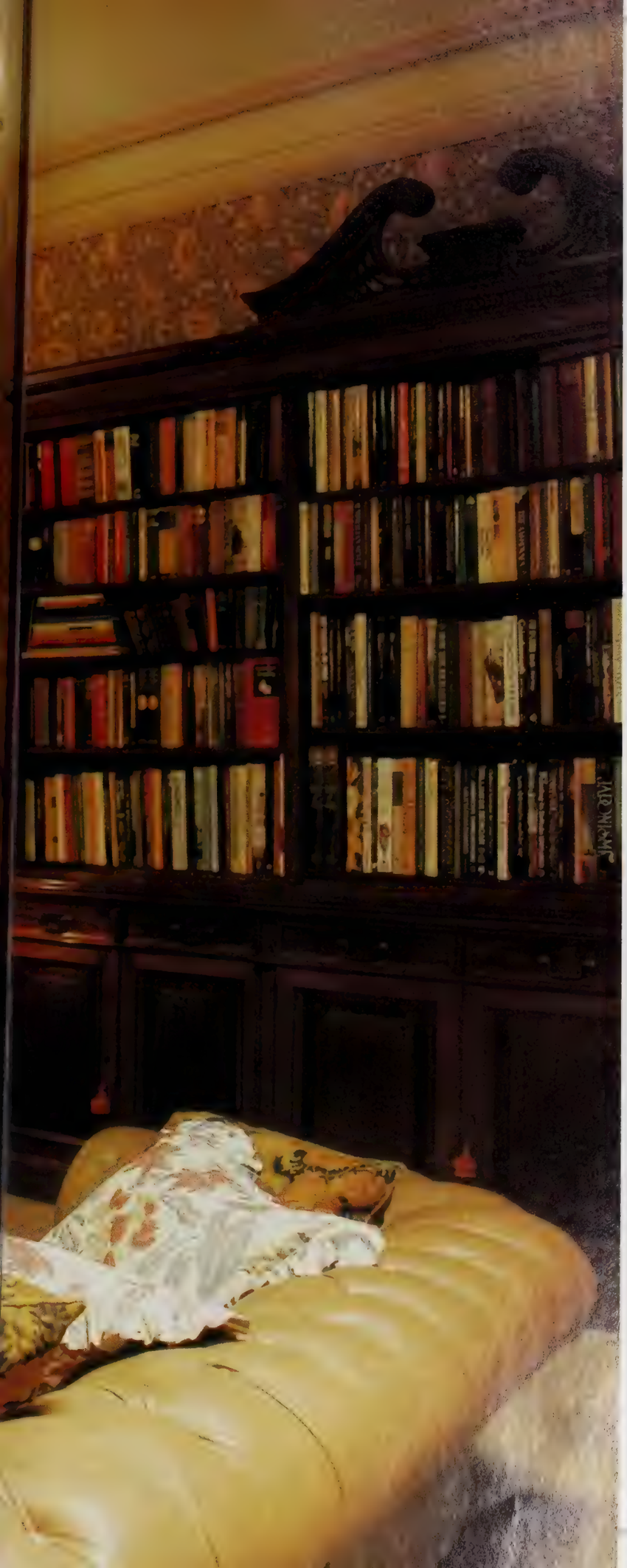
The entrance hall, with original encaustic tiles restored to full luster.

rented a little house nearby. We thought we'd just let Leo get on with it and get out of the way and it would all be over at the end of nine months. But the trouble is Leo's manic obsession with detail. He's a perfectionist. It took over five years to finish the house. The girls used to get furious—they'd wake up in the morning with workmen peering in at them through the windows. Roofers, plumbers, carpenters, French-polishers. That was one of the most difficult things—not having any privacy."

"It was fairly nightmarish," Leo admits. "There were days when you longed for a hose-out high-tech unit. One workman, Bill, came every day for a year and a half. The painters and paperhangers came every day for three months. They were Australian Italians called the Maestri brothers, and when the interior designer David Hicks saw their work he said he would never have believed you could get that quality in Australia. We found a wonderful German carpenter by the name of Gunter Hamman and a couple of plasterers from England. The roof slaters were Scots. It was like a congress of nations when they all got together. Really good workmen always know other really good workmen. It became rather consoling to have them around. A family of five became a family of nine. You'd come down in the morning to find the plumber making cups of tea."

But not all was perfect harmony. "There were dreadful arguments about priorities," says Anne. "After the roof, I thought we should do the girls' rooms. Leo thought it should be the fence and garden. He always won." And money was very tight. "Our lawyers and accountants had said there was absolutely no way we could buy the house—we had bought the Masonic Hall six months earlier and were restoring it. But our bank manager saw St. Kevin's, loved it, and lent us the deposit. We had a big sale in our other house and sold everything. Leo had decided that nothing in that house would be right for St. Kevin's anyway. We sold our beds, our Tiffany lamps, everything. We moved in with nothing [illegible] in the laundry that we scrubbed down and used. The hardship in the beginning was unbelievable.

"[illegible] the house as it should be. But I don't think he fully understood the needs of the family. He wouldn't allow the girls to decorate their own rooms. They



Leo Schofield, the perfectionist, enjoying his patio at St. Kevin's.

wanted plain walls and a pinboard, and they got beautiful art nouveau wallpaper. They thought they were living in a museum. Once Nell climbed out of the attic bedroom and threatened to jump off the roof—but she's a drama queen of the first order."

With the advice of the architect Peter Stronach, of Allen Jack & Cottier, in Sydney, a new kitchen, pantry, laundry, cellar room, and bathroom were integrated into the original plan of the house. There was just one structural change: one wall was knocked out of the old bathroom to make a roomier, modern one. The white ants and the damp were dealt with; then cornices were remade by hand after the original designs. Marble fireplaces were removed for cleaning and polishing, and the original stained-glass windows were releaded. Because the cost of copying the original wallpapers was prohibitive, however, the Schofields commissioned reprints of papers designed in the 1890s by William Morris, C.F.A. Voysey, and Mackmurdo.

As the house approached the image of perfection, family relations continued to deteriorate. "I would be trying to pay the workmen and Leo would go off and buy a Satsuma vase," says Anne. "He is very impulsive. The house became the most important thing in his life—more important than the people in it.

"Nell moved out first. The twins stayed in the house for their final year at school, and then they moved out. Leo couldn't cope with the children growing up and wanting a say. Once everything was all right in the house he couldn't bear the faintest disorder—there would be terrible scenes if anyone left a coat hanger lying around or if the kitchen wasn't cleaned up.

"The girls would have loved the house if they could have been free. It would have been a brilliant house for people to live in—that's what's [illegible] big house where the kids could bring their friends and friends could come and stay, but Leo wanted order above everything else."

[illegible]

IN SPLENDID STYLE

Peter Arno

THE CARTOONIST AS FINE ARTIST

BY PHILIP HERRERA

Had he lived, Peter Arno would have turned eighty last month. As it is, he died in 1968, leaving behind hundreds of cartoons and so little else that it is today hard to get a grasp on his life. Most of his close friends are dead, and few of his colleagues at the *New Yorker* actually knew him, except as a reclusive genius who submitted his drawings by mail. He is a virtually forgotten man.

Arno was a great cartoonist, which most people recognize, and a fine artist, which most people don't. His achievement is hidden, ironically enough, by the fact that in his heyday—the late 1930s and 1940s—he cut such a splendid figure. Tall, dark-haired, and handsome, Arno was always in the gossip columns for punching somebody in a nightclub, or being selected as the nation's best-dressed man, or complaining to the Packard Motor Car Co. that his car could not go 100 mph as advertised. He collaborated on two Broadway revues, designed stage sets, and was seen everywhere, often fashionably drunk. His cartoons made America laugh and him rich and famous.

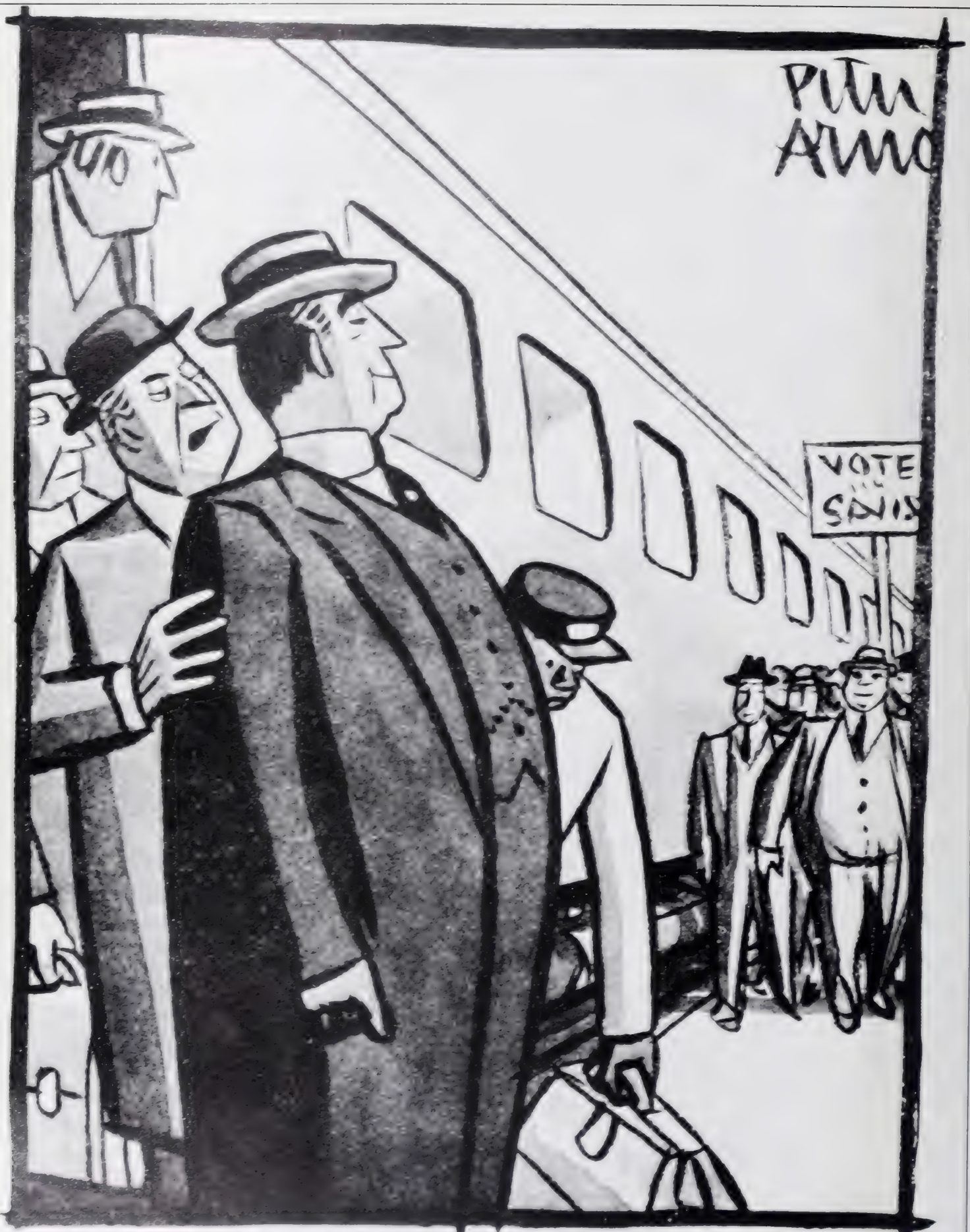
He seems to have aspired to aesthetic acclaim, too, though no one commented on the grace of his compositions or the power of his line. In nearly all of the sixteen collections of cartoons published in his lifetime, he included drawings that do not contain even the slightest hint of humor. They are there, presumably, because Arno wanted to indicate the reach of his talent—to show that he could go beyond cartooning to serious art. And indeed, these sober drawings depict worthy subjects: the voluptuousness of a woman bathing, the intensity of a corporate board meeting, the cold avarice of a brothel's madam, the essential sadness of a clown. Yet they are also a little pathetic, for the drawings are clearly derivative (of Matisse, Rouault, and, probably, Max Beckmann) and thus serve to display not Arno's scope but his limits. Put another way, his drawings lack importance when they turn away from humor.

Conversely, Arno's cartoons look more and more important. His fellow cartoonists at the *New Yorker* certainly regard him with something approaching awe. Charles Saxon calls him "one of the most influential artists of the twentieth century,"

CULVER PICTURES

Arno in top form (1937).

"Ah, M'sieu, I have a

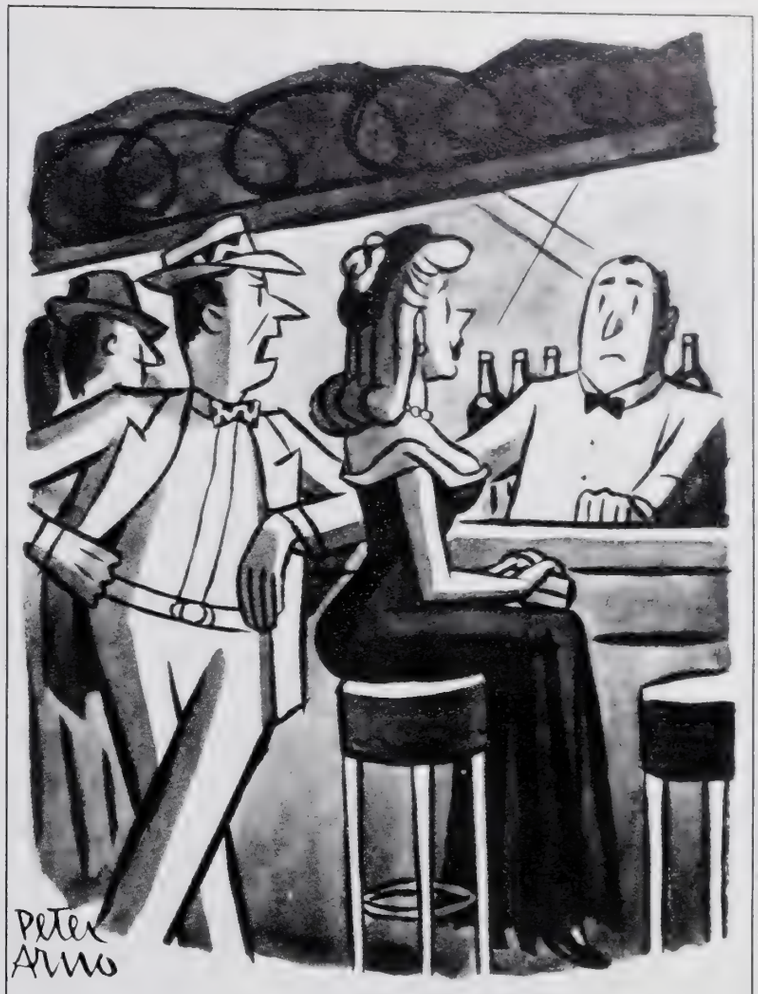


"The big guy in front is Joseph T. Cochrane. Call him Joe. You met him in Marysville three weeks ago. Talk about hunting. He goes after deer every fall. Man on left is Leo Brown. Sixteenth District in his pocket. Don't ask about his wife. She's ditched him. Fellow with mustache is Jim Cronin. Watch your step with him. He's Cochrane's brother-in-law, and . . ."

© 1940 NEW YORKER MAGAZINE © RENEWED 1974 PAT. ARNO

and Whitney Darrow, Jr., says, "If I hadn't done my own work, I would have liked to do Arno's." Peter Arno, as his colleagues see him, not only redefined the standards of excellence in cartooning but also helped to change it from being the mere illustration of a comic idea to an integrated art form. He created a perfect union, Saxon has written, "of idea and visual conception, one meaningless without the other."

Is that excessive? Is cartooning art? Purists will say no, the purpose of a cartoon is too narrow, but the distinction is a fine one. If Claes Oldenburg's drawings poking fun at monuments constitute art, and most people agree that they do, then Arno's cartoons should, too. Similarly, a case can easily be made that Arno's work fits into the Expressionist surge of the 1930s and 1940s. The cartoons deploy the same bold, black line and have the same urgency. True, they do not have angst but make up for it in mirth, which needs expression as well; if we do not feel empathy for the people in the drawings, we do for their situations. Such discussions, however, are a little feckless. What Arno undeniably did was create an entire world of clubmen and chorines, dowagers and doormen, lushes and lechers—a world that today affects our perception of his times. He played on universal themes, regarding every man and woman as a bundle of foibles. And he did it beautifully.



"Fill 'er up."

© 1949 NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, © RENEWED 1977 PAT ARNO.

Part of his success surely lay in the fact that he knew his milieu. His father, Curtis Arnou Peters, was a prominent lawyer who served on the bench of the Supreme Court of New York State and named his son after himself (Arno later reversed and altered the last two names to avoid any confusion with the justice, with whom he had a falling-out). He went to Hotchkiss and attended Yale long enough to make a name for himself drawing for the *Record* and playing the piano and banjo. After dropping out to found a nine-piece jazz band, he played the piano, painted decorative screens and panels, and submitted sketches to the humor magazines *Life* and *Judge*, which promptly rejected them. The *New Yorker*, just getting under way in 1925, did not make the same mistake.

Left: Arno's strong drawing could carry a weak idea. Below: At the old drawing board.

CULVER PICTURES

Arno was proud of never having taken formal art courses, although he did put in one month at the Yale Art School and another at the Art Students League, in New York, thirty days being all it apparently took to convince him that those institutions had nothing to teach him. On an informal level, he pored over other artists' work. Anyone who studies his cartoons can spot the influences. From Honoré Daumier, a particular favorite who died penniless, forgotten, and blind, came an appreciation of bold forms and exact body postures; from Georges Rouault came a love of heavy, dark lines and simplified forms. Arno, in fact, once told Jud Hurd, the editor and publisher of the quarterly *Cartoonist Profiles*, that he had only two pieces of advice to give young cartoonists, and the first was to look to the great artists of the past for models. The other: spontaneity in style could be achieved only through unremitting hard work.

He himself never stinted. When he produced a cartoon, he once wrote, he would begin by sketching the idea with charcoal or brush on cheap paper. When every component seemed right and the rough had been accepted by the *New Yorker*'s art editor, James Geraghty, he would lightly pencil the sketch onto gleaming white Whatman board. This, he said, was "a long tough grind, with endless penciling, erasing, rectifying, to recapture the effect and mood produced in the original rough." After he was satisfied, he applied the ink with his swift, unerring brush and then, finally, built up and solidified the composition with washes. It was a sensual process for him, to "swim luxuriously in rich grays, startling blacks, and brilliant whites"—all done "rapidly, with careless care, so it doesn't look like work."

These sketches show two of Arno's influences: Rouault (left) and Matisse (right).

"Arno was un[illegible] effort to get things as right as they could [illegible] cartoonist Frank Modell. "He would call the [illegible] say that he had figured out a better way to do a [illegible] already been accepted. If it had also been [illegible] ask, 'Let me do another version and then you [illegible] His daughter, Pat Arno, remembers his

© 1949 SIMON AND SCHUSTER © RENEW[illegible] PAT ARNO

BUYING AN ARNO

A few years ago, one of the experts at Sotheby's phoned Barbara Nicholls, Arno's dealer in New York, to announce that he had just been shown some twenty original Peter Arno cartoons. "Watch out," Nicholls said; "they were offered to me a few days ago, and they're fakes." As flattering as the attempt might be to Arno's talent and somebody's assessment of the market for his work, prospective buyers should beware: those fakes are still out there, somewhere. The Arno estate is handled exclusively through Nicholls, a private dealer who can be reached at (212) 472-0211. Finished Arno cartoons are done on white Whatman board—not paper—and tend to be much bigger than a page of the *New Yorker* (usually fourteen by eighteen inches). They go for about $2,000 apiece and seem cheap at the price.

doing "sketch after sketch of the same idea, pulling everything out of himself to get it right."

As we now know, he succeeded. In a technical sense, the finished cartoons are astonishingly clean, with few, if any, corrections and white-outs. More important, Arno's drawings sum up his era in the same way that Daumier's did; they could serve as historical reportage. The composition is always clear, with the focus on the action; backgrounds tend to be as simplified as possible. The only element that defies analysis is the source of Arno's light. He conceded that he switched it around without logic to create the best effect, balancing darks against grays and white to achieve luminescence. He also told a reporter in 1937 that he liked "the people in my drawing to have the startled looks on their faces you sometimes see in the flashlight photo. I take a lot of candid shots and use them as memos." Once one knows that, one can almost hear the pop of flashbulbs in Arno's cartoons.

Their distinctive quality, of course, is their humor. The best of them are as fresh and funny as they were the day they were drawn—and humor tends not to age well. "His brand of satire combined close observation of the social scene with wild leaps of the spirit," says William Shawn, editor of the *New Yorker*. The captions are often hilarious: one eunuch asks another, "Have I ever told you about my operation?", for example, and a pretty young thing tells a girl friend, "He told me there was a storm coming up, so like a fool I let him tie me to the mast." Beyond that, the drawings have a sort of aesthetic tension. The artwork is utterly serious—those somber, expressionistic lines, those powerful groupings—while the subject is almost trivial. They maintain a nice, ironical distance from their subject matter. Arno also knew body language; postures betray his subjects' inner feelings even more than their faces do. When the joke revolves around a macho version of sex, as so often happens, Arno tends to depict the desirable woman in the instinctive posture of primitive sculptures of females, emphasizing breasts and bottom.

CULVER PICTURES

In 1941, when Arno was selected America's best-dressed man, he posed in his closet.

What Arno felt about his subject matter is ambiguous. He once said that he lampooned the pompous, the pretentious, and the smug. "You don't do good work of this sort unless you're mad at something," he told the writer Joseph Mitchell. His anger led him to exaggerate people's "ridiculous aspects," he said, and "gave my stuff punch and made it live." Well, perhaps. Today, his stuff hardly looks angry, much less satirical. It is apolitical, utterly lacking in reformist intent; in fact, it looks gentle, as if Arno truly liked those choleric, white-mustached gentlemen, those gimlet-eyed biddies, those startled gold diggers. One senses he regretted their passing.

"One at a time, dammit, one at a time!"

© 1940 NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, © RENEWED 1968 PAT ARNO

In his last decade, the man who was once the toast of the town retired to the country and stayed there. The writer Philip Hamburger recalls meeting Arno only once, at a huge supper party, to which the cartoonist brought his own flask of perfect martinis. His style became more simplified and bolder, but the jokes, most of which were thought up by an idea man, grew weaker. His mind was probably elsewhere, perhaps with the artists he so loved, although he continued to work as hard as ever on his own art. "He seemed to be looking for something clean and fierce," his daughter says. "His work became very spare; he could not stand trivia; he saw almost nobody." On February 22, 1968, Peter Arno died of emphysema, complicated by lung cancer. Only fifteen people came to his funeral. Arno's end was like Daumier's, and his future promises to be similar, too. □

"Hey, Jack, which way [illegible]

DOWN FROM THE ATTIC

MAJOLICA'S ONCE-POPULAR COLORS AND DESIGNS ARE LOOKING GOOD AGAIN

BY LISBET NILSON

Invariably, it starts with a delighted glimpse—of a little brown pitcher with a butterfly poised, fluttering, to form the spout; of a bowl decorated with bulging fruits whose gleam and color outdo life; of a plate with leaves so vivid, the pattern could only be a direct impression from nature upon earthenware paste. Longtime collectors always seem to have tales of smiling epiphanies in obscure corners of flea markets and antiques stores, where they first discovered majolica's nineteenth-century charm. For decades, this fanciful Victorian earthenware, which was all the rage a century ago, went so completely out of fashion that it wasn't even *seen*—not by antiques dealers, who admit they walked right past it, not by scholars and writers, and only unsystematically by a very few museums. Until recently, majolica suffered the fate of those popular crazes that slip by history, and was dismissed as just one more example of eclectic Victorian excess. But today those scattered collectors who have quietly been accumulating hoards of English and American majolica stand vindicated. Majolica's time has come around again.

"Majolica is one of the most attractive ceramic traditions of the nineteenth century—and it's been overlooked for much too long," says David Revere McFadden, the curator for decorative arts at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum, which in the spring of 1982 mounted one of the first major museum exhibitions ever. "Majolica contradicts all of our ideas about Victorian pottery: that it is overdecorated, dreary, with dark colors. Majolica's designs are wonderful; the richness of its colors is extraordinary. It can be so very fresh."

JEAN KING

The sea fantasy of a Victorian pitcher by Minton extends to its deftly curved handle.

That's no news to Jerome Hoffman, a New York real-estate investor who, together with his wife, Marilyn, has over the past seventeen years assembled a 600-piece collection devoted exclusively to majolica by the British firm of Minton: "It was an industrial art and not a fine art—and yet it really almost crosses the line sometimes." Geraldine Stutz, the president of Henri Bendel, has been onto majolica even longer. She bought her first piece at a Paris flea market twenty-five years ago. "Majolica," she says, "is innately stylish, because of its combination of sophisticated coloring and intricate patterns."

Those colors! Until London's splashy

JAN STALLER

Marilyn Karmason, seated at her now-invisible grand piano, and Joan Graham, surrounded

Great Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations, in 1851, the British middle classes used simple whiteware, or at most the blue-and-white transfer-printed ware that was also being mass-produced. Multicolor ceramics were beyond the means of anyone except the rich. But, according to Jean Callan King, who is currently at work on a book entitled *English and American Majolica,* "Mass-production techniques, in combination with newly perfected colored glazes, made bright, multicolored pottery available for the first time at a price the middle class could afford." Léon Arnoux, the French-born art director of Minton and Company, developed this new product and showed it at the London exhibition.

> You can see something new in it each time you look," says one collector after fifty years.

Soon, majolica was everywhere. It was used for everything from table settings and garden accoutrements to dressing-room ring stands, ceramic sardine boxes, and elaborate presentation pieces that the potteries produced for succeeding industrial exhibitions, in hopes of bolstering the appeal of their more functional designs. Minton outdid itself for the London exhibition of 1862 with the largest majolica concoction ever: a fountain, thirty-six feet high, topped by a sculpted Saint George and dragon, colored with due observance of heraldic convention and adorned with an intricate system of flower vases. By then, Minton was sensing some hefty competition. Wedgwood was throwing its considerable resources into producing majolica, as were other English and Continental factories; and before long, the third big-name English majolica producer—a Minton veteran by the name of George Jones—would open his own factory.

Unlike loftier Victorian ceramics such as pâte-sur-pâte porcelain, majolica was made for use; it was always and openly meant to delight. Majolica regaled a wide public with detailed, lively designs and ingenious reliefs often drawn from nature or agriculture: a rabbit peeking from a burrow on a game terrine; a forlorn frog tucked under the claw of a full-sized stork jardiniere; lifelike tangles of berries, stems, and flowers on a dessert dish. "You can see something new in it each time you look," says Cornelia Rodock, a Maryland collector who grew fascinated with majolica fifty years ago and, at eighty-six, is still collecting.

If majolica had any pretension at all, it was the affectation of the name, which harks back misleadingly to *maiolica*, the bright ceramics that were produced during the fifteenth-century Moorish occupation of Spain and reached Italy by way of the island of Majorca. But *maiolica*'s distinctive look derives from a tin-based, opaque white glaze, while the glaze used on majolica's soft-paste bisque is clear and has a lead base. The romantic name made good marketing sense, but majolica actually owes more to the eighteenth-century ceramics of Whieldon and Wedgwood, who developed earthenware patterned on the pineapple and cauliflower. And it owes a debt to the much grander tradition of the sixteenth-century Frenchman Bernard Palissy, who used a lead glaze to sleeken the reptiles and other wildlife that populate his naturalistic pottery. With its casual abandon, majolica also appropriated homely and exotic elements from decorative traditions dating as far back as the Romanesque and classical periods, as well as from mannerism. Many of the ideas were simply in the Victorian air.

Derivative though majolica was aesthetically, its popularity proved remarkably durable through 1880. It declined precipitously around 1900, as the British government began to discourage the use of lead-based glazes because of the risks it posed to pottery workers' health. But taste already had been shifting away from bold colors and ornamentation to simpler styles of ceramics, such as art pottery. The craze held on a bit longer in the United States, where it ran an equally dramatic course. At first, a wealth of majolica was imported to America from England, but by the 1870s there was also considerable indigenous production. The newer American potteries were turning out lower-priced copies and free-form offshoots of the fashionable British ware. Griffen, Smith and Hill, of Phoenixville, Pennsylvania (whose initials were often used to signify "good, strong, and handsome") made an "Etruscan" shell-and-seaweed pattern that today is considered the prize collectible of American majolica. The Chesapeake Pottery Company, of Baltimore, was renowned for its Avalon and Clifton wares, with their distinctive, cream-colored base. Inexpensive majolica was even more widely available in the United States than in Britain; at one point, it was given away by the A&P as a premium with the purchase of baking powder and with a product with the cozy name "Mother's Oats."

In general, collectors agree that the British majolica is of higher quality—more elegantly modeled and painted—than its American counterpart. But the top British potteries had centuries of ceramics tradition and training to draw on, while in America the decorating staffs were often made up of girls and young women.

VICTORIAN CINDERELLAS

In the days when majolica was out of fashion, pieces could be bought in the high—or even in the low—single figures. No longer. Price and supply still vary with location, but certain guidelines hold generally.

Prices are highest for marked pieces from the major English potteries (Minton, Wedgwood, George Jones). They are lower but climbing for fine marked works from the leading American factories (Griffen, Smith and Hill; Chesapeake Pottery Company; Wannopee Pottery Company, of New Milford, Connecticut; Edwin Bennett Pottery Company; Morley & Co., of Wellsville, Ohio). But with American majolica, the absence of markings is not necessarily a defect. Some very ambitious work was left unmarked in the hope that it would be mistaken for the finest English ware. The shapes and patterns in vogue today, in no particular order, are shell and seaweed, strawberry, cauliflower, pineapple, corn, leaves, and other motifs from nature.

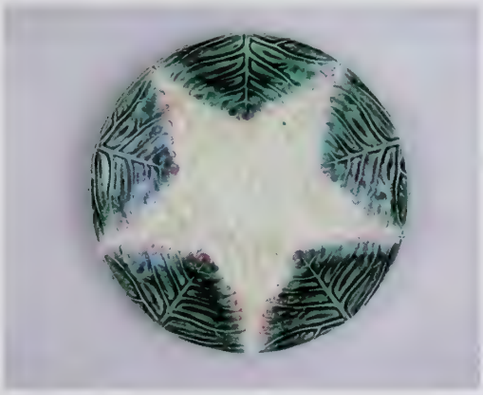
For now, a fine but commonly available plate from an English maker can still be turned up for under $100, with terrines and similar objects of medium size running several hundred dollars. Large marked pieces from England, such as umbrella stands, command prices starting at $1,300. The top price for a large and complex American piece, say, a GSH inverted-shell-and-seaweed cigar stand, is now grazing the $1,000 mark. In the stratospheric reaches of ornate English exhibition pieces (often marked by the artist as well as the manufacturer), prices can soar as high as $50,000.

JEAN KING

In the fanciful designs of majolica, form may or may not follow function. This covered dish, by George Jones, makes an appealing "garnish" for the sardines it was made to contain.

STEVEN MAYS

This pitcher, probably American, would be perfect in an earthenware menagerie.



STEVEN MAYS

The cauliflower motif combines the vegetable image with strict geometry.

STEVEN MAYS

The shells painted on this oyster plate might be mistaken for the real thing.

JEAN KING

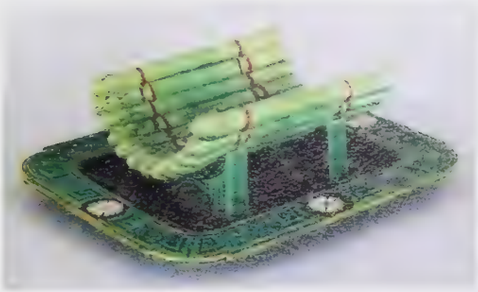
This strawberry plate, attributed to Wedgwood, has its own creamer and sugar bowl.

JEAN KING

A jug by George Jones has the stout sturdiness of an object made for use.

STEVEN MAYS

Though many collectors go after majolica f[illegible] patterned, almost abstract simplicity exemplified [illegible]



JEAN KING

The design for Minton's asparagus dish is as ingenious as it is fitting.

STEVEN MAYS

In these strange vases, tapered hands grip ears of corn like uplifted torches.

JEAN KING

Motifs from the hunt—a rabbit, a duck, and a pheasant—decorate a Holdcroft jug.

JEAN KING

The monkey on this Minton teapot has, perhaps, a vaguely Oriental air.

The table is laid in Etruscan shell-and-seaweed pattern. With its chiseled textures, deep hues, and free radial symmetry, it was a favorite in its own time and is a classic today.

"There is a spontaneity to much of the American majolica—it is like a gem in the rough compared to the very slick, sophisticated, planned work of the best English potteries," says M. Charles Rebert, a Pennsylvania majolica collector and author of a book, *American Majolica, 1850–1900.*

The same criteria of excellence apply no matter where a piece comes from. "Majolica should be crisply modeled, with wonderful, deep colors that are well defined," says Barbara Munves, of the James II Galleries, in New York. "It shouldn't be fuzzy, even if it is a 'soft' piece." It should be in mint condition—a tough requirement for objects made for use. "Condition is very important in a piece that is replaceable," says Stuart Slavid, of the Den of Antiquity, in Boston. "But if it is a piece whose form you've never seen before or a piece that is very rare, it's silly not to own it, if that is the only example you'll ever see."

There are many such instances. One of the most intriguing hallmarks of majolica is the seemingly infinite variety of its designs. "You never know what is going to turn up," says J. Garvin Mecking, who first bought majolica simply to offset the brown-furniture look of his New York antiques store and who now sells it widely to clients all over the United States. "One of the reasons majolica is so hot is that you can keep finding things that you've never seen before."

And more and more, people are enjoying living with it. "Majolica has a very warm and welcoming feeling," says the interior decorator Susan Zises Green, who is a majolica collector herself. "Even in a rather formal setting, a not quite serious accessory such as majolica is very inviting. It says, 'Come sit next to me, touch me.' It breaks the ice and is very reassuring."

There are two kinds of people: those who love majolica and those who hate it. No one is lukewarm or neutral on the subject. There are those who claim that majolica collectors have a special joy about them: a liveliness, a love of beauty, a love of nature. In the opinion of one collector, "They tend to be pretty happy people, who exude a sense of fun."

"Let's face it," says Joan Graham, co-owner with Marilyn Karmason of a two-thousand-piece collection, "life is very serious. So it's wonderful when you have something that you can come home to and smile at." □

Lisbet Nilson last reported for Connoisseur *on the ins and outs of Stockholm.*

JAN STALLER

The exotic, life-size heron and peacock in Jerome and Marilyn Hoffman's solarium are Minton originals

THE JEWELS OF GENEVA

JULIO DONOSO/CONTACT

SMILED ON BY THE SWISS GOVERNMENT, A TRADE IN THE WORLD'S FINEST GEMS IS CONDUCTED IN PERFECT ANONYMITY AND FREEDOM

BY NEIL LETSON

Geneva—clean, tidy, and God-fearing, a model city devoted to good causes, but also the pivot of the world of gems, jewelry, and precious objects. Voltaire called Geneva "a shining city . . . proud, noble, wealthy, deep, and sly." Today its economy is bulging with the wealth of countless multinational corporations attracted by tax advantages. With a quarter of its residents foreigners, and over a million tourists a year, the city is bursting at the seams, and the population of true Genevese is hard put to keep from being engulfed.

But even with its beautiful lake, the Rhône flowing majestically through the town, and Mont Blanc gazing down, Geneva is not a happy city. The spirit of Calvin, expressed in the stern, uncompromising cathedral that dominates the skyline, seems to brood like a thunderous conscience over the inhabitants. In the palatial houses of the Old Town, the great patrician families set an intimidating tone of respectability from which the lesser citizens take their example.

But it is the world capital of jewelry, and here all the elements come together that create preeminence: great merchants and designers, a boundless flow of goods, and a system that might charitably be described as lenient. Traditionally a haven for refugees from turmoil and persecution, Geneva now takes in a new kind of refugee—the fugitive from punitive taxation seeking shelter in the comforting arms of the Swiss banking system. The great virtue of this system is that the banks are not only solid but also secret, and in their vaults lie fortunes worth billions upon billions that have found safe repose because of the government's laissez-faire attitude. The Swiss do not hedge in money with restrictions. It flows in and out with minimal fuss. This ease of regulation, coupled with the banks' long-standing policy of secrecy, numbered accounts, and anonymous safe deposits, explains why Switzerland is the prime safe-deposit box of the world. It also explains why Geneva, with its tradition of fine jewelry, clocks, and watches, should have emerged as the world's greatest center for trade in gems. "What is more natural," one diamond merchant asks, "than for a person who has come to visit his money to walk across the street and look at beautiful jewels?"

For the prospective buyer, the glittering epicenter of the Geneva jewel trade is the rue du Rhône, a narrow street that in a few blocks combines the Via Condotti, Fifth Avenue, and the rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré with a typically Swiss quality of restraint. The very shop signs have become status symbols—Adler, Baszanger, Benoit de Gorski, Bertrand, Boucheron, Bucherer, Bulgari, Cartier, Chaumet, Chayto, Chopard—the list goes on and on—Fred, M. Gérard, Gérald Genta, Gilbert Albert, Gübelin, Marina B., Michaelis, Mouawad, Patek Philippe, Vacheron et Constantin, Van Cleef & Arpels, Harry Winston . . . Like everything else in this pristine mini-metropolis, the jewelry shopping center is convenient, compact, elegant, and staggeringly expensive.

Browsing about for jewelry in luxurious surroundings is routine in Geneva, and more than one firm offers favored customers a beautifully produced slide or film show while they recline on comfortable couches in large private rooms, sipping coffee or champagne. When the show ends, the multiple screens vanish silently, revealing illuminated display cases containing the very objects and jewels described in the film.

The interior decoration of many rue du Rhône shops seems vaguely similar, and while colors and textures may vary, the style remains *Star Wars* Swiss—suede with shiny metal trim, glistening lacquered ceilings, carpeted walls, exotic woods, bronze mirrors, beige everywhere. Salespeople are attentive, well-informed, multilingual, and without snobbery. Except for a buzzer at the door, security is unobtrusive. There are no uniformed guards or detectives wearing hats indoors. One feels happy, secure, and welcome.

Scenes of extraordinary excess occur, however. Consider the evening two fat Egyptian women married to Lebanese war profiteers arrived by appointment at a prominent dealer's showroom, announcing their intention of buying 300 pieces of jewelry for gifts and asking to see everything for sale. While they waited for the merchandise to appear, tray upon glittering tray, they nibbled chocolates from a huge malachite container, dropping in 500-franc notes to pay for them. When the jewelry had been selected, placed in the best leather boxes (no drawstring pouches for them), and packed into shopping bags, payment was made from a suitcase full of Swiss francs, and the treasures were loaded into the trunk of a Rolls. The women glided off into the night.

Then there is the lord of a small desert kingdom who awaits delivery of a solid-gold dinner service copied from one used by Napoleon, with the royal cipher picked out in turquoises. How many guests may inaugurate the service is not known, but the order is for 1,200 covers, not counting candelabra, tureens, and gold palm trees a foot high sprinkled with diamonds, among 250 other items.

It was the sheer weight of Middle East money that brought the Geneva jewelry market to such dizzy heights in the 1960s and 1970s, but while the Arabs cannot now be written off, their influence is less obvious. Their showy presence should not obscure the cosmopolitan scope of jewelry purchases in general. West German industrialists, Italian movie moguls, South American businessmen, Mexicans nervous about the peso, Greek shipping magnates, Americans (though fewer than in the 1960s and 1970s), and, above all, the Japanese, have succumbed to jewelry. Curiously, the Swiss themselves have little interest in owning it; an estimated 85 percent of the business is for export.

The single aspect of this great bazaar that the public can penetrate is represented by the beautiful shops and the auction houses. Gilbert Albert is the most famous of one kind of merchant, the designer-craftsman, a type whose presence goes back to the eighteenth century, when Geneva was famous for its snuff-boxes and, later, its watches. Small awnings on the shop front bear his signature-trademark, while inside, the jewels, surrounded by austere white walls, seem to [illegible] the ceilings. A stairway leads to a [illegible] display [illegible]

Where it's at: the Old Town.

JULIO DONOSO/CONTACT

THE SWISS SYSTEM MIGHT CHARITABLY BE CALLED LENIENT.

of the centuries-old walls of the Old Town.

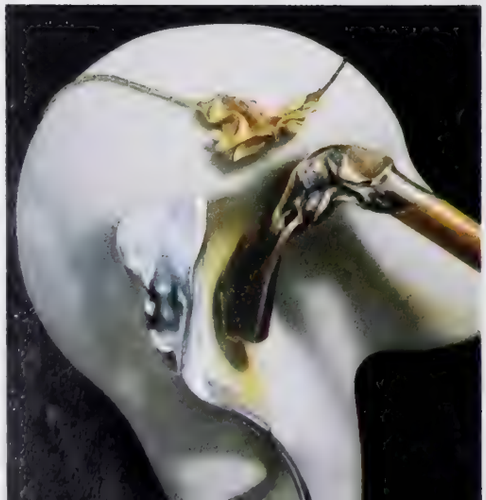
Gilbert Albert is a good-humored, articulate man, a dedicated artist who speaks his mind with polite candor. He maintains a high level of artistic integrity with an international reputation, supported by many design prizes. The forms and figures of nature recur in his designs, for it is unusual materials and natural elements—shells, coral, rare mineral crystals, ivory, fossils, and meteoric glass and metal—that stimulate his imagination.

A very different type is that of Eric Bertrand, a much younger jeweler, trained at Harry Winston and Van Cleef & Arpels. Instead of a shop on the street, he has an elegantly decorated upstairs salon. His discreet sign does not even mention jewelry. "My clients know that when they are considering an emerald necklace, for instance, there won't be others in the shop who want to change a watchband."

Bertrand opened his Geneva business in 1977 and five years later followed with a New York salon. He has introduced his own line of designs, often created around colored stones, and like most of the others has regular showings in Gstaad and Saint-Moritz in winter, Monte Carlo and Cannes in summer.

The most distinguished firm of entirely Swiss origin and management is Gübelin, as famous for its Lucerne gemological laboratory—where every dealer and auction house sends stones to be assessed—as for its jewelry. Ernest Egli, the Geneva director, explains the differences between Gübelin and shops that cater to Middle Eastern clients. "Though we don't make Arab jewelry, we welcome our Arab friends, while asking them to accept the prices marked in the showcases." Many a lesser shop, catering to Arab clients, has two prices: a firm, Swiss price and a more fluid, "Arab" one, stated in francs or dollars or in code to allow for bargaining.

Above: The designer-craftsman Gilbert Albert, surrounded by forms that inspire him. Below: Albert creations.



Geneva dealers have always done a brisk business with their French neighbors, whose market is officially controlled, but who can easily cross the border. Because of the stiff luxury tax now in force in France, buying in Switzerland offers many advantages. In a Paris shop, for example, about a third of the price of a piece of jewelry represents tax. If it is to be exported, the customer can select it in Paris and pick it up in Switzerland for 30 percent less. Some unscrupulous French dealers fail to subtract the tax in their Geneva branches, leaving ample room for bargaining in which they lose nothing.

The great Paris jewelry house of Chaumet probably sells more high-quality jewelry than any other firm in France from its magnificent headquarters, in the place Vendôme. Its Geneva shop, finished in burl walnut, bronze, and brass, is one of the most beautiful retail establishments in the world, where a full range of Chaumet jewelry designs is available, as well as objets de vertu. Every piece made is in some way individual—one of the many courtesies expected from France's oldest and most distinguished jeweler.

Other special names in the Geneva jewelry world are these:

• Cartier, which opened its Geneva branch in 1970. It takes pride in its pioneer work in art deco, now the most sought-after jewelry in the world.

• Winston, first of the great international jewelers to open a Geneva office, some twenty-five years ago. "Everyone knew when Harry Winston was in town," says the present director, Albano Bochatay. "The lobby of his hotel would fill up with Indian dealers waiting to show him their stones." Winston diamonds are still the most important stones sold anywhere, but the settings are now simpler. "The very rich are looking for a low profile."

• Van Cleef & Arpels. Their low-key salon is directed by Yvan Letourneur, who, with his wife, Liliane, is a fixture at every big social event in Europe. "Our clients are our friends," he says. The Letourneurs travel the world constantly with an annual travel-and-expense budget of half a million dollars. While Cartier and Chaumet brought the soigné avant-garde to Geneva, Van Cleef & Arpels has brought a regal distinction.

• Bulgari. The firm's director, Gianni Bulgari, emphasizes creativity. Lately he has tried to bring it to less-expensive jewelry, "where the design challenge really begins." His solution is to apply the best in industrial design to jewelry, and he looks for craftsmen with a formal art education but backgrounds in architecture, sculpture, or automotive design.

• Lombard. Something special in the world of Geneva jewelers, this fastidious man has probably sold more famous jewels than any other, including the Pearl of Asia and a Marie Antoinette parure. Jean Lombard got his start by handling with appropriate discretion the jewels of the émigrés after the Russian Revolution, and has sold many royal jewels since.

• Adler. Specialists in fine estate jewelry, the Adlers are third-generation jewelers. They are knowledgeable and keen about art deco jewelry, "but we are coming to the end of really beautiful pieces. It

Eric Bertrand's jewels: a matching necklace, ring, and earrings, and a stylized cat mask.

hurts to part with a first-rate jewel, and we hold those we cannot replace."

Of all the jewel merchants, it is the auction houses that have brought the greatest public attention to Geneva as a jewelry center in recent years, for they have handled the costliest and most renowned gems sold anywhere in the world.

they will charge in the shop. However, the proportion of private customers to dealers is low—from 10 to 25 percent. For the auction houses, the big challenge is finding suitable goods to sell; this calls for great expertise, indefatigable traveling, charm, and luck.

Christie's arrived first, in 1967, under

national society, seemed ideal, and Hapsburg was asked to join the branch. (He is now in charge of the entire European operation.) Offices were established in a sixteenth-century building in the Old Town; sales are held in the fashionable Hôtel Richemond.

Within a year of opening, Christie's

JULIO DONOSO/CONTACT

The Geneva branch of Chaumet: one of the most beautiful shops in the world.

The competition they offer the retail jewelers is not always welcome, but, as one dealer admits, they are what makes Geneva "hot." It is possible to buy and sell in any currency—though the seller may often prefer to be paid directly into his Swiss account. If the bidder knows his stuff, he can do well buying at auction, for dealers are unlikely to bid beyond half of what

the direction of Dr. Geza von Hapsburg, an archduke and great-grandson of Emperor Franz Josef of Austria who looked forward to a career as a museum curator before taking up his present occupation. Christie's was looking for an outlet for sales of modern jewelry away from London, where taxes and duty are hair-raising. Geneva, with its banks and inter-

organized the spectacular sale of the jewels of Nina Dyer, the ex-wife of Baron Thyssen and of Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan. She had recently committed suicide, and the auction was "a clamorous affair from a PR point of view," says Hapsburg. For the first time, a single jewel brought more than a million Swiss francs. Since then, world-record prices seem to have been set

CONVENIENT, COMPACT, ELEGANT, AND STAGGERINGLY EXPENSIVE.

and broken every year. Less sensational than the Dyer sale, but no less important, was the 1980 auction of Lady Deterding's jewels (she was the ostentatious wife of the president of Royal Dutch Shell); among them was the forty-carat Polar Star diamond, which brought eight million Swiss francs ($4,625,000). Of the three foreign auction houses, Christie's is the driving force that elevated Geneva to its supreme position in the world of jewelry sales.

Sotheby's came to Switzerland in 1969. After nine years in Zurich, a Geneva branch was opened in the Old Town, with a major sale shortly afterward totaling 55 million Swiss francs ($27 million)—a single pair of diamond earrings bringing 11.3 million ($6 million). Weighing 120 carats between them, they received worldwide publicity as having belonged to the ex-empress of Iran. The Khomeini lawyers managed to block the sale until Sotheby's was able to establish that the stones had nothing to do with Iran, while still preserving the seller's precious anonymity.

"The gods were at our baptism," says Nicholas Rayner, the young Geneva director of Sotheby's. It was he who decided to break the routine of May and November auctions at the Hôtel des Bergues, in Geneva, and conduct a winter sale in Saint-Moritz. "A marvelous opportunity to mix a little skiing with business," says Rayner, "and after a few slow years it has become a highlight of our sales year."

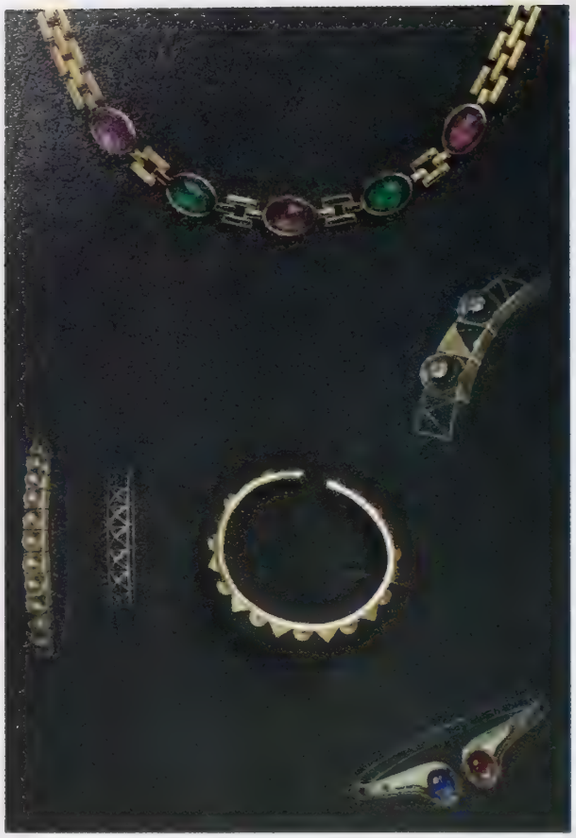
Phillips arrived on the auction scene in Geneva eight years ago and, like the other two houses, has offices in the Old Town. Sales are conducted at the Hôtel de la Paix, overlooking the lake—jewelry in the morning because it looks best in bright daylight, silver and watches later.

Above: Four jewellike watches from Gübelin. Below: From Cartier, a bracelet and ring.

Ian Blowfield, Phillips's Geneva director, travels constantly to scare up jewelry for his sales. On a recent visit to Kenya, he discovered a 9.71-carat Kashmir sapphire ring that had been left in a drawer in an unlocked house after its owner died, and probated at £328. It later sold at auction for £82,000 ($175,000)—"a nice little find," says Blowfield.

But it is not in the jewel-laden showcases of the rue du Rhône or the heady atmosphere of the salerooms that the real business of gem dealing goes on in Geneva. There are hundreds of dealers who have no showrooms and want no contact with the public. These are the stone merchants, who sell directly to the jewelry houses and conduct an enormous amount of business on a level that retail customers never know exists.

The merchants in this bazaar of precious stones come to Geneva from India, Bangkok, Sri Lanka, Israel, Thailand, Brazil, and Colombia, to walk the streets, selling cut and uncut stones from suitcases or their pockets to the top jewelry houses and to one another. They may easily do a million dollars' worth of business in half an hour. They avoid exposure; they deal only with professionals, never with the public. Yet the whole jewelry market



Bulgari: designs and realizations.

AN ACQUISTOR'S GUIDE TO JEWELRY

Geneva is without beggars, pimps, or gangsters; you can leave your car unlocked in the street. Jewel theft, however, is a subject that brings instant silence. Everyone knows thefts take place—the press is filled with shocking stories—but few are willing to discuss the details. Insurance companies will not allow reporters in, and Interpol (the international police agency, in Paris) cannot discuss such cases. Very discreet Genevese, however, will admit that jewels are now stolen on assignment by thieves working an international circuit in resort centers all over the world. Careful records are kept of important sales and are correlated with social events and other prominent occasions when gems may be worn.

When jewels are stolen in this way, they are unlikely to reappear. They are not broken up, recut, or fenced; instead, they vanish into private hoards, in the Middle East or elsewhere, where vast collections are being formed by people who have no need to resell the stones. They are building collections that may some day form the backup for unstable currencies and that are said to rival those of the Indian maharajahs.

Visitors to Geneva who prefer buying jewels to heisting them may find the experience bittersweet, but the actual financial transaction is made as painless as possible. In the auction houses, the same conditions of sale apply in Geneva as in New York or London—cash. In the shops, multilingual employees are able to give an instant calculation in dollars, yen, or marks, although the price tag is usually coded or quoted in Swiss francs—roughly two to the dollar. Credit cards are a part of life.

For the very rich, matters are usually handled by the client's agent, and if the purchase is a major one, it can be delivered wherever in the world the buyer wishes. The goods may never leave Switzerland or may simply be transferred from one bank to another. Almost any convenient method of payment can be arranged, and financial matters are handled quickly and nonchalantly.

In some establishments, particularly those with a large Arab clientele, bargaining does take place as a matter of routine. Although most firms flatly deny that more than one price exists, the fact is that negotiation is almost always possible, depending on the client's record with the firm and the amount of the purchase. While it is alien to the Swiss nature to haggle, getting the best price possible is not.

For Americans returning with important jewelry purchases, the U.S. Customs Service requires that all purchases be declared, to avoid confiscation and heavy penalties. The duty on precious-metal-mounted jewelry was lowered on January 1, 1984, from 9.3 percent to 8.6 percent, and by 1987 this figure will have dropped to 6.5 percent—good news for the American traveler, who must pay duty on everything exceeding $400 in value. Some unmounted precious and semiprecious stones enter free, while 2.3 percent is charged on most other stones.

JULIO DONOSO/CONTACT

SECRECY AND ANONYMITY CHARACTERIZE ALL DEALINGS IN GENEVA.

depends on them—anonymous men who put their own money up front. They may do as much business in hotel bedrooms as the auction houses do at their spectacular May and November sales.

Secrecy, anonymity—these are characteristic not only of the stone dealers but of all who buy and sell in Geneva. When asked about specific important gems to be sold within the next few months, dealers close ranks and form a wall of silence. Publicity about the sale of major stones is avoided for reasons other than security. Inherent in the legitimate business of buying and selling gems are such intangibles as smuggling, bribery, and tax evasion, any of which may often be decisive in closing a deal.

The buyer of important items wants total anonymity, and sellers are concerned to guarantee it. "We have to be more than careful," says one auction-house director. In spite of the brouhaha about the Arabs, the most important buyers are the very rich Europeans, people with numbered Swiss accounts who are not at all keen to be seen in street-front shops or in the well-publicized auction rooms, with their TV cameras. If they want to buy at auction, they inspect the goods ahead of time in the bank and bid through agents. When they purchase at retail, they look for utter privacy and can be sure of finding it.

This unfettered buying and selling has made Geneva the jewel capital of the world for the simple reason that the Swiss government, since 1967, has done everything in its power to make it easy and attractive. The duty on imported goods is based on weight, not value: a kilo of rubies is the same as a kilo of lead; a Rembrandt painting is assessed by the weight of its frame. The only tax is a 6.2 percent sales tax, which is included in the retail price of a jewel and paid only by Swiss residents. Nothing is easier than to get a wholesaler's license, which gives any dealer the right to import goods on a temporary basis and to store them—no matter how many millions of francs' worth—in a duty-free customs house. Here he can deal with clients, paying never a cent of tax, since the jewels are not, properly speaking, imported at all. Many firms abroad use Geneva as a storage depot, since it is easier and cheaper to send someone to pick up an item than to keep it in a vault in London. Again, if a dealer does not turn a reasonable profit on sales, having a Geneva office is a useful way of moving funds to Switzerland's cozy tax climate.

Above: Geza von Hapsburg, director of Christie's, Geneva. Below: An art nouveau brooch sold at Christie's for S.F. 70,000.

International politics and economics are fraught with uncertainties, but the Geneva jewel merchants believe their future is bright. Most readily admit that changes in fashion will alter the kind of jewelry sold but not the quantity. As one dealer puts it, "The great strength of jewelry throughout history, apart from its beauty, has been not that you make money by owning it, but rather that you do not lose." □

THE SPONTANEOUS CHEF FREDY GIRARDET

THIS INSPIRED SWISS MAY BE THE WORLD'S GREATEST CUISINIER

BY GEOFFREY WHEATCROFT
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT FRESON

"Crissier isn't the prettiest of villages, I suppose," says its most famous son. As the wrought-iron sign above his door announces, he is Fredy Girardet, Cuisinier. It's true, great restaurants are often set in unprepossessing surroundings. Alain Chapel's, outside Lyons, is an undistinguished building on a dusty road looking at nowhere. And Michel Guérard made his reputation at the old Pot au Feu, in a Paris suburb.

It is not for the view that thousands

Loup de mer aux moules: *take pristine fish and m*

come to Crissier, an unattractive suburb of Lausanne, from all over Europe and America. They come to eat at Girardet's astonishing restaurant. Since there is no Swiss Michelin guide, it has no stars, but if there were, it would easily rate three. Michelin's irrepressible rivals, Gault and Millau, have lavished their highest praise on Girardet. He is without question in the

and—more to the point—some of his

professional rivals, speaking privately, would say that Girardet is simply the best, anywhere.

Although he cooks in the French tradition, Fredy Girardet is entirely Swiss, "*un pur produit helvétique,*" as he puts it. His parents were running a restaurant in Crissier, "a simple bistro for working people," at the time when he was born, forty-seven years ago. He first learned to cook by watching his father in the kitchen; the father died some years ago, but Girardet's delightful mother still helps in the restaurant. "But I had no ambition to be a chef. When I was fifteen, the only thing I wanted was to be a football player." By football, he means, of course, soccer, one of his ruling passions, which he played as a semipro for more than ten years.

"My parents didn't encourage me especially to work in the catering trade. They knew all too well about the hours, always working on Sunday and so on." He first trained to be a printer's compositor but soon returned to the kitchen. After "a conventional apprenticeship" in the Grand Chêne, a Lausanne restaurant, he moved back up the hill to Crissier. Even when he was no more than the chef-patron of a village inn, there were some who discerned his talent.

But it was not until the late 1960s that his life was changed. On a couple of visits to the Troisgros brothers' restaurant, in the upper Loire valley, he experienced a Pauline conversion. "It was a revelation. I'd had no idea what cooking could be, what its possibilities were." He came home determined to explore those possibilities and "to reevaluate my life."

There he remained, and since his apprenticeship he has never wandered outside his own kitchen, never moved, as almost all French chefs do in the early part of their careers, from one restaurant to another. He simply taught himself to be a great chef. "Yes, I'm an autodidact," he smiles—a slight, faraway smile. His appearance has been described as that of "a chef from central casting," but you might just as well say he looks the part of a distinguished doctor or academic. He has quiet, Swiss charm.

Things moved fast. He negotiated with the village authorities to buy the old town hall, to which he moved his restaurant in 1969. The words "Hôtel de Ville" remain on the stone pediment. At first the bistro was part of the new restaurant, but as his reputation soared, it went. "Then we built the salon upstairs; it would have been in

Gratin de poires William au caramel.

seventy-five." Now the world is his to command.

What makes Fredy Girardet a great chef? Part of it is unanalyzable brilliance, a God-given flair. In his case there is also something more prosaic, perfectly illustrating Goethe's definition of genius: an infinite capacity for taking pains. Girardet is up early and goes to bed late. He supervises the buying of foodstuffs—local meat ("except for Scotch lamb"), fish flown in daily from Paris, and vegetables from the nearby market—choosing with meticulous care. (There is a little garden at the back for herbs.) This work on the raw materials is essential.

He is not the only master of the nouvelle cuisine who now winces at the name. "The thing has got out of hand. There are young people today without any maturity, doing completely perverse things in the name of this nouvelle cuisine. And, you see, they have no grounding, no training in the elements, the old skills. In any case, I prefer to speak of a *cuisine des produits,* carefully chosen materials, or a *cuisine des saisons.* I like things to follow the rhythm of nature. Strawberries in January—to me, that's an aberration. It falsifies life."

Every day Fredy Girardet finishes his own lunch by eleven-fifteen—often a robust plateful of Alsatian sausages and sauerkraut. By then the kitchen is humming. In this industrious land where so many people are in their offices at eight-thirty, the restaurant will start to receive customers not long after noon and will be full by twenty to one. He walks briskly around the kitchen, from the most distant, pâtisserie section, then to fish—two boys preparing trayloads of scallops, crayfish, and red mullet—then to meat, then to the central stove, the dozen gas rings, the "piano" of a dozen and a half plates at different temperatures. As the patron, Girardet does not merely cook; he animates and inspires. "It's like being the captain of a football team. I call the plays."

All of this I watched with awe. For my first lunch, I had been placed at Girardet's own little table in a corner of the kitchen and from that intimate viewpoint followed the final preparation and service of elaborate meals amounting to just under six dozen lunches.

At one moment, Fredy Girardet is checking an order as it goes over the counter; then he takes a roasting duck from the oven and prods it a couple of times; then he passes a boy tending a pan of sauce, takes the pan, tastes with his thumb, reaches for a whisk and beats for a minute till the texture satisfies him. There is no doubt that his phrase is right: he is a captain of men, a leader who inspires by his presence. Unlike some famous chefs of the age, he has not turned himself into an industry: no TV shows, no shops in Paris,

FREDY SUGGESTS A DINNER

La terrine de légumes à l'huile de noisettes
Vin: Sarraux Dessous (Bolle), 1978

La cassolette de truffes fraîches aux cardons
Le petit chou farci de langoustine au beurre de beluga
La paupiette de filet de sole et Saint-Jacques aux pistils de safran
Vin: Dézaley (Gaston Chappuis), 1978

Le coeur de pigeon de Bresse poêlé aux échalotes et au persil

Les fromages de la région

Le gratin d'oranges Madame France
Vin: Gevrey-Chambertin "Les Cazetiers" (Leroy), 1967
Les glaces à la crème et les jus de fruits glacés
Le mille-feuille à l'ananas
Café

Price, including wines, about 200 Swiss francs per person ($100)

no range of products for sale. "Sometimes I have to go to a professional convention somewhere, but I like to come back as soon as possible." Essentially, he is there when the restaurant is open—Tuesday to Saturday, all year round except during the two annual breaks, Christmas to mid-January, late July to mid-August.

Two lunches provided an opportunity to sample a wide range of Girardet's specialties. First came his famous onion tart, a simple, perfect quiche; then a fish dish. It might be a shelled lobster claw and a portion of langoustine laid on a plate with a long streak—no more—of anise-based sauce; or a scallop poached inside a cabbage leaf. "The great thing is contrast. I like to have maybe three different kinds of fish and three different sauces." Contrast—and improvisation. He is forever experimenting. That very morning he was trying a new way of cooking red mullet, with slivers of black and green olives stuffed in the flesh. His only cookbook so far is called *La Cuisine Spontanée*. (A translation will be published next fall.)

And then pasta—three flower-shaped ravioli, stuffed with nothing more exotic than pureed parsley and dotted with a truffle sauce—followed by butter-soft noisettes of lamb, or perhaps veal kidneys with a sauce of cream and thyme. He advises cooking the kidneys with some of their fat left on—"It gives a better flavor."

The peaceful end of the meal comes with the cheeses, several Swiss varieties some of which are never seen outside the country, including four farmhouse Gruyères of varying shades of sweetness and strength. Then some eight sorbets and ices—an egg-size portion of each arranged on the plate—and the puddings and pâtisseries. I tried two Girardet favorites, a hot gratin of oranges—three little segments floating on a cream sauce—and the passion-fruit soufflé. But they were surpassed by two quite plain pastries, one lined with baked sugar and cream, another with a stew of apples and pears cooked slowly overnight.

I could only sample, not examine, the full range of the Girardet menu. The back of the card lists several dozen *spécialités et compositions* in his repertoire. One ferociously keen admirer is a Californian nuclear physicist. On his last Swiss holiday he ate no fewer than fifteen meals *chez* Fredy, and he "didn't have a single course twice."

Like other French restaurants of its stature, Girardet's has a splendid wine list, with suitably splendid prices. For those with the capacity and inclination to pay, there are 1945 Château Lafite and Château Latour, both at 850 Swiss francs ($390) a bottle, or a 1953 Château Pétrus, at 740 francs ($340), or a Grands Echezeaux 1961, for 320 ($146). Girardet has a strong line of Swiss wines too. I enjoyed a white Humagne from the Valais, and another from that canton, a Dôle Fin Bec, at 40 and 45 francs ($18 and $21) respectively. Even drinking local wine and, like about half the customers, eating from the set menu—four courses and cheese—one may recoil at the check. But this is no family café; there are eighteen people working in the kitchen and twelve in the restaurant. And you will not eat like this again for a long time. It is an incomparable, inimitable experience.

And it is one that can be enjoyed only in Crissier. Fredy Girardet has been under every kind of pressure to expand or move. If he agreed to open a restaurant in Manhattan he could write his own contract and name his own salary. But he won't move. "Why should I? I grew up here; they are my people. Maybe not the prettiest of villages, but it's my home." □

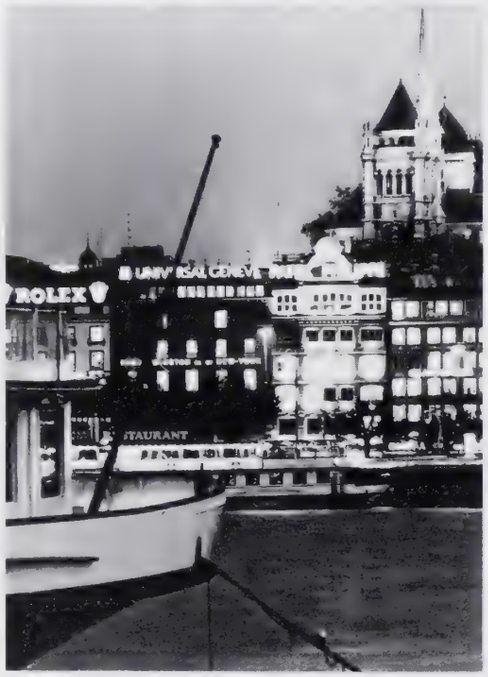
The dining room: little to distract one from the serious business at hand.

Crissier is just outside Lausanne and thirty-seven miles northeast of Geneva. Visitors may dine at Girardet's restaurant Tuesdays through Saturdays; last order taken at 9:00 P.M. A la carte dinner entrées are from $18 to $26. No credit cards accepted. Write: Girardet, Hôtel de Ville, 1023 Crissier, [illegible]nd; telephone: 21-34.15.14.

[illegible]ffrey Wheatcroft writes a food column for the Sunday Times *of London.*

The place du Bourg-de-Four, in the Old Town, where a long past is still preserved.

FIVE KEYS TO GENEVA



BY MARY KRIENKE

DINING, HOTELS, ART, SHOPPING, AFTER HOURS

Though the Grand Théâtre's stage is immense, the house seats only 1,488.

While it plays gracious host to diplomats, foreign ministers, and heads of state, Geneva is often criticized, not quite fairly, as being "unfriendly." Robert Vieux, the chief of protocol for the canton of Geneva, attributes this charge to a natural reserve on the part of the Genevese, who find themselves a minority in their own hometown. Statistics show that Geneva (population: 154,000) is almost equally divided into Genevese, other Swiss, and foreigners. Celebrities pass through unnoticed. Privacy is practiced as a fine art.

It is a city of surprise and paradox. Thanks to Calvin, it became the Protestant Rome; because of "Citizen" Jean-Jacques Rousseau (who was run out of town), a cradle of modern democratic thinking. Today, it is a center of world diplomacy, finance, and culture. While recent national elections brought a resurgence of the Swiss Right, in May Geneva will be rotating a Communist mayor into office.

Anarchy? Hardly. The city functions with the proverbial precision of a Swiss watch, as its luxury hotels eloquently attest. Clustered along the waterfront are such intimate retreats as the historic Beau Rivage, 13, quai du Mont Blanc (telephone: 022-31.02.21), the last home of the duke of Brunswick, whose largesse subsidized the construction of the Grand Théâtre; Hôtel Richemond, Jardin Brunswick (31.14.00), whose lively blend of Old World elegance and modern informality sets the scene for May and November auctions at Christie's; and the Hôtel des Bergues, 33, quai des Bergues (31.50.50), still chic at the age of one hundred and fifty, where Sotheby's puts jewelry and small precious objects on the block semi-annually. Prices for a double in all these hostelries are in the 200-to-300-Swiss-francs range, which at present translates to roughly 100 to 150 U.S. dollars. (Figure two francs per dollar, except at the money changers'.) Suites run from 650 to 850 francs except at the Beau Rivage, which charges as much as 1,100 francs. Travelers who come to Geneva for the superb shopping gravitate to the Hôtel Métropole, 34, quai Général-Guisan (21.13.44), on the other side of the lake, whose "backdoor" opens onto the rue du Rhône, Geneva's answer to the rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré. Here they can accomplish in one hassle-free day feats that would take many far more troublesome ones in Paris. (Prices are more or less on a par with those in the French capital, but the French prices include a value-added tax that with much rigamarole can be reclaimed when goods are taken out of the country. So, Switzerland may cost you more.)

Smaga's "Pearls"

In the way of fashion, the city offers a somewhat more conservative distillation of the best of Paris and Milan, and an ambience that allows the serious shopper to go about her business without unwelcome distractions. Until the late fifties, basic black was the preferred understatement, but Anita Smaga went into business with her dressmaker in 1961 and changed all that. Today Smaga ranks among the world's smartest fashion retailers. "My pearls," as she calls her string of boutiques on the rue du Rhône, offer the likes of Yves Saint Laurent, Ungaro, Valentino, Mila Schoen, and Fendi.

Which is not to say she has the fashion scene sewn up. Löw, also on the rue du Rhône, is part of a Swiss chain representing top Italian names. Some of these are also to be found down the street at Arode, which proudly features Armani and other fashion leaders from south of the Swiss border.

Accessories are no less excellently represented. Hermès, Walter Steiger, and Bru-

In this monument, the city commemorates the largesse of the duke of Brunswick.

Geneva's promenades are laid out on a spacious, yet inviting, scale.

no Magli have hung out their shingles on the rue du Rhône, while Gucci and Louis Vuitton have staked out the rue du Marché, one block away.

The *Schweizer Museumsführer* (Guide to Swiss Museums), published by Haupt, gives seventeen Geneva listings for devotees of everything from ethnography, the history of science, and the life and works of Henry Dunant (founder of the Red Cross) to the French philosopher Voltaire and postage stamps. Among the prize pieces at the Musée d'Art et d'Histoire (2, rue Charles-Galland): Swiss Renaissance altar paintings by Konrad Witz, depicting biblical scenes peopled by his own compatriots in their own landscape; an anonymous *Sabina Poppaea* from the sixteenth-century Fontainebleau school (one glimpse of her will repay your trip to the city); the serene, composed portraits of Liotard; and, closer to our own time, some breathtaking Corots. Lovers of art nouveau will have trouble tearing themselves away from a choice array of the style's jewels and glass. The Musée du Petit Palais (2, terrasse Saint-Victor), offers an offbeat and grand tour of French painting from 1880 to 1930, chock-full of also-rans who, in profusion, seem surprisingly good. And the city does honor to its own crafts genius at the Musée de l'Horlogerie et de l'Emaillerie (15, route de Malagnou), where the enameled mythologies on timepieces by such masters as Jean-Pierre Huaud (active around 1700) still cast their voluptuous spell.

Elegant Dining

To pick you up after the pleasures of the day, there are innumerable culinary options. The meteoric rise of Fredy Girardet (see "The Spontaneous Chef," page 82) has boosted the respectability of Swiss cuisine, and a bevy of young chefs in Geneva and environs are doing their part to elevate it further. Louis Pelletier is riding a crest of acclaim at Le Marignac, in nearby Grand-Lancy (94.04.24). Order the *menu dégustation* and delight in scallops sautéed in vinegar and shreds of endive, duck livers, and truffles, an improbable but delicious saltimbocca of turbot and salmon, saddle of hare with artichokes and wild mushrooms (in season), and an exquisite array of desserts. Gérard Bouilloux's Vieux-Moulin, in Troinex (42.29.56), also outside the city proper, tempts patrons with such specialties as fricassee of lobster, sweetbread salad, and steamed bass stuffed with morels. On the banks of the Rhône in the heart of the financial district is Jean-Paul Goddard's Le Béarn (21.00.28), whose light, inventive menus change constantly. Fish fanciers should head for Le Duc, on the quai du Mont Blanc (31.73.30), where freshness is of such a high order that they close for the day whenever the Geneva airport is fogged in.

Visitors from Byron onward have taken to the charming lakeside manor houses.

To be sought out for their spectacular setting as much as their excellent cuisine are the Auberge du Lion-d'Or, in Cologny (36.44.32), the city's choicest residential area; the Perle du Lac (31.35.04), in the exquisite Parc Mon Repos (both named by Lord Byron, who sojourned across the lake); and the somewhat grander Le Parc des Eaux-Vives, in the park of the same name (35.41.40). Prices at the premier restaurants have of late been holding at 80 to 100 francs ($40 to $50) for dinner, wine not included.

Into the Night

Switzerland isn't known for its hot nightlife, and Geneva, so cosmopolitan in other respects, still fits a pretty staid mold in this one. There are, however, a few possibilities for carrying on beyond dinner. Griffin's Club is a private spot of long-standing popularity. At the Noga Hilton, you may enjoy checking out the outpost Régine set up a few years back, or attending one of the big-name shows—featuring (alternately) classical headliners and pop idols—offered in the hotel's Grand Casino. Here you will also find Geneva's only gambling tables. The game is roulette, at five francs a throw. Bigger spenders should motor the extra twenty kilometers to Divonne, where stakes match the gambling capacities of the Arab sheikhs who number among the regulars. □

Mary Krienke, an American expatriate living in Geneva, is a free-lance journalist.

BY BRUCE PORTER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY GROSKINSKY

THE GREGORIAN AGE

THE RENAISSANCE OF THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

For New Yorkers, there was something ominous about the full-page advertisement in the morning newspapers. A photograph showed the two lions of the New York Public Library, but instead of flanking the familiar Renaissance building that dominates Fifth Avenue at Forty-second Street, they were presiding above an empty space that had been paved over into a parking lot. "New York without the New York Public Library?" the copy asked. "It could happen, if you don't help."

As a money-raising gimmick, the advertisment was intentionally hyperbolic; nevertheless, unlike the premature obituary of Mark Twain, it did not greatly exaggerate the imminent peril of the library. Much of its vast collection of seven million volumes, one of the six great holdings in the world, was, for lack of air conditioning, crumbling into cornflakes. Rare-book and manuscript dealers, who in the past had looked to the library to buy such treasures as Columbus's letter to Queen Isabella or T. S. Eliot's typescript of *The Waste Land*, now turned first to libraries in Texas, California, and Cambridge when selling premium materials. "If we did go out to buy something," recalls Donald

Carrère and Hastings designed the beaux arts building in 1897.

Anderle, director of Special Collections, "we'd be met with 'Oh, I didn't know you were still in the market.'"

Even the library's elegant beaux arts building, one of the city's few remaining examples of great classical architecture, had its woes, suffering a leaky roof, falling cornices, and an interior whose grandness had been severely diminished by clumsy alteration. Worse yet, the library had started to become irrelevant as a research institution. With its visiting hours cut back to forty-three (from eighty-seven) a week, patronage fell from a high of three million, in 1960, to one million by 1980. "It was a terribly distressing period," recalls Lola Szladits, curator of the Berg Collection of English and American literature. "There was an overwhelming sense of doom around here."

The New York Public Library's President Vartan Gregorian in his second-floor office.

To fastidious patrons it is still a little distressing even today to pick one's way through the winos, junkies, and delusionaries lining the front steps. But the sense of doom has vanished, and the institution itself is in a process of rejuvenation that three years ago would have seemed almost miraculous. Much of the renewal is purely physical: the roof has been fixed; the facade is being cleaned; $40 million worth of renovations are under way to restore NYPL to museumlike elegance; air conditioning is being installed throughout the eight stories of stacks.

The library has also started to regain its reputation for acquisitiveness. Although it lost out in June of 1983 in a much-publicized bidding war for the $5.2 million Igor Stravinsky papers to a Swiss tranquilizers heir from Berne, a month later, the library acquired—at less than half their value—about $1 million worth of Herman Melville papers that had been lying around in a barn in upstate New York. It was the most important Melville find since the *Billy Budd* manuscript turned up, in the 1920s.

Some of the library's rebirth is connected to the general upswing in the economy. To most minds, however, the real credit goes to a pudgy, slightly rumpled Armenian academic by the name of Vartan Gregorian. Formerly provost of the University of Pennsylvania, Gregorian took over the library presidency in July of 1981 and since that time has effected a transformation that among large cultural institutions is recognized as unprecedented. "What he did was turn around a leviathan in a bathtub," says the library trustee Richard Salomon, who is also chairman of the board of trustees at Brown University. "It's hard to believe that the influence of one man did so much in so short a time."

Sporting a Brillo-pad goatee and an upright shock of wiry hair that gives him an expression of mild surprise, Gregorian exhibits an ebullient Mediterranean style that stands in sharp contrast to the waspish reserve that traditionally characterizes library management. In the past the library curators glimpsed their president barely twice a year, over a decorous lunch in his office. Gregorian, who insists that everyone call him "Greg," has conferred with his curators twenty or thirty times since his arrival and constantly charges through the musty halls seeking out ideas or pressing schemes of his own. "There's a sense of fun and excitement that wasn't here before," says Leonard Gold, curator of the 200,000-volume Jewish Collection. "You feel an openness to ideas, an eagerness to hear what you have to say."

In dealing with politicians and potential donors, Gregorian exudes a magnetism that seems to have mesmerized everyone from Mayor Edward Koch to the arts patron Brooke Astor. "When I was first introduced to him he threw his arms around me," says Margaret Child, assistant director of the Smithsonian Institution Libraries, who was an official of the National Endowment for the Humanities when it gave Gregorian the largest grant in the endowment's history. "I was just an anonymous civil servant, and he made me feel like a heroine."

A pride of twenty-three Literary Lions at a $1,000-a-plate library fund-raiser dinner.

Gregorian's vision of what the library should be doing breaks decisively with the recent past. In his speeches he harks back to the first great library, in Alexandria, two thousand years ago, which instead of being a mere repository acted as an engine for generating ideas and knowledge. "Libraries should be in

The Main Reading Room, on the third floor, lies beyond the door on the left. The arch at right leads to the Photographic Services Department.

the business of accosting people, making them think, challenging their ideas," says Gregorian, who got his doctorate, in European history and humanities, from Stanford University.

To create an aura of literary excitement, he instituted "Literary Lions" evenings, charging $1,000 a plate to patrons who want to dine while talking with the likes of Toni Morrison, Henry Kissinger, and Robert Penn Warren. He lured the American Book Awards Committee into moving their annual prize-giving ceremony out of hotel ballrooms and into the library's mammoth reading room. To entice the general public back into the library, he offers readings by figures such as Jason Robards, Jr. Exhibitions, especially those involving its exquisite Prints Collection, have increased sixfold under Gregorian; and, in addition, $1.6 million was raised to renovate a main-floor gallery that promises to be one of the most impressive exhibition spaces in the city.

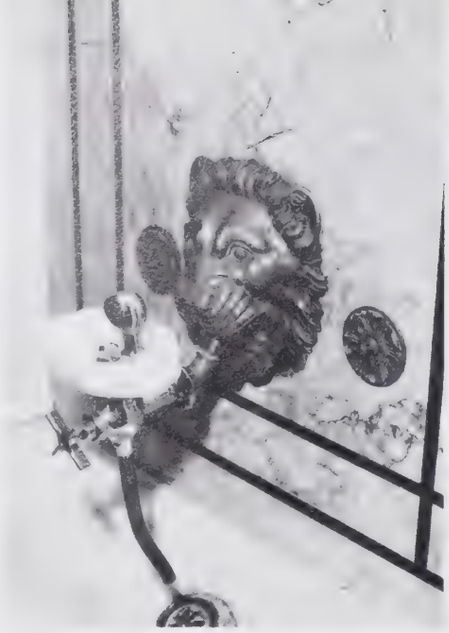
In effect, Gregorian is making the library into something of a museum, an idea that has ruffled the feathers of those who think money should be spent on conserving and improving the collection rather than showing it off. "Some of us feel that he's more show than substance," said a librarian at the general reference desk. "There's a wait-and-see attitude about whether what he's doing really will result in long-term improvements."

Gregorian's answer to such criticism is that stirring up excitement over the library is the only way to make it survive. "When I get through," he says, "the public is going to regard the library as the central cultural institution of the city."

As repositories of culture, the New York Public Library's peers are the national libraries of Great Britain, France, and the Soviet Union, the Harvard University Library, and the Library of Congress. NYPL has such an immense inventory at its Forty-second Street building, along with the large annex alongside the Hudson River, that not even the library's two hundred curators and librarians know all of what's there. Its rare-book collection contains 100,000 volumes; it is estimated that another 100,000 volumes are lying undiscovered somewhere along the 100 miles of shelving in the open stacks. Last year, a librarian going through the stacks stumbled on a picture book containing photographic plates of Abu Simbel taken by the pioneer photographer Maxime DuCamp during a trip to Egypt with Gustave Flaubert. A single DuCamp plate sold at a London auction for just under

$4,000; the book found in the library contains 122 of them.

In amassing its store—something the NYPL has been doing ever since it was created out of the private collections of John Jacob Astor and James Lenox, in 1895—the curators sweep pretty much everything into the library's huge maw. "In choosing what to collect our motto was always 'When in doubt, buy,' " says Juanita Doares, an associate director who has been at the library for thirty-five years. Among their purchases are the Declaration of Independence in the hand of Thomas Jefferson; the official gazette of the Island of Guadeloupe from 1891 to 1942; Theodore Dreiser's typescript of *Sister Carrie,* annotated in pencil; George Washington's penned farewell address to his troops; a complete collection of *Screw* magazine. "Our job is to document the whole culture, not just the most worthy aspects," explains Rodney Phillips, chief of the general research division.



Gregorian saw the handwriting on the wall—the broken water fountains, the dusty books in the stacks—and he began to make some plans to change things.

It is the Special Collections, however, that give the NYPL its particular luster. Among them is the Spencer Collection of fine bindings and illustrated works, including the $1 million Tickhill Psalter of 1310, which can be examined only in the presence of a curator. There is the Arents Collection, endowed by George Arents, Jr., a cigarette-making-machine magnate, whose thousands of books all contain some allusion, however slight, to tobacco. Half the manuscript of Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest* is in the collection because the stage directions call for the presence of a cigarette case.

The jewel of the collections is one donated in the early 1940s by Dr. Albert A. Berg, a New York physician and book collector, and Owen D. Young, chairman of the board of General Electric. Its 120,000 items include 3,000 letters, manuscripts, or original editions of Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau, Twain, Irving, and Whitman. There are fewer than two dozen extant copies of the first edition of Poe's poem "Tamerlane," and the Berg has two of them. Eliot's *The Waste Land* is typed out on white quarter sheets, with room in the margins for suggestions scrawled by Ezra Pound. The poem is accompanied by *Waste Land* memorabilia, such as a £4.4 bill from Eliot's stay at the Albermarle Hotel at Margate ("On Margate Sands./I can connect/Nothing with nothing").

About a thousand scholars apply annually to be let into the paneled reading room of the Berg, and its curator can exert considerable influence over what gets read and what doesn't. From 1958 through 1969, the Berg amassed the most complete set of Virginia Woolf manuscripts anywhere, including the diaries, letters, novels, and poetry. As part of the batch, it got the letters of Woolf to Vita Sackville-West, which give strong intimation of more than a platonic relationship. When Szladits took the letters to the then Berg curator, John Gordan, he brushed them aside. " 'Oh, English ladies have a way of addressing each other in more endearing ways than you or I are used to,' he told me." Gordan read more deeply, however, and found the sexual interpretation inescapable. He was so sensitive to their delicate, personal nature that he refused to list the letters in the catalogue of Woolf material. It was not until 1973, after Gordan's death and the succession of Szladits to the curatorship, that the existence of the letters was announced to literary scholars.

Like many of the books it shelters, the Forty-second Street building evokes a past that will never be seen again. Designed in 1897 by Carrère and Hastings, the architects who built the House and Senate office buildings, the structure has a basic plan inspired by the architecture of ancient Greece and Rome, filtered through the aestheticism of the Italian Renaissance. Its marble—the library contains more marble than any other building in the United States—came from Vermont, Italy, France, and Greece. The Periodicals Room was inspired by the interiors of Florentine palazzos. The reading room—known simply as Room 315—is a tenth of a mile long and fifty feet high.

The façade of the library is being cleaned, part of a $40 million renovation program.

While practically nothing was done to preserve the building

or its ornaments since its completion, in 1911, over the years plenty of effort went into giving it a wrenching accommodation to the late twentieth century. Holes for water pipes were punched into its floors and ceilings; linoleum was laid over Welsh quarry tile; even the drinking fountains, originally designed so that water spurted out of the mouth of a lion, were rebuilt with prosaic porcelain basins that look as if they belong in the men's room of a subway station.

Lola Szladits, curator of the Berg Collection of English and American literature.

Most of the damage is slowly being undone, albeit at considerable expense. In the redoing of the Periodicals Room, it cost $4,000 to reproduce the top of one of the original library tables. The tables are twenty feet long, are inlaid with seven varieties of wood, and have legs hand carved with the seal of New York. There are several hundred of them in the library.

Doing something about the deteriorating condition of the books poses a far greater challenge. High temperatures activate molecules in book paper, and subsequent temperature changes cause the books to expand and contract violently, tearing apart the structure of wood cells. Pages lose their resiliency, become brittle, and crack. To calm down the molecules, preservationists recommend that the temperature be kept at about sixty-five degrees and relative humidity at between 40 and 50 percent. Conditions in the Special Collections divisions approach these standards, but until this year the general stacks could get as sultry as the city streets. "Every time I go in there I get sick to my stomach," says John Baker, chief of conservation, who estimates that nearly half the collection has been irretrievably lost.

One way to save books is to give them each a bath in a solution that washes out the harmful acids put into the paper during its manufacture. Then the pages must be reinforced with Japanese rice paper and encased in Mylar envelopes. This costs about $500 a book. A cheaper alternative is to put the collection on microfilm, something that is now done to about 12,000 volumes a year. But photographing a book often requires taking it apart—and when the book is dilapidated, there's no way to put it back together. "In microfilming you've preserved the intellectual content, but you've lost the book as an artifact," says Leonard Gold.

Until recently, the library was hard put to find money for either effort. During the 1970s, the library's private endowment, which helps to pay for running the research institution at Forty-second Street, lost considerable value because of the stagnated stock market and high rate of inflation. Contributions from the city, which pays for operating the eighty-two lending-library branches, were cut back because of New York's fiscal crisis. At one point, part of NYPL's budget was being deficit-financed out of its endowment; had this continued, the library eventually would have had to shut down. To forestall that eventuality, management cut about 20 percent of the staff, reduced visiting hours, and stopped collecting in certain areas of science and technology. This was the time of the great gloom.

Gregorian's arrival in New York coincided with a depressing moment in what had been a remarkable career. Born in Tabriz, Iran, and raised by his grandmother, he acquired a dedication to hard work. Schooled in Beirut, Gregorian won a fellowship to Stanford and began his teaching career at San Francisco State College. With an enthusiasm for ideas that transcended the politics of the 1960s, he had a Pied Piper effect on students. When he left San Francisco for the University of Texas, in 1968, his good-bye party was thronged with everyone from PLO sympathizers to Zionists, Communists, and members of the Young Americans for Freedom. At the University of Pennsylvania, where, in 1974, he became the school's first dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, he was usually inundated with protesters because he was the only administrator who never locked his door.

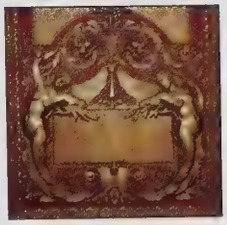
Gregorian was made provost at Penn in 1978. Several weeks later, he was offered the chancellorship of the University of California at Berkeley, but he turned it down because he had promised to stay at Penn for at least two more years. In 1980, when the Penn presidency opened up, he applied. "I told them that, if they were going to go outside for the president, they should give me some warning so I could back out gracefully." The search committee chose Sheldon Hackney, then president of Tulane University, and Gregorian heard about it over his car radio. Angry and hurt, he quit his job as provost and, when it was offered, accepted the presidency of the New York Public Library. He finally decided to take the job, he says, when one library trustee told him, "You have to come to New York, because when you hit a home run it should be in Yankee Stadium."

It is not in his nature to look back, and Gregorian has not regretted his decision. Nor has his wife, Clare, whom he met at Stanford. As the wife of a librarian she attends library committee meetings and is a volunteer in the literacy program. "I see myself as a quiet liaison, another track for people to take to get a hold of Greg," she says. The couple have three sons. For recreation Gregorian likes watching old cowboy flicks—Hopalong Cassidy is a favorite—and any movie where the hero doesn't die.

Gregorian has brought fresh ideas to the New York Public Library and a considerable amount of money: some $6 million to the endowment, which he hopes to double from $126 to $250 million in two more years, and an additional $3 million in annual giving. He is particularly good at engaging the interest of the rich. "He's not afraid of people with a lot of money," says Joan Dunlop, his executive assistant and a former officer at the Rockefeller Foundation. "I've seen people who, as soon as they felt they had John D. Rockefeller in their grasp, started fawning. Gregorian's the same with Mrs. Astor as he is with a cab driver."

Whatever the manner of his appeal, Mrs. Astor (the widow of Vincent Astor, the great-great-grandson of the library's founder) decided in the spring of 1983 to work full-time as honorary chairman of the board of the library. Her decision was partly inspired by a visit she had made to East Harlem, where she stopped in at NYPL's Aguilar branch, on East 110th Street. "The area," she recalls, "was a typical slum street—yet here in the library was a bright oasis filled with the people of the neighborhood who wanted to be somebody and who had come to read."

Shortly thereafter she happened to reread George Orwell's *1984* and was struck by the contrast between Orwell's vision of a world without books and the hope that the people of East Harlem had placed on acquiring literacy as a way to improve their lives. "I suddenly thought that I was getting pretty old, and that while I still had the time and energy I'd like to try to be a catalyst to open up for these people the world of the written word."



The very next day she was giving a luncheon in her East Side townhouse for Lady Bird Johnson. At the last moment she invited Gregorian to fill a vacancy. On her left at the luncheon table sat J. H. Plumb, the British historian; on her right was Gregorian, who was fresh from giving an address on Orwell to Pennsylvania's class of 1984. Gregorian recalls, "We talked about historical amnesia, the disjointedness of culture, the horrible problem of illiteracy." The next day, Mrs. Astor announced she was going to dedicate herself to the library.

Having a friend in Mrs. Astor means access to her wealth (she has already given the library $6 million out of her own foundation) and the ability to produce an impressive array of guests to attend fund-raising events. It also provides entree to an extensive list of foundations whose pet projects Mrs. Astor, or her foundation, has aided in the past.

Along with wooing important donors, Gregorian plays politics—and politicians. When Mayor Koch cut $2.5 million out of the library's budget in the spring of 1983, Gregorian asked Manhattan Borough President Andrew Stein, an inveterate foe of the mayor, to come to the library and give a speech denouncing the cuts. Next he drummed up support from Carol Bellamy, president of the city council, and from the city councilman Edward Sadowsky. On top of that, he got the branch libraries to flood City Hall with protest letters.

"Then," says a trustee, "he called up an assistant to the mayor and said, 'You know, whoever's advising the mayor on this thing is giving him bad advice. There's a lot of grass-roots support for the libraries out there, and if the mayor's enemies get hold of this issue it could be a real powder keg.' "

The cuts were restored completely, and the library was given two million extra with which to increase its visiting hours and improve services. Gregorian made certain that Mayor Koch got full credit for putting the branches back on their feet. "I'm a mixture of a pragmatist and an idealist," says Gregorian. "I'm giving this job all I have, and the mayor sees this and so do the others." And he thinks he has one more advantage. "In any job I've held, as long as people were more afraid of my resigning than I was of getting fired, then the balance of terror was on my side." □

The Periodicals Room, located on the ground floor, unveiled these murals by Richard Haas in April 1983.

Bruce Porter is the director of journalism at Brooklyn College. He wrote about the perfect wooden yacht in the October 1982 Connoisseur.

ZURS

IT ALL BEGINS AT THE PASS

BY NANCY HOVING
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RENE BURRI

Zürs am Arlberg nestles high above the treacherous Arlberg Pass, which links Switzerland and Austria and opens new worlds to ardent skiers. Our car snakes up the precipitous road that has been carved out of the mountainside and engineered to withstand avalanches. At last we emerge from a final tunnel and burst onto a broad, snow-covered plain framed by gleaming peaks. Lying just ahead is Zürs.

A trumpet fanfare might be in order. There is something elusive about Zürs, an indefinable quality suggesting a village in an operetta. Zürs comes to life only during the snowy months, from December to April. The rest of the year, muddy and deserted, it resembles an Austrian version of Brigadoon. But now we have arrived; the snow sparkles under the midday sun, and our spirits are soaring. With a sense of homecoming we pull up at the Hotel Lorünser.

At night the Lorünser glows with warmth and conviviality. The Flexen chair lift, right, near the site of the first ski lift in Zürs.

Whipped by the breeze, banners on the overhanging roof give us a clue as to which of our far-flung friends already are here. Our own family has been coming since 1967, like other regulars who return year after year. Eager to renew old ties, we dash inside.

Concealed within a deceptively simple, village-style architecture, the Lorünser is a luxury-class hotel. Against clean, stark lines, painted rough-hewn country cupboards and wooden chests covered with linens that bear the hand-embroidered monogram of Inge and Herbert Jochum, the hotel's proprietors, create a sophisticated-rural ambience. Fresh white walls are stenciled in decorative motifs, and massive ceiling beams are hand carved. Niches contain antique figures executed in simple, peasant style. The staff dress in the national uniform: dirndls for the women and traditional suits of dark gray with green lapels for the men.

Upstairs, Downstairs

For some thirty years now, Herr Hofmann—if he has a first name, no one uses it—has presided benignly over the reception desk. His colossal task: to assign all 112 beds, with tact and diplomacy. We regulars are all prima donnas and inclined to be a bit careless about arrival and departure dates. One New Year's Eve a pair showed up unexpectedly; Herr Hofmann, undaunted, put them up in the Ping-Pong room. Others have stayed in the broom closet and even the sauna. Hofmann also supervises a small staff, who keep accounts straight. Every stamp, every ski-school ticket, every cash transaction is noted on little strips of yellow paper, affixed to the hotel invoice. Supposedly these nuisances distract recipients from the pain of paying the bill.

It's lunchtime, however, and we want to greet old friends and acquaintances. Some of us

Behind the skier is a map showing Zürs and part of the network of lifts that links much of the Arlberg.

Nancy Hoving is a frequent contributor to Connoisseur.

Ski instructors lined up for this 1930 photograph of the Zürs ski school. Friedrich Schneider, the former head of the school, is at far right.

have come from as far away as Australia and Argentina, although most of the hotel's guests are from Switzerland, Austria, and Germany, with a goodly number of Americans, British, and also Swedes. On sunny days the bar is outside, on the terrace. In the cold weather the Hall, near the bar, becomes a gathering place. Overseeing this domain is Helmut Seifner, a handsome Salzburger, who with aplomb handles the multitudes, including obstreperous youngsters buoyed on their mischievous way by a holiday atmosphere.

At any minute Inge or Herbert Jochum will show up to meet the new arrivals. Inge has managed the hotel's housekeeping and kitchen since she and Herbert married, in 1958. She comes from a solid line of hoteliers, stretching back to her grandmother, who came from the southern Tyrol. Inge's parents, uncle, and a cousin all run hotels in the area. It is Inge who is the soul of the Lorünser; her style is stamped everywhere, from the decor to the friendly atmosphere. Her husband, whose craggy features bear witness to his mountain forebears, is one of the most important men in the Vorarlberg. In a place where understanding the weather can be a life-and-death matter—and the result of knowledge accumulated over centuries—Jochum, the man who helps decide when to open or close the pass, is a man of vast responsibility and power.

It is not difficult to be intrigued by the history of Zürs, because it is so intertwined with the stories of the people we meet every day. The names that appear in the early records of the region, like Herbert Jochum's, turn up among the village leaders. The alpine pastures have been in continuous use since about 1300. Not until 1785 did anyone live there the year round, and the first public lodging was opened only in 1856. Work began on blasting a mountain road out of the sheer rock of the Flexen Pass in 1895, and five years later Zürs and the neighboring village in the valley to the north, Lech, were more accessible. By then the Scandinavian invention of skiing had been introduced to the Arlberg. The fierce weather, daunting to the ordinary traveler, was manna to skiers, and Zürs was ideally positioned to take advantage of the new winter sport. Shrewd Arlbergers soon recognized that, despite its harshness, the beauty of the landscape served as a magnet to draw tourists.

Gebhard Jochum, left, and Friedrich Schneider, Zürs ski-school founders, in 1935.

A Notorious Dessert

We're here for the skiing, for vigorous exercise in the mountain air. But let's not pretend we're going to lose any weight. The Lorünser kitchen engages us in an unending wrestling match with our appetites. We try to make a modest beginning with tea or coffee and a roll at breakfast. But the array of food in the dining room amounts to dietary sabotage: hot and cold cereals; a variety of cheese and spicy sausages, breads, and spreads; plus homemade yogurt and stewed fruits. Add to this the crisp rolls and freshly squeezed orange juice, and it's easy to approach four figures, calorically speaking.

More temptations abound at noon with cream soups and veal stews or schnitzels, pork dishes, or boiled beef served with fresh horseradish. The salad bar offers local watercress, greens, and luscious tomatoes from Israel. This potpourri of cold dishes includes platters of cold meats, fish, and vegetable salads, presented so attractively that this round, too, goes to the chef. The last holdouts cave in when the kitchen sends out their notorious "Mohr im Hemd"—Moor in a shirt—a warm steamed chocolate-and-nut pudding heaped with thick cream.

Predictably, haute cuisine is the theme

Three stars of the Lorünser: Herr Hofmann, the diplomat of the front desk; epicurean cuisine; Helmut Seifner, maestro of the bar.

of dinner. There are nouvelle overtones, but don't count on a huge savings in calories. Hors d'oeuvres, for instance, run to savory mushrooms simmering within a freshly baked puff pastry. An excellent clear soup precedes the main event, an entree of lamb, perhaps, or beef, accompanied by a delicately flavored sauce. Green salad and a cheese board are next, with a rich ice cream for dessert. Once a week the chef prepares a buffet smorgasbord of smoked salmon, shellfish, oysters, pâtés, and other delicacies. A final cautionary note: Liquor and wine are expensive. Instead of choosing a costly import, try a light Austrian wine.

Passionate Pleasures

To most of the outside world the name Arlberg is synonymous with the Arlberg style of skiing, which in turn is associated with Hannes Schneider. As a child Schneider learned the sport in the first ski class in Zürs, in 1906. In 1922 he founded the Arlberg School, in nearby Saint-Anton, and later he came to America, where he helped to popularize the sport. The system of skiing taught today at the excellent Zürs ski school, which even expert skiers routinely join, is loosely based on his technique.

For the passionate skier, heaven is the crisp, clear morning when one awakens to discover the mountains deep in powder snow, or in the spring, when the early sun transforms the surface of the steep western slopes into corn-snow crystals. With a feeling of euphoria, you set off on that one perfect run, abandoning yourself to the sheer pleasure of gliding down glistening slopes. But perhaps you may be looking for a less challenging experience. The relative ease of skiing the piste on either side of the village deceives some, unacquainted with the area, into dismissing it as unworthy of a serious skier. Old-timers know better. You can reach many peaks only after some tricky climbing and trekking, which often involves jumping over an obstacle or skiing headlong down a narrow chute. Then there is the ever-present specter of an avalanche. (Avalanche warning signs are carefully heeded in Zürs.) Not the least of the satisfactions offered by the mountains, however, whether you are a novice or an expert, is the community of friends of varying skills, united by the love of the sport and of Zürs and, most of all, by the fun of being together. □

Heaven is to wake up finding the mountains deep in powder snow.

For further information, write: Herbert Jochum, Sporthotel Lorünser, A-6763 Zürs am Arlberg, Austria; Telex 52-192.

Herbert Jochum escapes to powder snow from his chores as the Lorünser's proprietor.

PETER AARON/ESTO

The Deuxième Cru Château Cos d'Estournel is "the Lafite of Saint-Estèphe."

THE YEAR OF THE CENTURY

A CAREFUL APPRAISAL OF THE BORDEAUX REDS OF 1982

BY FRANK WARD

Bordeaux has just had the longest spate of fine vintages in its entire history, with every year from 1978 to 1982 producing wines that range in quality from very sound to truly great. Even 1983, which at one stage seemed doomed to mediocrity because of prolonged rain and the onset of rot, was saved by six weeks of hot sunshine just before the harvest, and reliable sources predict that the wines will be at least good, possibly extremely good.

Of the six vintages, it seems certain that 1982 will be far and away the most remarkable, the one that produced the finest and most unusual wines of them all. It was in many ways a copybook vintage—a commonplace in California, but a rarity in Bordeaux, where a finely tuned climate means that the fate of the harvest is always delicately balanced between success and catastrophe.

There was ample sunshine and optimum heat throughout the spring and summer of that year; the crucial flowering of the vines went off without a hitch in early June; the autumn was hot, and at harvest time the grapes were fully mature and healthy; most of the picking was completed early, under ideal conditions.

In the Médoc area, which has the thickest cluster of top châteaux, the unheard-of happened: the grapes were utterly, totally ripe. This gave musts with spectacularly high sugar levels, and an unwonted richness and concentration. Even the most experienced tasters had trouble making a clear assessment of the wines' true quality. Besides this, the size of the harvest was phenomenal: 3.52 million hectoliters of Appellation Contrôlée red, corresponding to some 460 million bottles. It is a wine-trade axiom that top quality rarely coincides with abundance, yet the best wines exhibit all the signs of greatness.

Though few whites are exceptional, almost all of the reds are remarkable for their great depth of color (often an indication of high quality), full and fruity flavor, and a smooth, velvety texture. This last is highly unusual, at least in Médocs, which are normally harsh and astringent at the outset and sometimes not drinkable for five or ten years. Most top 1982s, however, are so soft and round, and have such high viscosity, that they seem almost ready to drink. This is a deception, for in spite of their silkiness, they contain unusually high levels of tannin, the astringent, sometimes bitter substance that preserves red wines; but the tannins in the 1982s are of the soft, harmonious kind and are masked at present by the sheer roundness and high glycerol levels of the wines. Thus, while some 1982s will probably enjoy a phase of false maturity in around five years, when they are deliciously drinkable, the best will keep on improving into the twenty-first century.

Almost before the first bubbles burst forth in the fermenting vats, experts began speculating about the ultimate quality of 1982. Some detected all the signs of a really great year; others hinted that, despite their outward signs of excellence, the wines lacked backbone and would before long collapse like pricked balloons.

The prestigious *Revue du Vin de France* claims that the best 1982 clarets are "the most perfect wines of the past three decades," despite the huge size of the harvest. Even the habitually cautious shipper Peter Allan Sichel, of Bordeaux, allows that "there are some exciting wines which, with their exceptional ripeness, will fully justify the interest already being shown in them." Christian Moueix, in charge of vinifying the great Château Pétrus, says, "The wines at first seemed eccentric, but after some initial doubts we are now sure that 1982 is a classic vintage."

After tasting more than eighty wines, among them all the Premiers Crus of the Médoc, most of the best of the other Crus Classés, and the very top growths of the Graves, Saint-Emilion, and Pomerol, I myself am convinced that 1982 is a very fine year for wines such as these and that most will last well. But it must be remarked that many smaller châteaux, which had no cooling equipment, could not deal with the hot weather at vintage time, with the result that some wines are unbalanced and have a dangerously high level of volatile (vinegary) acidity. Even a few of the superior wines have the cloying, cooked smell of overripe grapes often noted when there is none of the fresh, fruity acidity that in time produces fine bouquet and a long, lingering aftertaste.

One Premier Cru of 1982 that many people think a triumphant success, after several disappointing years, is Château Mouton-Rothschild, in Pauillac. The wine has a deep, almost opaque black-scarlet color and a huge, dense smell with masses of implicit fruit and an enticing spiciness that is typical of this great wine. It is full on the palate, with real "weight," and a flavor first calling to mind damsons, then black cherries and cedarwood.

Raoul Blondin, who makes the wine, is in his seventies and has witnessed the birth of many a great vintage of Mouton, but even he could not restrain his enthusiasm. "Look at that color! The grapes were cooked by the sun—*goût du soleil.* I've never seen anything like it. To get the same quality you have to go back to 1893. My father, my grandfather, and I made this wine—it took us three generations to bring it off! It doesn't have *souplesse*, it has *rondeur*. And this roundness hides the tannin, the acidity, the concentration." With a sheepskin coat thrown around his shoulders and carrying a lighted candle, Blondin disappears into the cellar like a shepherd in search of a lost sheep.

Château Latour, another Premier Cru of Pauillac, is the most consistent of the great Bordeaux reds, with a matchless record of excellence in "off-vintages" and always in the front rank in fine years too. The Latour people think their 1982 may develop rather like the 1966, a wine of Mozartean grace that still needs another decade or two to reach its apogee. The final assembly, or orchestration, of the different vats had not been made at the time of my first visit, in March, so I returned to taste it in June. In a year when even minor châteaux wines have an impressive appearance, it stands out: virtually black, with intense, scarlet highlights—rubies on black silk—and fat glycerine "tears" that slowly run down the sides of the glass. The large scent of the dominant Cabernet

Frank Ward, a Stockholm-based writer, is an oenophile who travels regularly to the world's great wine-producing regions.

PETER AARON/ESTO

A ghostly crowd of bottles in tissue.

Sauvignon grape, often reminiscent of black currants, combines real power with the sweetness obtained only from ripe and healthy grapes. The flavor, still in chrysalis, is persistent.

Latour, by the way, contains fairly small amounts of Cabernet Franc and Petit Verdot grapes, two marginally less distinguished varieties, but these are being progressively eliminated in favor of an *encépagement*, or grape mix, of 80 percent Cabernet Sauvignon, for body, backbone, and distinction, and 20 percent Merlot, for smoothness, color, and fruit.

A thought-provoking comment on 1982 was made by the genial Anthony Barton, of Château Léoville-Barton, a Deuxième Cru in the commune of Saint-Julien. "There is a theory that, if a wine is pleasant when it's young, it's not going to last. But I keep thinking of the '53s, also a large vintage. They were lovely to drink when young and are still superb."

The 1982 Léoville-Barton is an impressive wine, with a lustrous eggplant-purple color, a magenta rim, and an intensely vinous "nose" with many nuances. There is a promise of roundness and sapidity, but at the same time the wine has the fine, dry tannins and classic firmness of structure that ensure longevity.

Another leading Saint-Julien is the neighboring Château Léoville-Las Cases, once part of the same vineyard and today one of the few remaining Bordeaux properties where the wine is stored only in oak. Las Cases often comes close to Premier Cru quality; certainly it does in 1982, with a color intense enough to stain the glass purple, and a big and complex scent conjuring up ripe blackberries and raspberries—a giant of a wine that will not peak before the millennium.

The Cabernet Sauvignon grape leaves its stern, majestic mark on most wines throughout the Médoc and, together with its cousin the Cabernet Franc, usually accounts for at least 70 to 80 percent of the grape mix in these parts. In Saint-Estèphe, the most northerly of the Médoc's fine wine communes, the geological structure of the soil tends to give wines a firmness that sometimes borders on obduracy. At the fine Deuxième Cru Cos d'Estournel, this trait is compensated for by the use of only 60 percent of the "hard" Cabernet Sauvignon and a higher than normal 40 percent of the "soft" Merlot, which gives fruitiness and smoothness. Because of this, the fine terrain, and a tradition of careful vinification, the wine has been called "the Lafite of Saint-Estèphe."

Under the scrupulous management of the youthful Bruno Prats, Cos has produced a series of wonderful clarets in the past decade or so, with quite outstanding wines in 1976, 1978, 1979, and 1981. The 1982 seemed excessively concentrated when I first sampled it, in March, but a few months later had shed most of its excess flesh and was showing the customary sinew and a promise of finesse as well.

Other Médoc estates that produced exceptional 1982s are Châteaux Margaux, Lafite, Ducru-Beaucaillou, Haut-Batailley, Pontet-Canet, Grand-Puy-Lacoste, Lynch-Bages, Chasse-Spleen, Prieuré-Lichine, Saint-Pierre, Montrose, and Pichon-Lalande. (At Pichon, they rejected all vats containing wine from young vines. The rejected wine, only marginally inferior, was added instead to a second-grade wine.)

Graves, immediately to the south, uses a grape mix similar to that of the Médoc, though usually with more Merlot. All the same, the wines are noticeably different: a hint lighter and drier, often with an attractively earthy flavor. One of the most perfect 1982 Graves, and indeed one of the most brilliant successes in all Bordeaux, is Château Haut-Brion, officially rated as Premier Cru in the 1855 classification. The "robe," or color, is rich; the complex smell has many nuances—a host of brilliant jottings to be incorporated one day in an epic masterpiece. It has the flawless balance found only in wines made from great grapes grown on ideal soil and vinified by a wine maker of genius. Like all Premiers Crus, Haut-Brion is matured in new oak casks, an expensive process that ensures an optimum rate of aeration and a beneficial exchange of tannins between wood and wine, while the vanillin from the oak subtly heightens the bouquet and flavor of the finished wine. Other Graves châteaux that made very promising wines in 1982 are Haut-Bailly, La Mission Haut-Brion, Bouscaut, Domaine de Chevalier, and Carbonnieux.

In the Médoc, a horse-drawn wagon carries sulfur spray for the vines.

PETER AARON/ESTO

V.B. KOTOWITZ

While the Cabernet Sauvignon grape dominates to the west of the great divide of the Dordogne and the Garonne rivers, it is the Merlot that is strongest in the east, in Saint-Emilion and Pomerol. Cheval Blanc, often one of the greatest of all clarets, has fine color, good fruit, and a firm structure, while its peer on the hilly Côtes portion of Saint-Emilion, Château Ausone, is another brilliant success: firm, sinewy, with ample fruit yet a classic restraint—an éminence grise of a wine that will emerge in a splendid crimson robe some twenty years hence. Ausone, long in eclipse, has been in top form since 1975, a wine once again to be mentioned in the same breath as Cheval Blanc.

Another magnificent wine is the 1982 Figeac, near neighbor to Cheval Blanc and often a near rival in quality, though much lower in price. Lustrous, with a rich yet refined nose and hints of luscious black cherries, it has a flavor classically balanced between soft and firm. In fifteen years it will be a wine to cheer.

No one thought much of the wines of Pomerol, to the east of Libourne, until fairly recently. I have heard tales of a wine merchant who rid himself of a large amount of top Pomerol wine from a classic vintage by selling it off by the cubic meter. This would be inconceivable today, when the region's greatest wine, Château Pétrus, is fetching higher prices at auction than any other red Bordeaux, Lafite and Mouton-Rothschild included.

The 1982 Pétrus exhibits a remarkable concentration and size, with a color so dense as to be almost opaque even against a bright light. The smell is rich, conjuring up bilberries and fresh truffles, the flavor so full that it carries intimations of immortality. Yet, it may well be deliciously drinkable during a phase of transient, adolescent charm, in about five years.

Pétrus is a tiny property of just twelve hectares with an average production of around forty thousand bottles a year. The soil is unusual, 80 percent clay covered with a shallow layer of gravel. The average age of the vines is high, some fifty years. Such plants give superior juice but less of it—a deliberate sacrifice in the cause of quality. To ensure that the grapes arrive at the *cuverie* in perfect condition, the pickers work quickly, in two sessions during the afternoon, to avoid the least dilution by morning dew.

Just before bottling, each vat is tasted "blind"; any found to be even marginally inferior to the rest are sold off at far lower prices as "Pomerol." Fifteen percent of the 1982 wine failed to pass the test. The *encépagement* at Pétrus has an unusual composition: 5 percent Bouchet (the local name for the Cabernet Franc) and as much as 95 percent Merlot. Owing to a geological freak, this grape, which in the Médoc customarily gives lightish, fast-maturing wines, can yield wines of amazing richness and longevity in certain pockets of Saint-Emilion and Pomerol.

The Moueix family, which runs Pétrus, also makes a series of other fine wines from the two eastern regions. Especially successful in 1982 were Château La Fleur-Pétrus, Château Latour-à-Pomerol, and Château Magdelaine—which has a scent like raspberries and cranberries, an intensely fruity flavor as sweet as ripe grapes, and an incisive acidity that promises well for the wine's future development. Other excellent wines produced in the neighborhood are Domaine de l'Eglise, Château Trottevieille, and Château Pavie.

During this annus mirabilis, many humbler properties—sound, well-run *petits châteaux*—also produced very good wines that will give much pleasure. A region that covers so huge an area and incorporates literally hundreds of microclimates can present no uniform picture. Most of the châteaux that vinify with care, eliminating any vats that might lower the overall standard of the wine, produced excellent wines in 1982. Those that lack cooling equipment or approach wine [illegible] in less than a spirit of perfectionism may not have much to be proud of. [illegible]ous collectors must choose their 1982 clarets with great care, giving the firmest and longest-lived wines all the time they need to attain their full potential. □

TOMAS GRAVES

A ROCKY COVE IN MAJORCA HAS BEEN A MAGNET TO ARTISTS AND WRITERS FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY

THE THINKING MAN'S BEACH

BY FREDERIC V. GRUNFELD

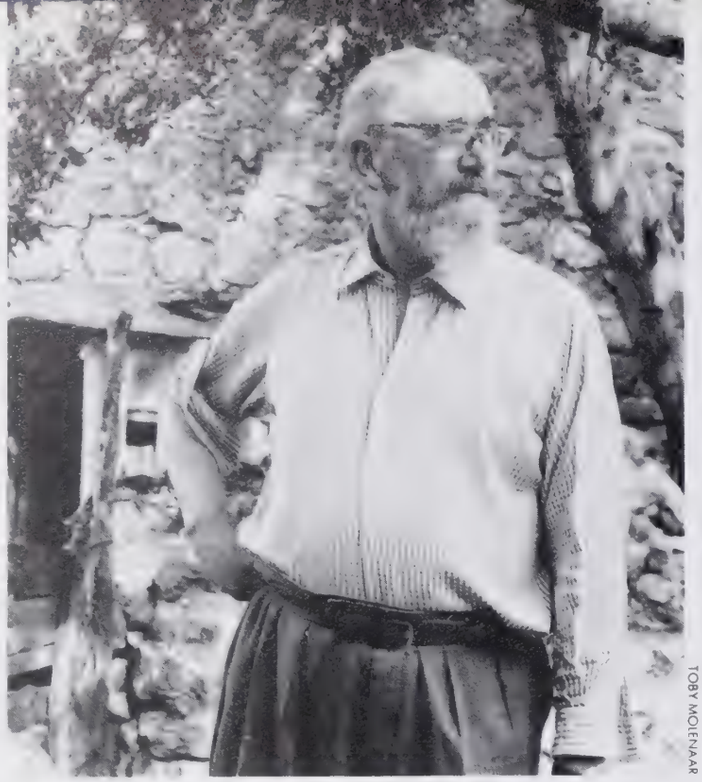
Deyá is a tiny fieldstone village, built mainly by olive farmers and fishermen, that clings to the seaward side of the mountains on the northwest coast of Majorca, the Spanish Mediterranean island thought to have been Homer's "Isle of the Lotus Eaters." Some years ago a busy New York editor, Peter Ritner, on a visit to Deyá, was induced to spend his first afternoon at the local "beach"—a rock-strewn cove half-covered with dried seaweed and odd bits of flotsam. Flanked by massive cliffs and a few fishermen's huts, it makes an uncomfortable bathing place: sunbathers have to drape their towels over a fakir's bed of sharp stones or contort their bodies around a series of Brancusi-like outcroppings. The rest sit up in varying degrees of discomfort, chatting

Cala de Deyá (far left) with its stony beach, from which Robert Graves (left) blithely floats. Below: A nineteenth-century view of Deyá.

TOBY MOLENAAR

away, gesticulating, and paying little attention to sun or sea, like a crowd ignoring the paintings at a vernissage.

Ritner took in this curious scene and wondered aloud why he had come 4,500 miles to squat here amid the seaweed and the discarded bottles. But then his friend introduced him to some of the other people who had washed up on the "beach" that afternoon—the novelists Edna O'Brien and Alan Sillitoe, the poet Ruthven Todd, the painter Paul Hogarth. For the rest of the afternoon Ritner was in his element, talking books. And when the sun started to go down he and his friend toiled up the path that leads through the olive groves and farmyards to the village itself, some 600 feet higher on the mountainside. En route they bumped into still other members of the literary community: the novelists Kingsley Amis, Shelagh Delaney, and Richard Hughes. When they finally reached the main street, there was Robert Graves in shorts and a straw hat; during their brief chat he advised Ritner, in a fatherly way, to buy his guide to modern English usage, *The Reader over Your Shoulder*. "Whew!" said Ritner, after settling down for a drink on the terrace of the local café. "I couldn't have met as many writers if I'd stayed in my office for a month. But are there any natives here?"



TOBY MOLENAAR

Writer Richard Hughes (A High Wind in Jamaica).

Deyá, indeed, may still look like a peasant village, but it has long since become an international artists' colony in the classic tradition of Barbizon, Pont-Aven, or Provincetown in their halcyon days. At last count its year-round population was 510 souls, of whom 130 are foreigners, most of them English and American writers, painters, or musicians. A good proportion of the Spanish residents are also *artistas*, philosophy professors and such who have come here from other parts of Spain; only some 220 are native Deyans. People think it something of a joke that every third or fourth house in Deyá should have an artist or a writer in it, but no one wonders why they congregate on this spot, which one recent writer-visitor, David Pryce-Jones, calls "the most desirable residence in the Western world."

Left: Writer Anaïs Nin; she rode down to the sea on a donkey. Right: Painter Estéban Francés, who designed Balanchine ballets.

TOBY MOLENAAR

PIERGIORGIO SCIARANDI/BLACK STAR

Innumerable are the paintings, sketches, and prints that have been made of Deyá and the adjoining coast; countless the poems, novels, stories, and essays that have been written about the region. It is one of the world's most rugged coastlines, rising abruptly out of the sea and climbing by giant steps to a range of mountains whose highest peak, the Puig Mayor, approaches 5,000 feet. A single road winds along the corniche, but except for the small port of Sóller there are no tourist resorts, only a few villages perched precariously on the lower slopes of the mountains—a sort of Switzerland set down in the middle of the Mediterranean. Tourists come through on sightseeing buses to look at the view, but they prefer to stay on the other side of the island, where they can stretch out on sandy beaches and wade into the water. Along most of the northwest coast you have to be a mountain climber to get to the sea.

TOBY MOLENAAR

Painter Ernst Fuchs, whose subject is his wife.

Of course, its very inconveniences have helped attract the visionaries, hedonists, and eccentrics. Frédéric Chopin and George Sand spent their "Honeymoon in the Sight of Heaven" at an abandoned monastery, between the sea and the mountains, at Valldemosa, just down the road. Nearby, a yawning gorge of thousand-foot cliffs gave Gustave Doré some of his most dramatic ideas for illustrating Dante's *Inferno*. On the next promontory stands the manor house where Tony Richardson filmed *Laughter in the Dark*. Robert Graves wrote *I, Claudius* and most of his poetry in a cottage overlooking this coast, and lives there still—not far from the spot where the thirteenth-century mystic poet Ramón Llull established his college of philosophy, at Miramar, still the most beautiful single spot on the coast.

"At Miramar," Llull wrote in one of his troubadour poems, "between the vineyards and the fields of fennel, love took hold of me and made me love God." The grapevines and fennel were planted on some of the countless fieldstone terraces that have made the coast arable from sea level to altitudes of about half a mile—a feat of landscape engineering dating back to Moorish

Deyá from the southeast, seen from a high terrace watered by one of Majorca's myriad irrigation reservoirs.

TOBY MOLENAAR

MARC RETIO

Left: Illustrator Paul Hogarth and son Toby. Right: Writer Jakov Lind thinking on the beach last summer.

times, comparable to the cyclopean walls of the Peruvian Andes. The terraces support ancient olive trees, many of them over a thousand years old. Time and the north wind have twisted their trunks into a fantastic variety of shapes. "When walking in their shade at dusk," George Sand writes in *A Winter in Majorca,* "you have to remind yourself that they are trees, because if you accept the evidence of your eyes and imagination, you will be terror-stricken by these fairy-tale monsters, looming over you like enormous dragons."

It was Sand and Chopin, in 1838, who started the great trek to this forgotten corner of the Mediterranean. Chopin became quite ill—Madame Sand had nearly killed her tubercular lover by taking him on a strenuous hike to the coast above Miramar—but both agreed that this was the most breathtaking spot they had ever seen. For Chopin it was a landscape "still uncontaminated by the eyes of men. No one has yet frightened away the eagles that daily soar over our heads."

"ARE THERE ANY NATIVES HERE?"

Other artists came and went, but the first resident expatriate did not arrive until 1872, when a young Austrian writer, Archduke Ludwig Salvator of Hapsburg, fell in love with Miramar at first sight. Traveling incognito as "Count Neudorf," he went straight to the owner, who lived on the other side of the island, and knocked on his door in the middle of a thunderstorm. "I understand you are prepared to sell Miramar," he told the surprised owner. "I am not accustomed to haggling; name your price and let it be reasonable. My reply will consist of just one word, *sí* or *no.*"

The price was reasonable; the archduke had his title deed the following Thursday, and thus began the epic of his forty-year association with the poets' coast. He was a prince without formal obligations, since his father had already abdicated the throne of Tuscany. But he had an incessant appetite for work, writing and illustrating a dozen books about his travels; a study called *Die Balearen* (The Balearic Islands), in six elephant folios; an essay on Miramar in the local language, Mallorquín (a branch of Catalan); and a biography of the peasant girl Catalina Homar, with whom he fell in love. Eventually he bought up most of the other estates along the road from Valldemosa to Deyá, so that his holdings formed an almost uninterrupted swath of terraced landscape from the sea to the tops of the mountains along seven miles of coastline.

Artists and writers were always welcome at the archduke's table, and Deyá began to fill up with the overflow. At the turn of the century the Catalan painter Santiago Rusiñol noted rather apologetically that his Bohemian friends had "taken over this village which had never done anybody any harm," and which resembled a *belén,* the "Bethlehem" of Christmas Nativity scenes. Fortunately it was "a *belén* full of good people" who took a tolerant view of the long-haired intruders, though it often seemed as if "the inmates of a madhouse had been let loose in the mountains." Virtually all the best-known figures in the Spanish arts, from Antonio Gaudí and Pablo Picasso to Manuel de Falla and Jorge Luis Borges, were to be found wandering among the olives at one time or another.

When the young Anaïs Nin came to Deyá she wrote about the passions and exertions of life on this multitude of levels. "In the early morning we would get on small donkeys and travel the hard, difficult road to the sea down the mountain. It would take

Frederic V. Grunfeld is a contributing editor of Connoisseur.

The olive groves on the terraced hills of northwest Majorca were planted by the Arabs over a thousand years ago.

about an hour of slow travail, through the red earth paths, the rocks, the treacherous boulders, through the silver olive trees. . . ." This was the prewar Deyá in which Robert Graves wrote *Good-bye to All That*. Though it had few amenities, as Graves recalls, "I found everything I wanted as a background to my work as a writer: sun, sea, mountains, spring-water, shady trees, no politics. . . ."

A former managing editor of *Time*, T. S. Matthews, has devoted a large part of his autobiographical *Jacks or Better* to a wry account of the *vie de Bohème* in Deyá during the 1930s, when Graves was living there with the American poet Laura Riding. The village was far more isolated then, a "hermetic community" divided into literary cliques: "Laura and Robert were helpful to us, but we soon discovered that there was a price attached to this help. If we wanted to remain on speaking terms with them, we must not be on speaking terms with a good many other people—in fact, with anyone outside their own circle." The circle revolved around not Graves but Laura Riding, more indefatigable than even George Sand. "She wrote for most of the day and often late into the night—stories, poems, criticism, letters. She always had two or three books going at a time. . . . she had a hand in many other pies, helping, advising, 'straightening out the muddle' in somebody else's poem, picture, sculpture, novel."

The inlets at nearby Lluch Alcari invite skinny-dipping.

Politics intruded in 1936, when the Spanish civil war forced most of the foreigners to go home, but since World War II their numbers have grown. The population multiplies in the summer, when the painters and writers take their place in that cross between a seal rookery and a cocktail party—the *cala de Deyá*, known locally as "the thinking man's beach."

But life among the lotus eaters is no longer untroubled, as it was when Ramón Llull meditated in the cave at Miramar. Here, as in any other island paradise, the airplane, the transistor, and the bulldozer have begun to do their fell work. The mayor of Deyá (who is from the mainland) and his village council have proposed a "development" plan more suited to Hong Kong than to Deyá. The first industrial enterprise—and the first major eyesore—is already built: a springwater-bottling plant whose owners dynamited an olive orchard to make room for it. The foaming torrent that used to flow through the village during the rainy months has been covered with concrete to accommodate a new access road. The council speaks of "progress"; the artists are appalled; even the ministry of culture is concerned. Will they rush through a conservation code in time to save the coast from the bulldozers and the cement blocks? The dénouement in this drama is certain to be a cliffhanger. □

THE WORLD AS IT WAS

Nineteenth-century photographs—our first pictorial images of real life—will prove good investments in time.

By Robin Duthy

A Muybridge from America, Egypt & Aden *(1875–6); $1,800.*

Though the art market flourishes as never before, the photograph as a work of art is still struggling to establish a secure place within it. The coterie of serious collectors has not grown perceptibly in ten years; they and a handful of institutions, mostly in the United States, are buying up the important images reaching the market at prices that one day will seem absurdly low.

Just when that day will come is hard to say. Special forces are at work that make early photographs a difficult market. For instance, nobody knows how many prints or albums lie undisturbed in the attics of the Western world. Because the potential supply is great, collectors are hesitant to pay big money for prints whose rarity cannot be established.

Yet the most serious problem in this market is an underlying feeling that the camera is no more than a piece of equipment with a button that any fool can press. Of course, very few people would admit to such an opinion today; most would claim to regard photography as a genuine art form and might well be able to name a couple of great photographers — Stieglitz, Atget, Evans, Steichen. Nevertheless, when it comes to paying a significant sum, say $1,000, for a photograph, collectors who regularly spend upwards of $5,000 on a painting are suddenly assailed by doubts.

The fact that the photographer's scope for personal interpretation is indeed more limited than the painter's must be faced. Both are free to choose subject, viewpoint, focus, lighting, and so on, yet as soon as the photographer presses the button he becomes the servant of reality. The painter, on the other hand, continues to build up his *version* of reality to the last brushstroke. Judging from another angle, it may be said that the photographer has an advantage over the artist. There is a partnership between reality and the photographer's perception of it that gives his representation greater immediacy and force.

Another problem for the market has been the well-publicized cases of faked early photographs. One episode in Britain involved an exhibition at London's National Portrait Gallery that included a number of calotypes purporting to date from the 1840s and ascribed to a hitherto unknown Francis Hetling. Some time later, when a collector who had bought the calotypes tried to have them authenticated, it was discovered that they had been faked—someone recognized the young girl who had been the model. Though the prosecution failed to get a conviction, the case seriously undermined confidence in old photographs as investments.

During the midseventies, when the print boom in New York was coming to an end, a number of minor dealers switched into photographs and succeeded in hyping the market for a year or two before disappearing into thin air. The same pattern of development in London, in the late seventies, dealt another blow to confidence.

During these last ten years, the learning curve for both dealers and auctioneers has been steep. As hundreds of thousands of prints have passed through the market, their eyes have become more discerning. Names such as Roger Fenton and Julia Margaret Cameron remain big, but the wide variation in the quality of their work

Mr. & Miss Constable *(1866), by Rejlander; $1,440 in 1976.*

Robin Duthy is the editor of the Alternative Investment Report.

is better appreciated. Fenton prints now range from $75 to $15,000, and whereas any portrait by Julia Margaret Cameron was eagerly sought after in 1975, some of her lesser-quality work can now be bought for as little as $150.

The high prices during the midseventies proved to be of doubtful benefit to the market. When news of big profits brought a spate of prints and albums into the salerooms, prices suffered. One of the greatest of all British illustrated works, P. H. Emerson's *Life and Landscape on the Norfolk Broads*, a set of forty Corot-like studies of landscapes and of people working in the marshy waterways of East Anglia, has fallen in value. Having reached $22,000 in 1976, a set would be lucky to reach $15,000 today.

Similarly, the series of twenty-one photographs depicting scenes of London in the 1870s known as *Street Incidents*, by John Thomson and Adolphe Smith, fetched $4,500 in 1976 but would go for $1,500 now. The flow of good material westward across the Atlantic from England continues unchecked. An exceptional album of 234 photographs taken by the distinguished amateur Alfred Capel-Cure between 1850 and 1860 of cathedrals, country houses, and other historic buildings, as well as cows and laborers, was turned down by the Victoria & Albert Museum, in London, and later bought for $20,000 at the Christie's October auction by the Canadian Centre for Architecture/Montreal.

At the same auction, Sam Wagstaff, the veteran New York collector who has bought at every significant sale in London and New York since regular photograph auctions began, in 1975, picked up for $2,500 an album of thirty photographs taken in 1855 by an unknown photographer of English river scenes. That purchase highlights the way the market is developing. The photographer's name is becoming less important; the image itself is what matters now, and those with experienced eyes seem to agree about what constitutes a strong image.

The genuine and the fake. Left: Paul and Virginia, *taken in the late 1860s by Julia Margaret Cameron; $720 in 1982. Right: A phony calotype taken by Howard Grey in 1973.*

However strong the image, subject matter plays a big part in the final price. The Crimean War and the American Civil War were the first military conflicts to be extensively documented by camera. Far from conveying the blood and thunder of war in the Crimea to British families back home, however, Roger Fenton's photographs disappointed the public—with the wet collodion process, action shots were impossible.

The efforts of Mathew B. Brady were better rewarded. By the time the Civil War was over, he had 8,000 negatives recording every aspect of the conflict. The *New York World* described them as "inestimable chroniclers of this tempestuous epoch, exquisite in beauty, truthful as the records of heaven." The value of war scenes as historical documents is immense; as images to live with, they have less appeal, and market values will not climb far as long as equally powerful but more agreeable images are to be had.

Buyers of nineteenth-century material have very different specialties and motives. The earliest images produced by William Henry Fox Talbot, Nicéphore Niepce, Louis Daguerre, and other pioneers appeal more to historians of photography than to connoisseurs of art. The later, daguerreotype portraits that were made by the thousand in studios all over the United States from the 1850s onward are collected for the interest of the individual faces. The images vary widely in quality, as the "operators" themselves recognized, but most reflect the style of the period rather than any individual's artistry.

Apart from Brady's Civil War series and the powerful images that make up *Gardner's Photographic Sketch Book of the War*, by Brady's onetime employee Alexander Gardner, the greatest achievements of nineteenth-century American photography are the topographical studies of the newly explored western territories. Work by Timothy O'Sullivan, Carleton E. Watkins, William Henry Jackson, Edward

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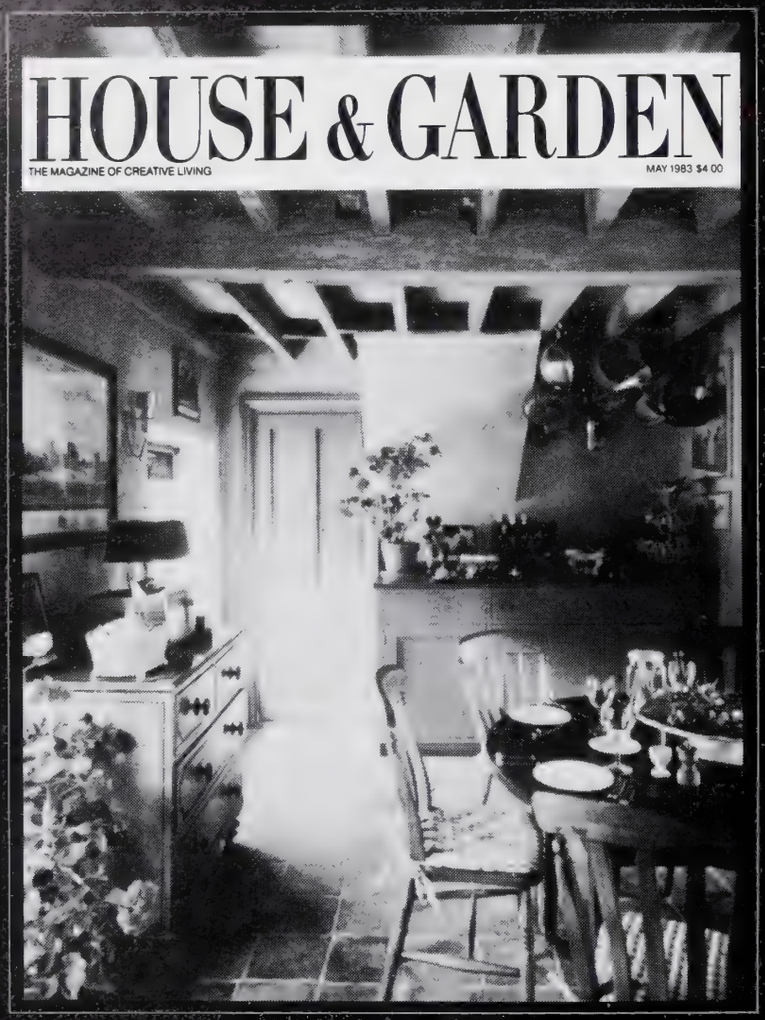

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The photograph gets its force from the liaison between reality and one man's perception of it.

Thornton Coll. *(1860), by Alfred Capel-Cure; album sold for $20,000 in late 1983.*

Curtis, and Eadweard Muybridge are widely admired but tend to fetch less than they did in the midseventies.

This disappointing performance is partly explained by the decline in the number of galleries dealing in old photographs. Apparently there were some seventy galleries across the United States in 1980, but over the last three years the going has gotten tougher and many have since closed their doors. As the economy pulls out of recession, these classics of American photography should resume their status as the blue chips of the market. Not only has the unblemished scenery of the West a breathtaking beauty; the shots themselves were framed by some of the most perceptive eyes in the history of photography.

The achievement of these pioneer photographers is all the more remarkable considering that they transported the most cumbersome equipment through rapids and up mountains to get their results. Timothy H. O'Sullivan (ca. 1840–82) worked on government surveys in Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico, producing remarkable images. Even his Grand Canyon shots are under $2,000.

Similarly undervalued is the work of William Henry Jackson (1843–1942). He was the intrepid official photographer to eight government geological surveys between 1870 and 1877. He took a massive twenty-by-twenty-four-inch camera with him up the Rocky Mountains, believing that only very large plates would "convey an impression of the real grandeur and the magnitude of mountain scenery." Nine of Jackson's Yellowstone prints were given to every member of the Senate and House of Representatives and were instrumental in that area's being designated the country's first national park. Most Jackson prints can still be bought for between $500 and $2,500—less than they were getting in 1975.

Though few areas of the world remained to be discovered by the 1860s, most outlying regions were known to Europeans and Americans only through the work of a very few artists or through prints made after their original paintings. In most cases, their representations of both lands and peoples were romantically pictorial. The arrival of the camera made it possible for the first time to present a true picture of these strange and distant countries, hitherto little visited or known.

Many photographic albums published in the 1860s and 1870s have risen in value thanks to growing interest from the countries they record. Albums showing views and costumes of Japan have shot up in value. A Felice Beato album that was making $1,000 in the midseventies has now reached $6,000. Prices for albums of the Middle East have responded to Arab interest and risen 300 percent or more over the same period. Albums of photographs of China are also rising in spite of there being no present demand from within China itself.

Albums of India are a special case. Superb work by Felice Beato, Samuel Bourne, Melville Clarke, and many other photographers was sold to the tens of thousands of British then stationed in India. Every member of the Indian Civil Service and every officer and private soldier in the armed forces was a likely customer for photographic views of the beautiful, exotic subcontinent. As a result, half the middle-class homes in Britain must still have albums of Indian photographs at the bottom of some trunk. The market has been absorbing a steady supply, and prices have barely moved in ten years. The far rarer scenes of Australia by Henry Beaufoy Merlin, Charles Bayliss, and Bernhard Otto Holtermann and those of New Zealand by James Valentine have been rising steadily.

Judging by prices, collectors' enthusiasm for all but the outstanding photographic images of the nineteenth century has waned over the last decade. The mar-

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The photographer's name is becoming less important; the image itself is what matters.

ket expanded too fast, and the shakeout of the last three years, although exacerbated by the recession, was entirely predictable. And yet, though the last ten years may show little if any overall gain in prices, the change over thirty years is dramatic. Back in the 1950s, daguerreotypes, stereo cards, and cartes de visite were sold in boxes for a few dollars and sometimes even dumped. Considered on that time scale, nineteenth-century photographs have proved a spectacular investment.

As for the future, prospects would be good were it not for one factor, namely, the twentieth century. Though the great photographers of the nineteenth century are acknowledged to have produced works of art, they generally took a less idiosyncratic or less overtly artistic view of their subjects. Today, the personality and style of the photographer is more strikingly present in his images. This more insistently personal interpretation is better attuned to the tastes of the present day. At viewing days for the twice-yearly photograph auctions at Christie's and Sotheby's in New York and the thrice-yearly ones in London, most attention focuses on the twentieth century.

The rising quality of the photographic material offered at recent auctions both in New York and in London is creating the right conditions for a long-overdue recovery in this market. The chances are therefore good that investors will move cautiously back into it. But they know to what extent heavy dealing costs can eat up the gain on their investments. In the photography market, the comparatively low unit cost makes it necessary for dealers' markups to be around 100 percent plus. This fact, together with static or falling prices in the auction market, was enough to scare off investors three years ago. Whatever happens in the market in the short term, the next ten years should see the price gap continuing to widen between the acknowledged classics and the umpteen-thousand mediocre prints being offered for sale today. □

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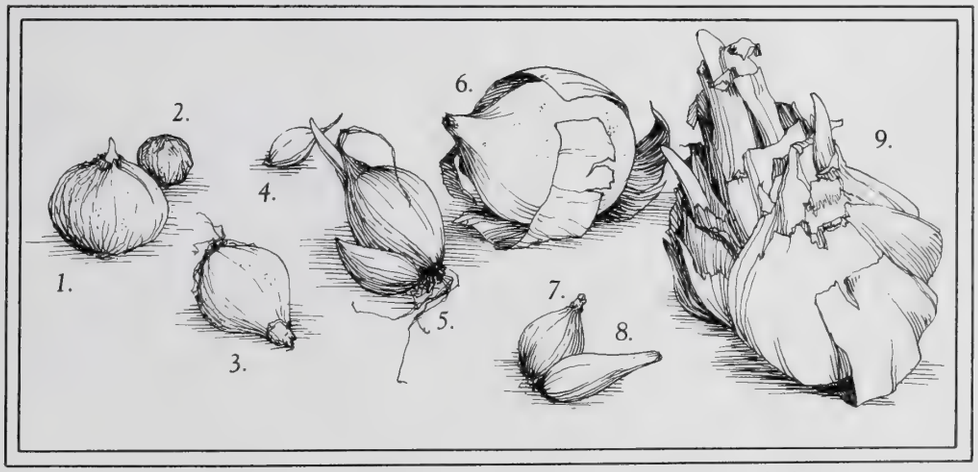
By Eden Ross Lipson

What do Gertrude Jekyll, Vita Sackville-West, Katharine S. White, and Louise Beebe Wilder have in common? A bouquet of horticultural heroines, they are four women who, besides being accomplished gardeners, wrote about gardening and reached, charmed, and excited an audience of amateur and professional gardeners alike with their clear prose, strong opinions, and enthusiasm.

Gertrude Jekyll, the best-known gardening writer in England early in this century, and an authority on matters ranging from garden ornament to color coordination, had long been out of print on both sides of the Atlantic when facsimile editions of her works were brought out, over a year ago. Vita Sackville-West, the subject of a new biography, has been better known in recent years for her peculiar private life than for her white garden at Sissinghurst Castle, but what genius she had went into her gardens, and her *Garden Book* has remained in print. Katharine S. White's elegant occasional columns on gardening written for the *New Yorker* were gathered together by her husband, the writer E. B. White, as *Onward and Upward in the Garden*, in 1979.

Louise Beebe Wilder's name is the least known of these, though in the 1930s she enjoyed substantial popular success as a gardening writer. Her books have remained in print, though obscurely. She was born in Baltimore in 1878, a descendant, she liked it to be known, of the royal house of Stuart and a cousin of Lucius Beebe, the columnist and railroad buff. Privately educated and properly married to Walter Robb Wilder, an architect, she settled in Bronxville, a well-heeled New York suburb, to lead the conventional life of a young matron, and for thirty years gardened there in domestic anonymity.

A socially active garden clubwoman as well, she found time in her later years to write nine popular and useful books about gardening, as well as contributing regular gardening journalism to the *New York Times, House and Garden*, and *Horticulture* during the 1930s. She was given the Garden Club of America's Gold Medal for Horticultural Achievement in 1937, shortly before she died, at the age of sixty.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY APRIL PETERS FLORY

1. Crocus 2. Eranthis 3. Muscari 4. Allium 5. Iris 6. Tulip 7. Galanthus 8. Calochortus 9. Narcissus

Until recently, Dover Books, a paperback publisher that keeps facsimiles of older books in print, has maintained two of Louise Wilder's books in handsome editions: *The Fragrant Garden* and, better yet, *Hardy Bulbs* (published in 1936 as *Adventures with Hardy Bulbs*, echoing earlier titles such as *Adventures in My Garden and Rock Garden*, 1923, and *Adventures in a Suburban Garden*, 1931). In the great Dover tradition, however, the books receive no publicity, and *Hardy Bulbs* has now gone out of print. It can sometimes be found, however, in those special bookstores that feature gardening books, such as botanical-garden bookshops. Both titles are well worth looking for. They belong in that special category of comfortable reference books to be consulted for inspiration, encouragement, and contagious enthusiasm.

Mrs. Wilder's garden was just an acre, plus a rock garden, but there was always room for experiment or the addition of an untried species that might prove to be a treasure. She was a great Romantic enthusiast, with a strong vein of scientific curiosity that she exercised on a domestic scale. In this spirit, she states firmly, "When you think your garden is crowded, look about carefully, and you will discover nooks and corners into which a few bulbs may be tucked away." No "less is more" for her; austerity of design and purity of color combinations counted for little in her scheme of things. Her garden must have been a cluttered wonder, a treasure trove, and a continual joy.

She takes pains to tell her readers just where she gardened and in what—often adverse—climatological conditions. "More than once I have seen the Japanese Quince bushes angrily lurid beneath a pall of snow, Daffodils fluttering above a white blanket, Snowdrops piercing sheer ice; but over a few years, bulbs have flowered in this garden during every month. During ten months is practically the rule."

She makes it clear—if not explicit—that she did most of the gardening herself with some help, rather than supervising a large staff, and that rock gardening and gardening with bulbs in general is not difficult. It is very encouraging to be told that "bulbous plants are . . . pretty generally

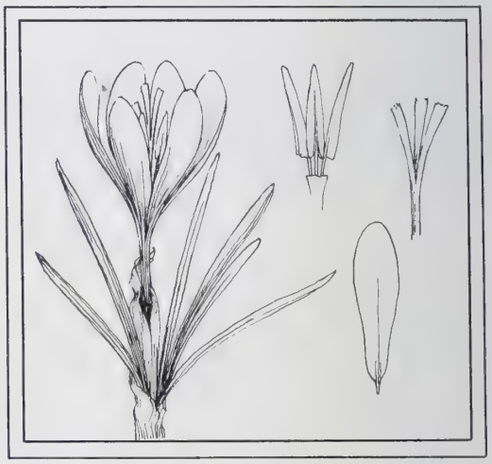
Eden Ross Lipson is an editor at the New York Times Book Review *and an indoor and outdoor gardener.*

One of the finest aspects of gardening is generosity—the sharing of that which has prospered.

reasonable in their demands. Not many have obscure yearnings that tax our ingenuity. The majority are content with a nourishing, gritty soil, porous and free from fresh manure, and many like a bit of lime in some form." If a motto emerges from her 350-page tour of the four seasons' worth of bulbs she has blooming in her garden, it is "Label, label, label," and its corollary, "Keep notes, keep notes, keep notes." Only thanks to labels and notebooks filled over the decades with careful observations is she able to report so precisely on when and how each species bloomed, what movement, feeding, or other conditions affected it, whether it flourished or proved in the end not to be hardy in her garden. Mrs. Wilder is candid about her failures. And she reports plaintively, as all gardeners must do, on the apparent successes that simply disappeared after one season.

Calochortus nuttallii (sego lily)

Iris reticulata



Crocus Korolkowii

Where she is most engaging and least self-conscious is in rattling off the provenance of every species of the thousands of bulbs she has tried. There is a crocus that Mr. Elwes brought back from the Middle East; there are the sego lily her correspondent Mr. Purdy sent from California, and the contributions of her friend Mr. E. A. Bowles, who bred and named the Snow Bunting, Golden Plover, Yellow Hammer, Golden Pheasant, Silver Pheasant, Bullfinch, and White Egret crocuses. While it does not prove hardy in Mrs. Wilder's garden, the *Iris reticulata Vartanii*, which comes from around Nazareth, near Palestine (kindness of friends and acquaintances traveling in the Holy Land), is almost surely hardy in gardens south of Washington, D. C.

Only Mrs. Wilder would take the time and trouble to note among the listings of yellow crocuses that "C. *Korolkowii* is named for its discoverer, the Russian General Korolkow, who found it growing in stiff soil near the river Kly in Turkestan. It is rather pleasant to think of a Russian general, perhaps big and fierce and bearded, showing his softer side by thinking it worth his while to notice and collect a little starry yellow Crocus."

The contemporary reader browses through her pages for the spirit of botanical adventure and the geography lessons—so many beautiful species, especially the tiny ones, from such faraway places. One reads for the wonder of it, for in most cases it is impossible to write to a supplier and place an order, particularly for the small, unusual species. In these matters Mrs. Wilder can only inspire. Today, for instance, almost all suppliers deal with the hybrid tulips that have been developed since World War II, most of them in the past twenty years. But even in the 1930s, Mrs. Wilder was greatly alarmed at the imposition of restrictions on bulb and plant importation, fearing that our gardens would literally pale and grow drab without constant additions of exotic new bulbs. Although elaborate restrictions have been imposed at the borders and are enforced, her fears have proved to be unfounded. The numbers of spring bulbs alone that are imported are vast and increasing, and many new species are being bred here and abroad. The days of casual private importation of plants and plant stuffs, however, are long past, as are amateur botanical adventuring and plant collecting in such remote corners of the earth as Tibet and Patagonia.

But Mrs. Wilder states a friendly home truth that cannot become obsolete: "The Lily-Turf came to my garden, like so many valued plants, as a gift from a casual visitor who said she had it from a very old garden." For all the catalogues available today, for all the claims by nurseries and plantsmen of tested and perfected specimens, one of the finest aspects of gardening is generosity. The sharing of that which has prospered is the golden rule. Just as one offers cuttings and corms of valued plants as a special gift, so one recommends books that in one's own experience have proved best and most reliable to delight others. □

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A DECIDEDLY FALSE IMPRESSION

When Paul Cézanne came to Paris and the Café Guerbois, he would shake hands with Monet, Renoir, Degas, and Pissarro, but before the debonair Edouard Manet, he would stop short. "I won't shake your hand, Monsieur Manet," he would growl. "I haven't washed for a week." Cézanne's ambivalence about Manet was expressed in caricatures, or *charges*, like the well-known *Une Moderne Olympia*. In the quiet of its home, in the Musées d'Amiens, eighty miles north of Paris, this delirious *Déjeuner sur l'Herbe*—its title though not its imagery taken from the Manet shown at right—has long been regarded as another such.

The lithograph was acquired from R. G. Michel's prestigious print emporium in Paris in 1948 for a sum equivalent to three hundred 1984 dollars. "We always considered it a rare, little-known Cézanne original," says Michèle Camus, with the museum for the past eighteen years.

Robert Gustave Michel set up shop just before the First World War. Pierre Michel, his son, who runs the business today, protests, "My father never sold the *Déjeuner* as an original Cézanne lithograph." He pulls out *L'Oeuvre Gravé de Cézanne* (1972), by Jean Cherpin. Only three lithographs are listed: the large and small *Baigneurs* and one self-portrait. According to Michel, the museum bought a work produced in the workshop of Auguste Clot, a famous lithographer who executed the Impressionists' impressions. When Cherpin was researching the print, he could not see "Cézanne's own hand" in it, and tracked down Clot's son André, who claimed authorship himself. The scholar was convinced. In his catalogue he identifies the Amiens *Déjeuner* as done "in the summer of 1914 by Auguste Clot's sixteen-year-old son André, all the other artisans having been called to the front." Cézanne died in 1906.

"The lithograph my father sold was *after* Cézanne," says Michel—and indeed, Cézanne did produce several well-authenticated works by that name. "Some people confuse *after* with *by*."

Could the late Robert Richard, curator at Amiens at the time of the purchase, have been one of them? "This is the first time we've heard such a thing!" exclaims Camus. "*C'est incroyable!*" The Amiens curators have decided to take the matter to the highest court and have gone scrambling off to the Louvre. —*Joan Dupont*

Joan Dupont reports frequently from Paris.

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CONNOISSEUR

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The point had been made–spectacularly. The performance diesel engine had proven itself so commendably that its design was then transferred to the production line virtually intact. And is now found beneath the hood of the 300D Turbodiesel Sedan for 1984, shown at right.

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CHASSIS TO MATCH

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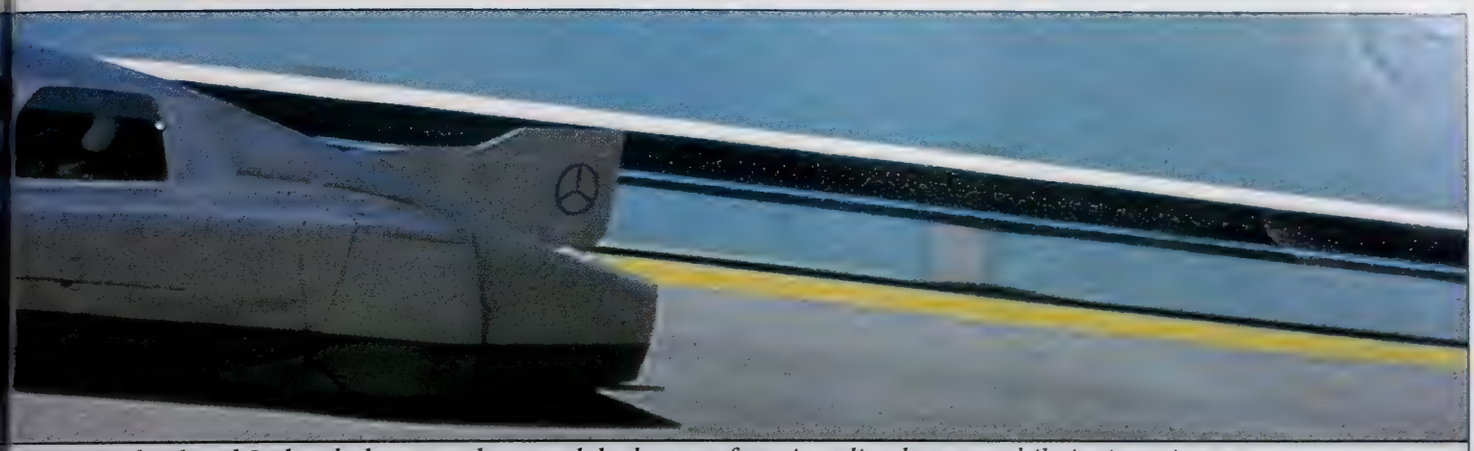

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CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

MY EYE by Thomas Hoving

THE NEXT LINK IN THE CHAIN

Whether we like him or not, we've got to admit that Jackson Pollock was not a phony. He was a splendidly enigmatic and deeply troubled genius who advanced painting to the next stage of its uncertain evolution. As Willem de Kooning has said, "Pollock broke the ice."

What Jackson was touted for early on—his energy—is misleading. He has been called the inventor of action painting. Okay, but so what? "Action" refers to how he painted. It's what he painted that's important. Pollock's canvases—those blobs and drips and slashes of paint—possess a compelling quietude, subtlety, and power all held together by poetic restraint. His best work (of 1949 to 1953) is a vital link in the tortuous progress of modern painting from Manet to Cézanne to Picasso to Kandinsky.

Such links follow no predictable pattern. In every decade (particularly nowadays) there's a blazingly diverse spectrum of artists: stylists, nostalgics, craftsmen, primitives, shockers, do-gooders, populists, crazies, fakirs, the trendies, the "ins," the "outs," sexists of varied stripes—the good, the bad, the ugly. But not every decade produces a pacesetter, one who guides painting into another logical possibility.

Such an artist is seldom an undiscovered youth, but is a seasoned creator who for years may even have been taken for granted. Frequently, the key works burst from nowhere and signal the moment of the artist's full maturity as well as the birth of a new stylistic expression. Unless you are hemmed in by some critical ideology, it doesn't take much to recognize them. You see them and you know.

In 1983 an artist who has been steadily moving toward artistic leadership suddenly gave forth such works: paintings that entice grand reflections on the development of all modern art; paintings that are virtually certain to make history. The artist is Helen Frankenthaler.

Her new works came into the public light late last year at the André Emmerich Gallery, where some may still be seen. Among the most beautiful and impressive of the pieces—all acrylic on wall-filling canvases listed in the catalogue—are the following: *Weights and Shapes; Stone; Japanese Brush; Into October; Grand Tour;* and the sublime green, black, and orange *Madame Matisse.* The quality of these and other works did not escape collectors, who snapped them up for prices ranging from $38,000 to $75,000.

Although I have appreciated Frankenthaler for a long time, I was, frankly, getting tired of what seemed to me to be becoming a formula—appealing veils of color arranged deftly, if sparsely, on large canvases. Then I saw the 1983 series, and it knocked me on my seat. I found a strength, a peace, an amazingly human and cosmic character in these pictures (which do not and are not supposed to tell a story) that opened my eyes and gave me a greater understanding of what Jackson Pollock was up to. What especially excites me about the 1983 Frankenthaler pictures is the perfect placement of all those blobs and wisps of color and lines and washes. Everything is tightly controlled, as interrelated as objects in outer space. The lines, washes, and shapes obey Frankenthaler's marvelous directions. It's almost like watching how gravity affects seas and gases. An artistic $e = mc^2$.

In my excitement I barged in on the artist and asked her what was going on. The 1983 paintings were a fundamental change, were they not?

"In my work I sometimes leap to things . . . I change direction and experiment. I'll do a maverick, one-shot, crazy painting and I'll put it aside to let it cook. Sometimes I think when I look at it, 'This is not me.' Then it works. That is what I'm up to now. But please, I'm just conversing," she added, slightly worried that I might try to force her into some sort of gospel. "Of course an artist has one signature for life, but you're in trouble if you're doing one picture all your life."

How do I know that the 1983 works by Helen Frankenthaler are the next link in the chain? I just feel their stature, their clout. Their mass and perfection of details all work perfectly together. They are new and classic at the same time. I feel a need to [illegible] page to see what I mean. □

Helen Frankenthaler's Madame Matisse, *1983 (5' x 10'2½").*

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THE AMERICAN DREAM

Down in the forest primeval of Louisiana, there is a Cajun shrimper named Loulan Pitre who woke up one day three years ago to find that an oil well had been struck in his backyard. He no longer goes out shrimping every day; only when he wants to. Otherwise his life is little changed. He and his wife still live in the small, dark workman's cottage where Pitre was born, some sixty-two summers ago.

Along the bayou, where people dig for crawfish barehanded (in spite of the snakes), you see grandiose villas inhabited by other Cajun peasants who struck it rich in recent years. But Pitre is a singular man: he was happy even when he was poor and has long been locally famous on his own account. A brilliant, self-taught eccentric with a doctorate in law, he sent his three sons to Harvard, and his outrageous sense of humor compels him to make trouble for the bureaucrats of his district. For sport, Pitre sues the likes of the local Levy Board, always acting as his own attorney. In the living room of his cottage in Cut Off, some thirty-five miles from New Orleans, the walls are lined with volumes of the Napoleonic Code and its descendant the Louisiana Code. When the first fat check from the oil company came, Pitre splurged and bought himself the forty-five tomes of the U.S. Civil Code for Christmas.

GUY PITRE

Pitre still culls oysters for gumbo himself.

I'd been told in New Orleans that the best gumbo in the world was served at Pitre's house. So it turned out, when I came calling. We sat in the kitchen, on rickety chairs around a table covered with an oilcloth. Pitre talked disdainfully of crooked politicians while his wife ladled out the gumbo from an immense tureen. It was a feast, with fresh, local hardshell crab, oysters from Pitre's oyster leases, and shrimp he'd netted in the gulf.

Mrs. Pitre's magnificent gumbo begins with a roux. "You brown the flour in cooking oil until it is very dark but not burned," she explained. "You simmer onions in the roux, then add water, lots of it, because in a gumbo the sauce is thin. You put in half a head of chopped celery, then add a sliced, smoked sausage which is browned beforehand if it is greasy. Then you add the crab, the shrimp, and, for the last fifteen minutes, the oysters." The only flavoring is salt, black pepper, and, if you like, jalapeño peppers. Not until the gumbo has been served over rice is the filé—a powder of ground-up sassafras leaves—sprinkled over it.

Everyone sat until they could eat no more and then wandered out to look at Pitre's oil well. Pitre has a few acres of swampy meadow that have been in his family for a hundred years. The Arcadians who came to Louisiana early in the eighteenth century got the worthless land that no one else bothered to claim. In the middle of it is Pitre's oil well. "Hah," he exclaimed, looking mighty pleased with himself as he turned toward one of his neighbors, who sat outside an identical cottage nearby shucking oysters. "He didn't strike oil!"

Since my visit, Loulan Pitre has doubled back further on the American dream. He recently had a bit part in a Paramount picture called *River Rats*, which stars Tommy Lee Jones. When asked if the part was the prelude to another of his careers, Pitre dismissed the notion characteristically. "I don't want too many careers. It gets you messed up." But what if film directors start beating a path to his door? —*Elisabeth Wynhausen*

LALIQUE ALERT

The name Lalique is probably as prestigious and well known today as it was in 1925, when René Lalique's sensational contribution to the Exposition Internationale des Arts Décoratifs et Industriels Modernes, in Paris, won him global renown and patronage. Today's demand for art deco and the remarkable popularity of Lalique glass has, perhaps inevitably, led to the manufacture of specious imitations of several vase designs of the 1920s and 1930s. The forgeries have been carefully fed into a Lalique-hungry market since the summer of 1983.

René Lalique excelled both as an artist-craftsman and as a businessman. It is no secret that the majority of glass made under his administration prior to his death, in 1945, was mass-produced, most of it by sophisticated press-molding techniques, and that only the final surface polishing and enameling were achieved by hand.

TERRENCE McGINNISS

Fake Lalique (left) shows no wear and lacks the markings of the genuine article (right).

Despite the high prices for real Lalique objects and the appearance of forgeries, the original glass can hardly be considered rare. In the years between the wars alone, Lalique produced approximately 1,500 different models of vases, lamps, and decorative figures. By the beginning of World War II, when supply and demand were at their peaks, the firm had manufactured more than ten million pieces, not counting the range of perfume bottles that had been commissioned by Coty and other large companies since 1908. But the attention given to the molding processes, the quality of the glass and labor, and, above all, the innovations in color and design meant that the enormous level of production in no way jeopardized or

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A diamond [illegible]

cheapened the outstanding quality of each individual piece.

The forged vases, when placed next to the genuine article, are highly convincing from a distance, being of identical form and comparable color. A closer examination will reveal a faint, waxy sheen of "newness" on the vessel's surface, and a lack of the crispness in surface detail that is characteristic of molded Lalique glass. The vases conform to the conventional patterns of forgery, being copies of the most popular and striking designs in the most desirable colors, which include amethyst, black, ruby red, bright green, sapphire blue, and charcoal gray. The all-important signature has been added with the use of a stenciled, etching technique, to spell out R. LALIQUE in bold capitals (lest there be any doubt!). But here the forger blundered: the forged signature does not conform precisely with any Lalique mark on record and is therefore a dead giveaway to anyone familiar with Lalique. This mistake has been remedied in some cases by a skillful erasure of the mark and the addition of a more plausible signature with a diamond-point drill.

Lesser Lalique fakes have long been on the market. The most common offenders are altered or converted pieces: a vase that has been ground to eliminate a chip, a scent bottle with a "married" stopper, or a damaged vase converted to a wall sconce. All can be spotted by a trained eye or revealed through simple research with the aid of the numerous publications on the subject, which include a reprinted version of the Lalique trade catalogue of 1932. The "attributed" pieces—by such lesser names of the period as Eteling, André Hunebelle, or Sabino—are frequently promoted to Lalique status with a little help from an unscrupulous dealer with dollar signs in his eyes and a diamond-point drill in his hand. Again, a quick dip into the library will soon expose the impostors. Identifying and sidestepping such masqueraders is considered part of the game by collectors, many of whom have been stung at some point in their careers.

The new counterfeits, however, are a much more serious and disturbing matter since they are not yet covered in the literature. The would-be collector must follow the golden rule of collecting items that bear the mark or signature of the manufacturer: Never allow a mark to authenticate a piece; rather, let the qualities of the piece—its workmanship, design, decoration, and composition—authenticate the mark! —*Nicholas M. Dawes*

To Mingle at Versailles

Versailles was built largely to accommodate the endless grand galas and courtly functions of the most flirtatious aristocracy in Europe, and the palace's frivolous halls are available for merriment still. Only to the right people, of course. But heads of state, blue-chip conventions, and names with the proper connections can book the hallowed premises for a bash to end all bashes, for a negligible honorarium of 35,000 francs—less than $5,000.

One recent party at Versailles was thrown by the eminent Parisian antiquary Maurice Ségoura, in celebration of the great eighteenth-century furniture maker Adam Weisweiler. Ségoura booked the 120-meter-long Galerie des Batailles—whose giant battle-scene murals were commissioned by Louis-Philippe to commemorate France's military victories—and invited 1,100 friends.

To make the immense hall comfortable for a twentieth-century crowd, Ségoura hired the decorator Daniel Pasgrimaud, who softened the room's gilt, bellicose monotony with draped scaffolding—a tricky job, since no foreign body is allowed to touch the walls or ceilings. The stately chandeliers and candles were backed up with discreet spotlights. Pasgrimaud will not say how much his transformations cost, but the chef, Olivier Casanova, from the catering house of Lubré, is candid about his services. "I made a good price because, after all, I'm not Gaston Lenôtre," he explains modestly. For 150 francs a head—that is, $20,000 in all—the young caterer from southern France provided all the food and drink, as well as the service staff and the dinnerware.

The château accepts deliveries only before 10:00 A.M. and after 5:00 P.M., and no cooking is allowed in the palace. Casanova and his staff arrived in the morning to set up the buffets. The food arrived in the evening. All Versailles was alight, from the Galerie des Glaces to the *petits apartements*. At seven the guests started to arrive and were escorted to the hall through the king and queen's apartments. After a *grande soirée* of sundry hors d'oeuvres and petits fours, viands and shrimp and sculpted tiers of salmon, and plenty of champagne, they floated out at eleven through the Princes' Courtyard.

If you have designs on Versailles for a fête, bear in mind that obtaining permission could take months, and that June is the château's busiest season. An official request in writing must go to the Directeur des Musées de France (currently M. Hubert Landais) at the Palais du Louvre, in Paris; it must state your purpose—which better not be *n'importe quoi*—and who you are—which better not be *n'importe qui*. But once the royal nod is given, the rest is fairly easy.

The government's fee of 35,000 francs includes the use of one hall for an evening (although the Hall of Mirrors is normally reserved for affairs of state), electricity, overtime for the guards, firemen, and a limousine-parking staff. Decoration, fur-

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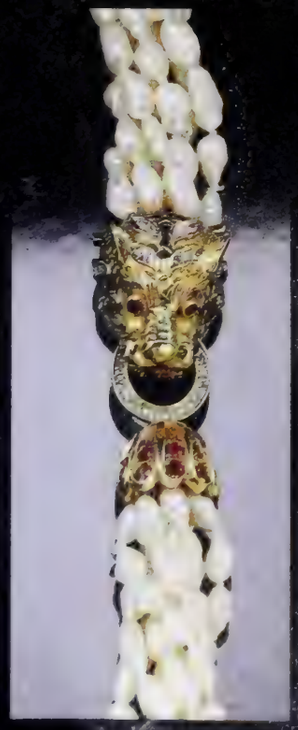

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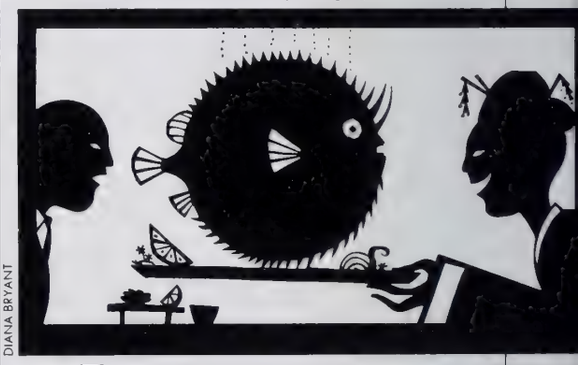
niture, and catering are extra, naturally, but if the known expenses of Ségoura's soirée serve as a guide, the total bill probably won't even approach the $90,000 or more that you will pay for an equally large crowd in one of the top luxury hotels in New York. —*Joan Dupont*

Japanese Roulette

As a kimono-clad hostess refills their sake cups, the diners in the Tokyo restaurant turn their attention to the central platter, where, besides a single pine sprig, paper-thin slices of raw fish have been arranged to resemble a flying crane. With tapered, lacquered chopsticks, each morsel is dipped in a special vinegar sauce, then slowly, carefully savored. The conversation continues, spare and refined—but the diners secretly have begun to monitor their bodies. A numbness or slight tingle in the mouth is okay, even normal. But a sensation of intense chill or a trembling in the hands would mean that they have lost their gamble with fugu: they have been fatally poisoned.

Each winter, millions of Japanese literally risk their lives to eat fugu, a poisonous type of blowfish considered by many to be the supreme delicacy of Japanese cui-



DIANA BRYANT

sine. There are gourmet recipes, sauces, and garnishes used only for fugu, and a number of Japan's finest restaurants specialize just in the "globefish." Connoisseurs debate whether the fish is most delicious served raw as sashimi, broiled, deep-fried, or prepared in a special stew; whether the small blue and white variety or the large spotted "tiger" fugu is best; whether the blowfish testicles served in hot sake really make an ambrosial potion. Some skeptics question whether fugu's distinctive, delicate tang comes from the flesh itself or from the special sauces. But no one denies that the liver and ovaries of fugu contain a deadly venom that can kill a person in minutes, or that—although the fish should be safe if expertly prepared, and fugu chefs today must be

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licensed—hundreds of Japanese die each year from eating it. Not long ago, for instance, a popular Kabuki theater star died from a fugu dinner, his death touching off weeks of debate in the press.

The poisonous blowfish has become a kind of popular totem, even though it is singularly funny- and nasty-looking. Most varieties, which range from being a few inches long to football size, are multicolored and have razor-sharp protuberances along their bodies; all fugu inflate to great, silly proportions when they want to impress and frighten their enemies. Dried, blown-up tiger fugu are often used as lanterns; smaller varieties are popular souvenir items. At Shimonoseki, a town in the south near where most blowfish are caught, priests hold annual ceremonies specifically to comfort and honor the spirits of fugu.

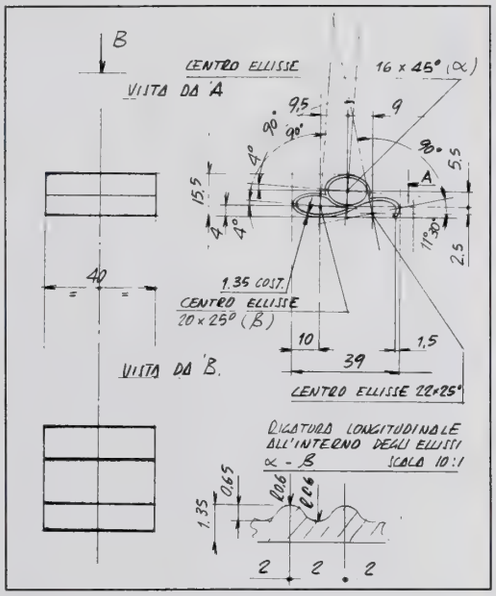
Happily, the spirits seem to provide special protection to fools and foreigners. On a recent trip to Japan, my repeated attempts to feast on blowfish were vetoed from above. At one old restaurant, where a Japanese friend eats fugu regularly, the hostess insisted that they didn't serve it; another well-known globefish eatery, in the chic Roppongi district of Tokyo, mysteriously closed when I approached the area.

The danger of fugu is part of its fascination. Every Japanese has a favorite remedy for globefish venom. "You bury the person up to the neck," one man explained, "and the earth will absorb the poison. But," he added stoically, "I think the person will die anyway." —*Eileen Blumenthal*

And Now, Designer Pasta

Giorgetto Giugiaro is an engaging forty-five-year-old designer who has created the elegant good looks of forty of the world's most famous automobiles (from the VW Rabbit to the ill-fated DeLorean)—not to mention Parker pens, Seiko watches, and Nikon cameras. Now he has turned his fine Italian hand to a pasta, of all things. It is called *marille* and is made by the Neapolitan firm of Voiello. "My mother is delighted," says Giugiaro. "She doesn't drive, but now, with the *marille*, she has the opportunity of using one of my creations in the kitchen."

Voiello, which already produces ninety-seven varieties of pasta, had good reasons for looking to an industrial designer for a new line. The Neapolitan tradition



First the pasta evolved in the studio . . .

of inventing new forms of pasta had been dormant for over fifty years, and Voiello felt that local craftsmen's methods were no longer appropriate for industrial-scale production. "We wanted the very best," explains the general manager, Mario Nervegna, "so of course we thought of Giugiaro." The firm also reaped plenty of favorable publicity in the process.

For his part, "at first I was absolutely nonplussed," Giugiaro recalls with a laugh. "But I soon capitulated." He approached the problem of creating pasta with the same careful methods that he brings to any other design. First came the givens. The pasta had to be easily transportable, strong enough to resist breakage; and in addition to pleasing the eye, it must provide a wide range of "oral gratifications": when cooked *al dente* it must be permeable to a variety of sauces.

Once the designer had the basic information, he brainstormed in the Turin headquarters of Giugiaro Design, with the aid of two or three assistants—"just the way we elaborate a project for a car-door handle. We sat around together, tossing out ideas; we then proceeded to do the usual rough sketches, sections, and final work-ups," Giugiaro explains. "I've tackled much more difficult and challenging jobs, but with much less glory and recognition."

In all, Giugiaro offered thirty-four suggestions, of which six were selected for further experimentation. Two of the semifinalist designs were actually produced, and the *marille*'s elegant curlicue carried the day. The name *marille* actually came later, coined in less than an hour by Voiello's advertising company; it is a Nea-

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. . . now the new noodle is an Italian staple.

politan term for the small waves that ruffle the surface of the sea.

"There were other designs that were more evocative or mysterious, but I've learned to abandon the emotional aspects of a given design in favor of a more functional content," explains the proud creator. Not that *marille* are ugly. "My *maccheroni* form an orderly dish," Giugiaro points out, "much more elegant than a heap of *penne*—more like *ravioli*." Which is why he was hired, of course, and why *marille* has already caught on in Italy. So far Voiello hasn't decided to export it to the United States, but the idea seems ripe for consumption. —*Patricia Corbett*

THE SENSUOUS CUBIST

Diego Rivera's fame as a muralist is so great that it tends to obscure his route to those huge, detailed, political works. The exhibition "Diego Rivera: The Cubist Years," which opens at the Phoenix Art Museum on the tenth of this month (and later travels to the IBM Gallery of Science and Art, in New York City, the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, and the Museum of Modern Art in Mexico City) reminds us of the painter's non-Mexican past. He went to Paris in 1909, arriving at a time when the city was at its most fertile artistic moment. Picasso and Braque had just invented Cubism. By 1913, Rivera, who was well trained in his native Mexico and by two years of study in Spain, became an accomplished Cubist himself.

Like other expatriate vanguardists—the American Max Weber, for example—Rivera embraced Cubism as a way of abstracting reality, but he never achieved the extreme subtlety and sophistication of Picasso and Braque's handling of space in terms of elusive, shifting transparent planes. Maybe he was too much of a voluptuary to dematerialize the brightly colored and richly textured objects that gave his eye so much delight. In this he follows the colorful and highly legible Cubism of his friend Juan Gris. What makes Rivera's Cubism especially appealing is his wit. *Sailor at Lunch* (1914) pokes fun at youthful braggadocio with all the piquancy and affection of Picasso's well-known drawing entitled *Student with Pipe* (1913–14), on which the Rivera painting is clearly based.

Rivera's Woman at the Well *(left) and* Zapatista Landscape *are among the surprises.*

Rivera often identified himself as a Mexican by inserting details of Mexican popular art such as *petate* (woven straw), in *Still Life with Bowl*, or the sarape, in the famous *Zapatista Landscape* (both 1915), in which the revolutionary's huge black sombrero, gun belt, and rifle are set against Mexican mountains. By 1918, Rivera came to see Cubism as too elitist, and he turned to a more conservative, Cézannesque realism before going back to Mexico to create a specifically Mexican art for the Mexican people. Years later, when asked about his Cubist years, Rivera said that he had been a Cubist all his life. "I have never believed in God," he said, "but I believe in Picasso." —*Hayden Herrera*

PETER TENZER/WHEELER PICTURES

WITH A FRINGE ON TOP

When Eliot Whittall and Eric Javits graduated from the Rhode Island School of Design, in the late 1970s, the hat market was stagnating in traditional felts and pastel straws decked with posies. On a lark, the two collaborators fashioned a series of "little sculptures" out of cloth

Whittall & Javits's "Nautilus" hat, designed for Connoisseur, *is made out of Italian braid straw and pleated to resemble a conch shell. It can be found at Saks Fifth Avenue or at Bloomingdale's in New York.*

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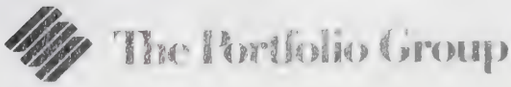

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scraps—purple cones surrounded by thick red-plastic "jewels," velvet flattops spouting sequined veiling—and took them to the hat buyers at Bonwit Teller, Bergdorf Goodman, and Saks Fifth Avenue in New York. To their surprise, the stores bought every one. No matter that one window dresser, bewildered by the exotic-looking objects, first displayed them in a handbags case.

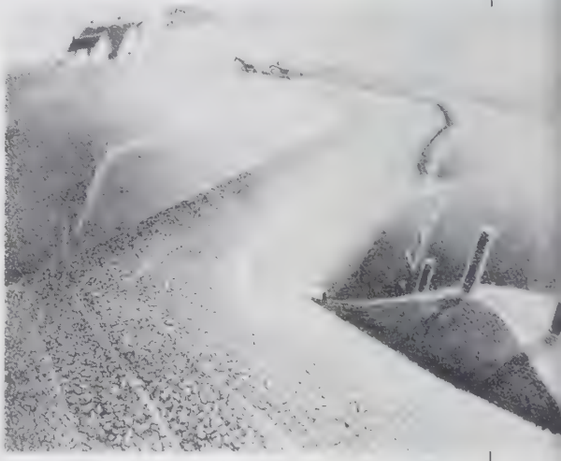
Nowadays, hats are back in full force, and Whittall & Javits's six-million-dollar-a-year operation on Seventh Avenue produces regular lines of headwear for Bloomingdale's, Saks, and other luxury stores, where they have settled in nicely alongside Adolfo II and Frank Olive. Recently the pair designed hats for Carolina Herrera's 1984 summer collection ("because she was so nice," Whittall remembers), but special orders of fewer than 2,000 hats are not the rule anymore. Admittedly, such massive success has forced Whittall & Javits to water down their early, "sculptural" designs somewhat—though many customers feel that the dilution has only made their hats more wearable—but not at the expense of originality. They still insist on maintaining the original sense of fun from which the whole enterprise sprang, following no real philosophy of style besides that of constant experimentation and change. "Either you like it or you don't like it," Javits assures you, "but you don't get too serious about it." —*Rose Kernochan*

CHOICE AUCTIONS

If T. S. Eliot had been in the auction business, March, not April, would have been "the cruelest month . . . mixing Memory and desire." Historically, the month's sales slink in between the successes of the past fall season and the anticipated surges of April and especially May (remember *L'Attente*!). But this year both New York and London are offering March sales worthy of special attention, even without considering the celebrated Donatello relief at Sotheby's, for which the headlines have conjured up million-dollar expectations.

Probably the best deals this month will be had at the **Sotheby's print sales, in London, March 8–9, and in New York, March 13–14.** Like drawings (my other favorite hobbyhorse), prints are still largely inexpensive compared with paintings and other categories, even though 1983 was a very buoyant year for both major houses, setting new records in virtually every major genre—old master, modern, even contemporary. Yet, more typically, at the print sale at William Doyle last December, only ten of 186 lots sold for $1,000 or more. I suspect that prices will begin to rise vigorously as the psychedelic-poster generation comes of age and means, further broadening the base of younger collectors who are becoming a factor in the market. At present, good editions by notable twentieth-century American artists are worth considering: the Thomas Hart Benton and Grant Wood prints above (which likely can be had for less than $3,000 each) are representative of the 300-plus lots in the New York sale. If you're after bigger fish, wait until May (New York) and June (London).

Thomas Hart Benton's The Race.



Grant Wood's March. *Such American lithographs are bargains at Sotheby's.*

New York—Christie's, March 21–22, 1984. Three sessions of important Japanese art. An easy trap for the uninitiated is to forget the dramatic differences between Chinese, Japanese, and other Southeast Asian art. (Cf. "Celestial Ceramics," in last December's *Connoisseur*,

No other voice could describe a Rolex so beautifully.

Kiri Te Kanawa gave her first public singing performance at the age of fifteen to a local ladies' committee in Auckland, New Zealand.

Impressed they may have been, but none of those ladies could have realized they were listening to a girl destined to become one of the finest opera sopranos in the world.

Her appearance fee was then a munificent four dollars.

Today, after hearing her perform the role of Donna Elvira from "Don Giovanni" in Paris, or the Countess from "Le Nozze de Figaro" at Covent Garden, many critics have been moved to describe her voice as priceless.

New York, London, Paris, Milan — wherever this truly international star performs, audiences respond with standing ovations. And a film of "Don Giovanni" starring Kiri as Donna Elvira is another huge success with opera lovers around the world.

"I owe a lot to my basic technique," she says. "My early training and the way in which my voice has developed means I can usually sing my way through colds and sore throats without any problems... in fact, anything short of laryngitis and tonsillitis combined! And, of course, consistency of performance is extremely important.

"That can make or break your reputation."

Given her opinions, it is very gratifying to note Kiri Te Kanawa's choice of wristwatch.

A gold Rolex Oyster Lady-Datejust. "Simply marvelous," she says.

"In all the years I've had the watch it's never gone off key, and it's never been ill. And I know how hard it is to always be 100 percent.

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page 136.) Prices for Chinese art generally "are worlds and way above Japanese," as Howard Zar, of Sotheby's, has noted. With the well-known exception of fine woodblock prints, Japanese works still are relatively cheap despite fervid bidding in recent years by the Japanese themselves in both New York and London (where, N.B., William Tilley also will hold a very fine Japanese sale on March 13.) The three New York sessions feature a daunting cross-section of goodies: tsuba, swords,

Japanese art is the star at Christie's.

guns, ceramics, prints, screens, netsuke inro, lacquer—all the sort of things that the Japanese very willingly let out of the country in the post-Perry years of the nineteenth century, at the height of the Western vogue for *japonisme*. The exhibition is a must if you are interested at all in this field.

New York—Phillips, March 27, 1984. Rare books and manuscripts. The obvious and very real blockbuster here is Melville's personal, annotated copy of Milton's *Poetical Works* (Boston, 1836), which we announced exclusively last month. Thesis mongers will have work for ten years, thanks to the thirty-one handwritten notes in the margins. We'll have to wait and see who pays how much for this discovery. The other lots are a balanced selection of eighteenth- through twentieth-century material and worth a good look. Note, for instance, the McDougal collection of American marine and navigation books, from Boston, including a complete run of Bowditch's *Practical Navigator*, 1802–67 (estimated at $18,000–$20,000). —*James R. Lyons*

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THE ART OF VACA

Ah, vacations. They're one of life's most precious rewards. Something those who achieve a certain level of comfort take for granted. Yet, vacationing well is something else altogether. It requires knowledge, taste and, of course, a bit more expense. And it requires the right vacation resort. While it would be presumptuous to imply that The Mauna Kea Beach hotel is the only choice worth considering, it would be almost unconscionable not to extoll its virtues. Here, then, are some obviously biased opinions on the subject.

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WESTIN HOTELS

rray of authentic Hawaiian quilts. A total collection of ver 1,000 pieces. But, unlike a museum, this art is unobrusive, placed carefully about the hotel grounds, so as not o disturb the natural environment.

And because works of art come in culinary form as well, n internationally-acclaimed restaurant or two (or three) s a must. After all, traditional art may satisfy the soul, but vell-prepared cuisine goes a long way toward total peace nd harmony.

Service? It should be constant, yet invisible. Always here when needed and never in the way.

Finally, and perhaps most importantly, all these many elements must piece together smoothly and quietly. The resort should never call attention to itself, but rather serve as a vehicle for each guest's complete relaxation. After all, the true genius of art is to make it all look easy.

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BEYOND PERIOD CHARM

The quest of Jeremy Irons.

By Benny Green

Having succeeded, at an early age, in finding his niche, Jeremy Irons may henceforth have to spend a great deal of time and energy struggling to escape from it. In both the feature film *The French Lieutenant's Woman* and the television series *Brideshead Revisited* he found himself required to depict a certain kind of genteel fastidiousness whose style has become so unfashionable in contemporary English life as to be dubbed "period." Never mind that the tensions of the love story in the film arose from the characters' essentially Victorian sexual reticence, while the personages in the series were bewildered by the very absence of the old Victorian constraints, blown to pieces in Flanders Field. The two roles are still "period" in the sense that they show a handsome young hero out of the imperial past battling against impulses too strong to be denied.

BARBRA WALZ

Irons has a serious problem: he looks too much like a traditional English gent.

Irons is generally thought to have been "perfect casting" in both parts, which may only be an uncharitable way of acknowledging his excellence in rendering the subtleties of characters first created on the written page by the novelists John Fowles, in one case, and Evelyn Waugh, in the other. It may be a long time before he finds two roles half as rewarding. But sitting with him over coffee on a lazy afternoon shading into the weekend, I thought it would be churlish to advance so glum a suggestion. So I let it go.

By now, as everyone who cares about theater knows, Irons has found the first such role and taken a giant step beyond period charm, in his Broadway debut. As the play-writing hero of *The Real Thing*, Tom Stoppard's latest tour de razzle-dazzle, he is wowing New York with his wicked sarcasm, his wryly inflected body language, and his utterly contemporary bewilderment at the wiles of his utterly contemporary costars, Glenn Close and Christine Baranski. His eighties ironies are honed to the sharpness of a razor's edge. But I anticipate. We were in the lounge of Brown's Hotel, a few yards north of Piccadilly, and I was wondering, idly, why any English actor would bother to make the trip. New York is already here in London, in force, tweeded and Burberry'd, drifting through the Edwardian ambience like meticulously directed players in some old Galsworthy three-act tract.

As I looked around the lounge to examine the credentials of the chorus, I spotted only two people who might possibly fail to pass muster with the waiters and perhaps cause the cabbies hovering outside in Albemarle Street to raise eyebrows of hurt surprise. One of these two arrivistes was Irons, sitting next to me wearing one of those collarless shirts that at one time indicated the hungry proletariat but are now the height of fashion, much to the chagrin of the collar-and-necktie trade. The other was myself, dressed carefully in the fashion of my youth. But then, I am what Turgenev would have called a man of the forties, and therefore looked even scruffier than Irons, who at least possessed the natural grace of the actor to mitigate the offense of his shirt.

It was a difficult situation for both of us. Two o'clock on a Friday afternoon and already long past the end of the British working week. This was Irons's twenty-fourth interview since Monday morning. It was also his last, which meant that, being only human, he must be seeing me as the last tiresome impediment to the weekend and a brief escape from the engines of publicity that have been pursuing him ever since his sudden fame of two or three

Benny Green is the television critic for Punch *and the author of* P. G. Wodehouse: A Literary Biography.

"People keep asking me to remake old movies. The trick is to find good contemporary stuff."

years ago. It would have been better if I had remained unaware of this. But the public-relations people who arranged this encounter had been careful to let me know all about my twenty-three predecessors. And now, so was Irons.

"There was this chap last Tuesday afternoon," he said to me in genuine bewilderment, "who kept asking me questions about the essential femininity of the creative performance."

"What did he mean?" I asked, mystified. (It wasn't until days later that an old acquaintance reminded me of Lord Olivier's remarks to the effect that no actor could amount to much without a strong feminine streak, nor any actress without a corresponding streak of macho.)

"I haven't the faintest idea what he meant," Irons came back, "and I told him just that."

"He must have liked that."

"Well, that's the most baffling thing about it. He said that my lack of response proved his theory about the essential femininity of the creative performance."

"And you said?"

"'Good-bye. I can't wait to see how it comes out in print.'"

GEORGES PIERRE/SYGMA

As Proust's amorous Swann, Irons is enthralled by Ornella Muti's doe-eyed Odette.

Irons is a dashingly handsome young man with just that faint touch of natural pallor that renders him romantic in the eyes of the world at large and of ladies in particular. He is thinner and slightly slighter than he appears on the screen, and had the New Yorkers swirling about us not been so preoccupied with their tweeds and Burberrys, they would surely have recognized him. Perhaps what put them off the scent was his naturalness. Irons is as unthespian, as unstarry as it is possible for a starry thespian to be without seeming to be affected-in-reverse. The impact of his performances, not only in *The French Lieutenant's Woman* and *Brideshead Revisited* but also in the film of Harold Pinter's cryptic *Betrayal* and the award-winning Anglo-Polish *Moonlighting*, has thrust on him the kind of eminence that makes him a target for every would-be dramatist in the world. Every time some crackpot thinks of an idea for a picture, the leading man most likely to spring to mind is Jeremy Irons. Scripts rain down on his handsome head like mannerisms from heaven.

"How many a week?"

"Dozens. I do read them all. Eventually. Because I'm always looking for *the* part—if there is such a thing as *the* part."

"Do you know what it will be like when you find it?"

"Whatever it's like, it won't be like anything I've ever done before."

"What about *The Real Thing*? When you open in that, won't that be something you've never done before? Your Broadway debut?"

"Yes. But had all things been equal, there was a chance I might have played it in London. But then all things turned out not to be so equal, so I'm very happy to get the chance to do it on Broadway."

"I saw you on the stage once in a musical called *Godspell*," I volunteered.

"What did you think of it?"

"I do my best not to think of it. I loathed every minute of it. But then, that's what you get for being a trained musician, I suppose."

"It was ridiculous," said Irons. "There I was in a hit musical and I couldn't sing a note."

"Well, you must have discovered by now that in England nobody's allowed in a hit musical *unless* they can't sing a note. I take it there's no singing in the Proust picture you've just done?"

"You mean *Swann in Love*."

"Yes, but I didn't want to mention it by name. It always makes me feel guilty just to mention it. Every time I start to read *The*

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CHRISTIE'S

Remembrance of Things Past I seem to get sidetracked after about four volumes."

"I haven't read it right through either. But when I knew the picture was coming up, I did the same as you and read on till sidetracked. It certainly gave me a view of Proust. Before that, I used to wonder what he got up to in that cork-lined room all day. Now I know. He's a great writer, and I think the script for *Swann in Love* does a wonderful job of extracting the essence from a section of the book."

"So Proust wasn't something you had always been burning to do?"

"Certainly not."

"Is there something?"

"I'd like to do something for Sam." Sam is Irons's small son, much in his father's thoughts at Brown's that afternoon. Our meeting had started a few minutes late because Irons had had to find a doctor to make running repairs on Sam's chin, damaged in a fall.

"Have you thought of *The Prisoner of Zenda*?" I inquired. "There comes a time in every boy's life when he is in need of *The Prisoner of Zenda*."

"The trouble with that is that Ronald Colman thought of it first. People keep asking me to remake old movies. The Colmans and the Taylors and the Flynns. I think it stems from the fact that I have an old-fashioned face. People tend to pigeonhole me as a traditional English gent. By which, of course, they mean that I wasn't born and raised in Liverpool. I don't really want to redo old hits. The trick is to find good contemporary stuff."

It now occurred to me that it was time we started the interview, so I began.

"I have to ask you a question. But first I have to ask you a question. The first question is this: Of your twenty-three previous inquisitors this week, how many asked you what it was like acting with Gielgud?"

"Twenty-three."

"And how many asked you . . ."

". . . what it was like acting with Olivier? Twenty-two. The twenty-third asked me if, while acting with Olivier, the subject ever arose of the essential femininity of the creative performance."

I know now that that might have been an interesting question. At the time I could only think of my own intended second question. But, I told my sitter, I could not possibly ask it.

"It would have been?"

"What it was like acting with Gielgud and Olivier. Never mind. I worked with Gielgud myself once. A poetry recital."

"Tell me," said Irons, turning the tables, "what it was like working with Gielgud."

"Very valuable. I learned not to do any more poetry recitals."

We ordered some more coffee after that and for a while watched the mid-Atlantic throng rushing to and fro. Then I rose to go. Irons said, "I can't wait to see how this comes out in print."

"Neither can I. Maybe someone will make the movie of this interview."

"If they do," said Irons, as we threaded our way through the crowd back toward the 1980s, "the book will be better than the movie. It always is."

"Including *The French Lieutenant's Woman*?"

"Including *The French Lieutenant's Woman*."

"I did think that in the book the girl was a lot more vulnerable than she was in the picture, but the picture looked nicer."

We both went out into Albemarle Street after that and began parleying with the cabbies. Although I had on a collar and tie, the cabbies didn't take me, and although Irons didn't, they did. □

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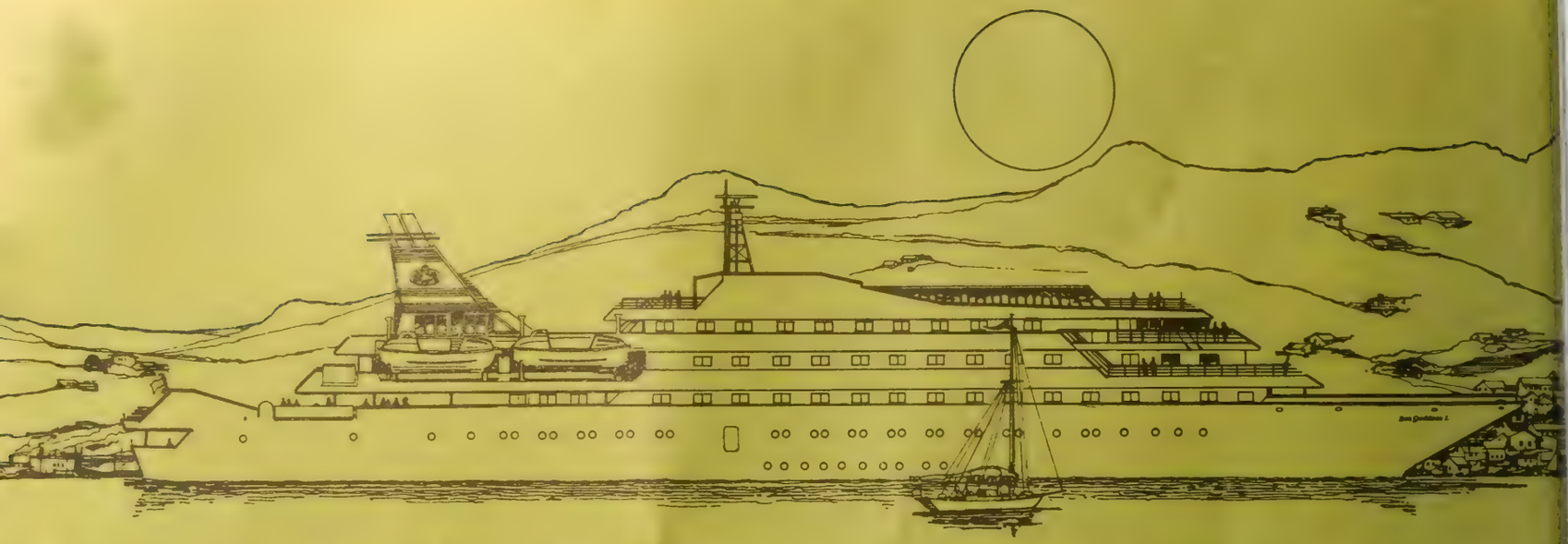

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DRAWN FROM NATURE

In her museum and her painting, Niki Goulandris combines science, art, and a sense of her Greek heritage.

By Judy Spours

"The peony is the symbol of Greece, written about by Homer. I want to repatriate such an important flower. It was one of the first flowers to appear on earth. It is strong and resistant, although totally ornamental. God played with art to compose this flower; it is the image of beauty." —*Niki Goulandris*

Naturalist, museum director, artist, former minister in the Greek government of Constantine Karamanlis—Niki Goulandris has her country's past and future very much in mind. A scholar and an activist, she has not only the intellect but also the means and the connections to put her convictions into practice; and one of her deepest convictions is that an appreciation of nature will help provide a balanced perspective of life, one akin to that of the Greeks in classical antiquity.

To instill in others the reverence they themselves feel for the beauty and fragility of the natural world, Niki and her husband, Angelos, founded, in 1964, the Goulandris Natural History Museum. It is housed in a palatial, painstakingly restored nineteenth-century house in Kifissia, the cool, green suburb set in the quiet hills above Athens.

Niki and Angelos are totally dedicated to the museum and a philosophy of natural history. "The ancient Greeks had the concept that everything had to be useful and everlasting," says Niki. "My husband had a similarly long view and could see how important the museum would be to future generations. We hope it will influence our country to conserve nature, and give people the balance of values the Greeks had, centuries before."

Indeed, an Athenian friend says of Angelos, "To me he is like an ancient Greek. He is all creativity—his philosophy, his attitude toward man." He has devoted his life to intellectual pursuits rather than to the affairs of his family's shipping empire, and today he spends much of his time painting abstract, geometrical canvases. He sees the museum as above all a vehicle of education.

G. MORAITIS/IMAGO

Goulandris has time for geraniums too.

"Through the museum I want to reach just one hundred of the hundreds of thousands of children in Greece," he says, "so that they will understand how important is the preservation of our environment." In fact, tens of thousands of children pass through the doors of the museum every year to be taught about nature and the importance of conservation; significantly, many return on the weekends with their parents in tow.

When the Goulandrises began their work, no Greek institution of any kind had a comprehensive collection of the native flora and fauna. "The Greece of today is a new country, only 150 years old," says Niki. "There was so much need for storing archaeological collections that there was no time to think about a natural-history museum." Niki approached her project with a characteristic sense of mission.

She is a stylish woman of a classical Greek beauty. She never settles for second-best, and she is as demanding of herself as she is of others. As a young woman she studied in Germany and was the first woman in Greece to take the exams for the diplomatic corps. In 1974, as secretary of state for health and social services in the Karamanlis government, she personally supervised relief operations in Cyprus after the Turkish invasion. But when her term expired, she chose not to participate in the political election, feeling she could make a greater contribution to her country's future by her advocacy of environmental causes.

In 1964, with the encouragement of the prominent Greek lawyer and avid amateur botanist Constantine Goulimis, Niki began to paint botanical specimens. Her work resulted in a magnificent volume, *Wild Flowers of Greece*, published by the museum. When Goulimis died and bequeathed his botanical collections to the Goulandrises, she felt she had inherited a great responsibility for which she was not yet prepared. She went to Britain and studied at the herbarium in Edinburgh and at the British Museum (Natural History), in London. Two years later, she returned to develop the museum's collections into a national herbarium, adding new species every year. Today, the herbarium of the Goulandris Museum publishes its own bulletin and exchanges specimens and information with leading botanical institutions throughout the world.

Niki's interests and influence extend far beyond the Goulandris fief. She brings her concerns directly to government ministers, with whom she tries to promote "a close working association to the benefit of both developers and protectionists," observes an associate at the museum. She does not discuss projects with the press, but quietly and efficiently she has already contributed to the preservation of the breeding grounds of the Mediterranean turtle and the habitat of the monk seal. On one occasion she helped save a forest of over 1,200 acres in northern Greece. Instead of being destroyed for timber, it was proclaimed a national park.

For Niki, the heritage, beauty, and strength of her country are symbolized by a flower—the peony. Newly discovered Greek species of peony are proudly stored [illegible]

Judy Spours is Connoisseur's [illegible]

The Paeonia parnassica, *native to Mount Parnassus, the mythical home of the muses, rendered by a fluent yet punctilious hand.*

museum gardens, she has been painting the new specimens as they have been gathered. They represent for her an ideal—and peculiarly Greek—meeting of art and nature, and by her scientifically accurate, but also beautiful, botanical watercolors she wraps art and science and her feeling for her country together in a single image.

She received formal training in art from the age of twelve and has been painting flowers in a scientific way since 1958. Nature has always been her inspiration. "Wildflowers have the best balance and movement," she says. "They have a purity and natural elegance in the way they cling to a rock or move with the breeze. This quality is not to be found in cultivated plants. With peonies it reaches a pinnacle. I am very sensitive to the structure of plants, and I always paint from live, wild specimens."

On one occasion, she helped save a whole forest.

A series of twelve lithographs taken from Niki's watercolors, some of newly discovered species of Greek peonies, has just been completed. The edition is limited to 500—300 with English captions, 200 with Greek. The portfolio (accom-

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panied by a hand-bound, numbered copy of the scholarly monograph *Paeonies of Greece*, by William T. Stearn, of the British Museum, and Peter H. Davis, of the University of Edinburgh) sells for $2,000, with all proceeds benefiting the Goulandris Natural History Museum. To celebrate publication, the lithographs and two original watercolors will be shown, together with specimens and historical material, in New York, from May 11 to August 12, at the American Museum of Natural History's exhibition "Peonies of Greece: Myth, Science and Art."

The lithographs are the handiwork of Takis Katsoulidis, a master lithographer trained at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, in Paris. He has separated the colors by eye alone, using a method developed in France in the eighteenth century. As many as fifteen colors have gone into each plate. The technique Katsoulidis follows is all but a lost art today. The results are so exact, the colors so perfectly balanced, that it is difficult to distinguish the watercolors from the lithographs. His work has taken two and a half years to complete.

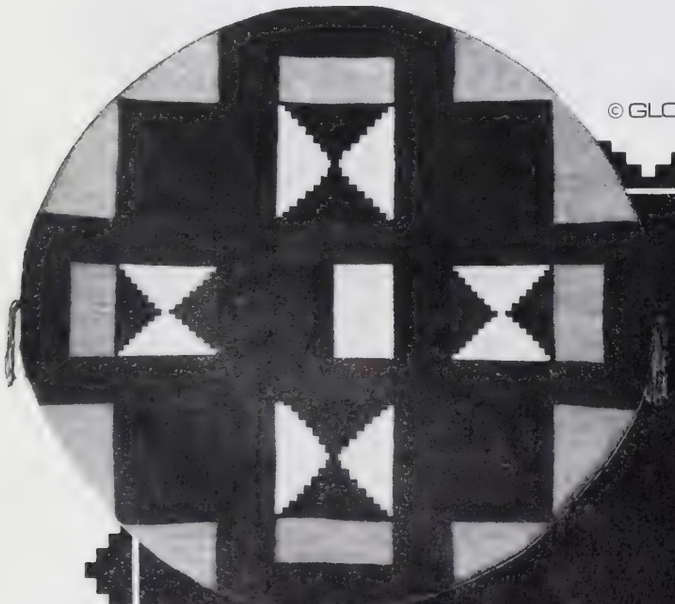
The peony series is not Niki Goulandris's first decorative use of her botanical art. In a scarf for Hermès, she intertwined some of the loveliest Greek flowers in a subtle pattern that captures their natural elegance. She has designed a series of Limoges porcelain showing examples of her favorite flowers and is working on some floral upholstery fabrics that William Morris would have been proud to reproduce. "The scarf and the Limoges bring designs into daily use, instead of leaving them as paintings on the wall," she explains. "The classical Greeks always produced designs for everyday use."

M. GEORGIADIS/IMAGO

A peony species from the Aegean islands.

Niki and Angelos Goulandris are not overawed by their cultural legacy. For them, the past is a living inspiration, not an unattainable ideal. Niki constantly reminds herself that the great spurt in classical culture "all happened in fifty years—the sculpture, the architecture, the poetry and philosophy—then suddenly it was over." Re-creating the ancients' frame of mind amid the bustle of the twentieth century may be the greatest challenge. To do so, one must start at the beginning. It is hardly a coincidence that the Goulandris museum's exhibits begin with a single plant cell—the smallest yet most coherent example of biological order. "Nature provides both a concrete image and an abstraction. An artist's inspiration should be nature," Niki says, drawing a large lesson from her own creative experience. "People in Greece have lost this wisdom, and we want to help them regain it." □

To order Paeonies of Greece, *a portfolio of twelve lithographs, contact the museum shop at the American Museum of Natural History, in New York City, or Joan Ohrstrom, 1150 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10128; (212) 369-0405.*



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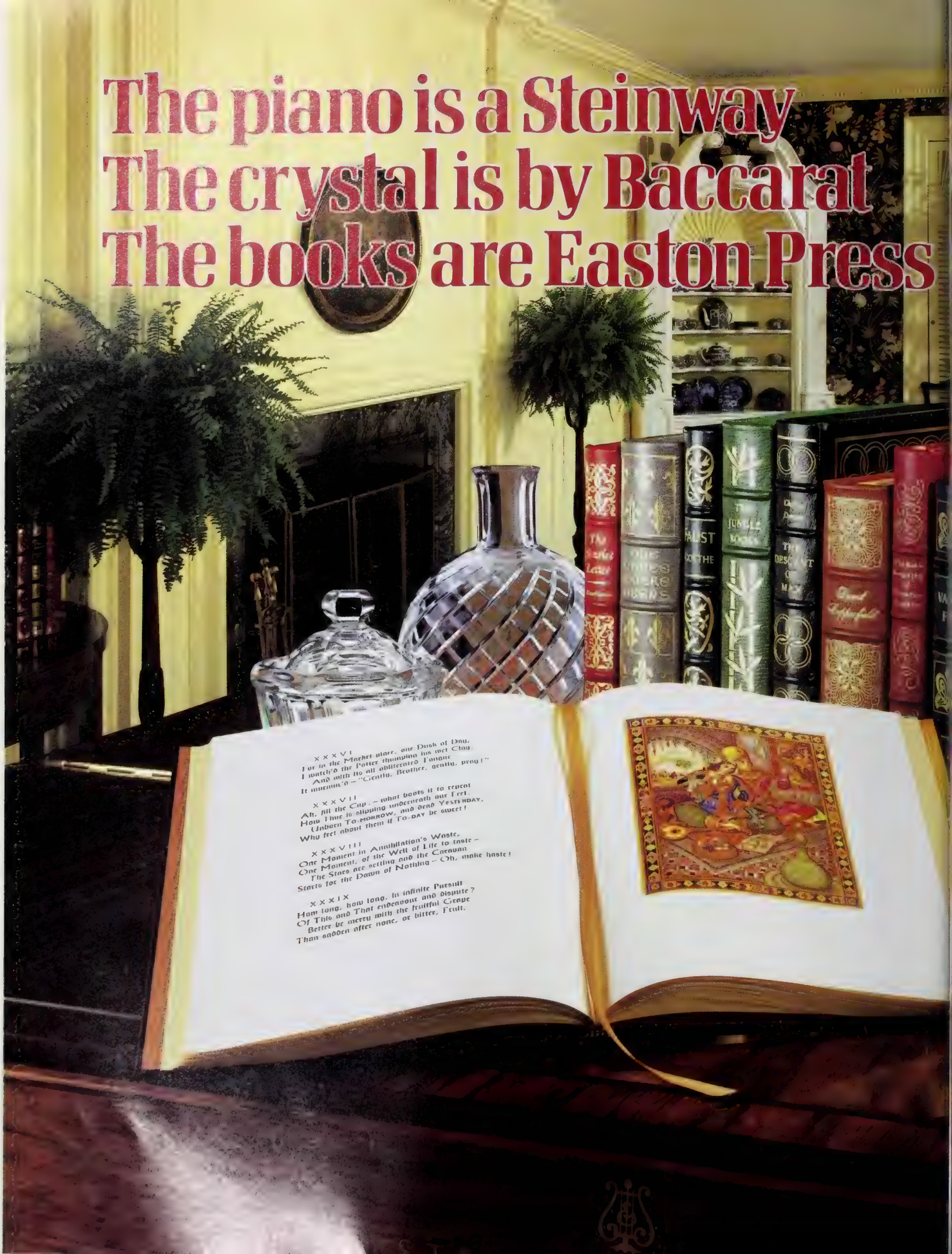

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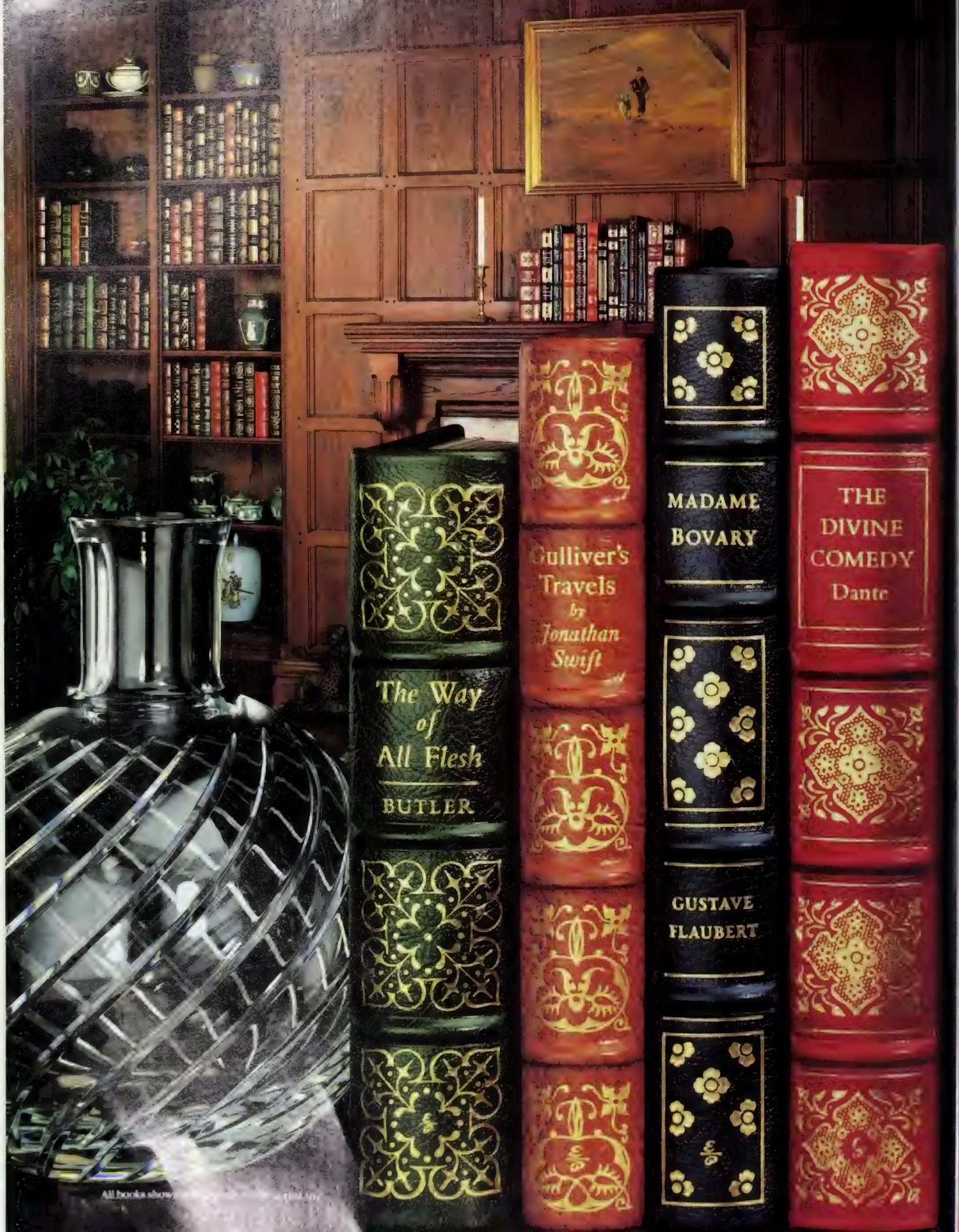
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THE ALCHEMIST'S CONTRACT

Since 1708, when Europe began manufacturing porcelain, the elegant wares and figures of Meissen have been a collector's delight.

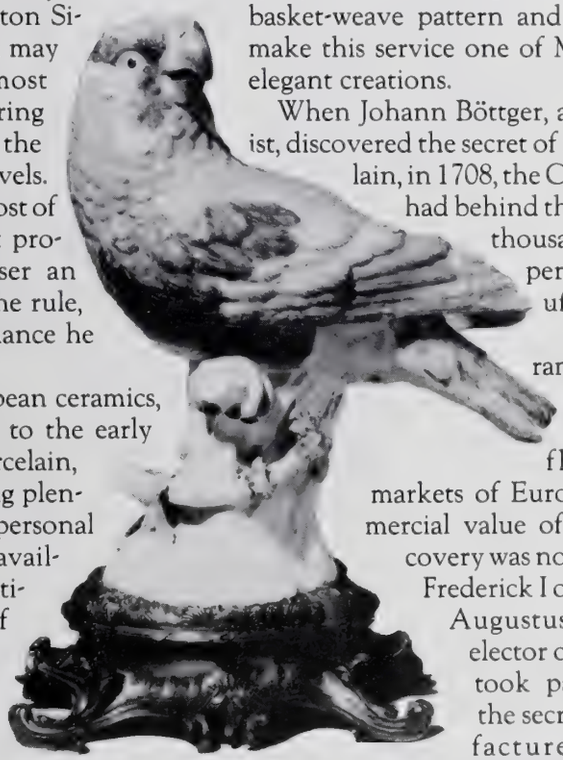
By Robin Duthy

The first rule of art investment can be applied to every sector of the market. It is this: *Take the period when the art form reached its zenith; identify the most highly regarded artists or craftsmen in the field; then buy only the finest examples of their work.*

Fine advice for Norton Simon and his clan, you may say, and it is true most investors will have to bring their sights down to the more accessible price levels. Yet in some fields the cost of buying the best is not prohibitive, and the closer an investor can stick to the rule, the better the performance he is likely to get.

As applied to European ceramics, the rule leads straight to the early period of Meissen porcelain, at the same time leaving plenty of scope to exercise personal tastes. The material available ranges from beautifully modeled figures of people, animals, and birds to the functional plates, tureens, cups, saucers, candlesticks, and so on usually known as wares. Sometimes these were decorated quite simply, at other times ornately, as in the case of the enormous dinner services ordered for Count Sulkowski, Count Brühl, and other grandees. More endearing, perhaps, are the delightful knick-knacks of the period—snuffboxes, cane handles, and scent bottles.

All have proved to be a sound investment, and our index of early Meissen is showing an overall rise of 170 percent since 1975. Performances vary from a rise of 350 percent for the best-known figures to just 100 percent for a simple teapot. A single dinner plate from the spectacular Sulkowski service, which is now widely dispersed, fetches over $5,000, compared with $2,000 in 1975. Each piece in this service is decorated with the arms of Count Sulkowski and scattered Japanese flower sprays. The modeling of the borders in a basket-weave pattern and the gold rim make this service one of Meissen's most elegant creations.



Above: One of a pair of parrots modeled by the great J. J. Kändler around 1740.

When Johann Böttger, a Saxon chemist, discovered the secret of making porcelain, in 1708, the Chinese already had behind them well over a thousand years' experience of manufacturing this finest of ceramics. Their so-called chinaware was flooding the markets of Europe. The commercial value of Böttger's discovery was not lost either on Frederick I of Prussia or on Augustus the Strong, elector of Saxony, who took pains to guard the secret of its manufacture. The little town of Meissen, where Augustus established a factory in 1710, became a hotbed of industrial espionage, the Silicon Valley of the early eighteenth century.

At many European courts, particularly those with financial problems, belief in the arcanum, or secret of making gold, was still firmly rooted. Böttger's early reputation was built on his supposed ability to convert molten metals into gold by the addition of a mysterious elixir, and every ruler wanted him as court alchemist. He tried to escape the clutches of Frederick I by fleeing to Wittenberg, in Saxony. But he was recaptured, this time by Augustus the Strong, who imprisoned him for a time and then dispatched him to Dresden. Later he was sent to the castle Albrechtsburg, in Meissen, where the elector commissioned him to develop several new industries—for Böttger could no longer conceal his inability to make gold. Fearing that the secrets of his alchemist might fall into the hands of Charles XII of Sweden, with whom he was then at war, Augustus removed him to a fortress on the Königstein. In 1707, Böttger was forced to move again, this time to the dungeons of the Jungfern fortress, in Dresden, where larger kilns had been installed. His experiments continued, and there in January 1708 this gifted man, treated throughout his life more like a criminal than a court scientist, produced Europe's first white and translucent porcelain.

Of all European porcelain, Meissen has always been the most highly prized. Its first half century was the period of its greatest artistic vitality; this ended with the Seven Years' War, in 1756. When Augustus III of Saxony was defeated by Frederick the Great of Prussia, Meissen lost many of its ablest decorators, molders, and painters to the new porcelain factories springing up in Germany.

> Meissen became the Silicon Valley of the early eighteenth century.

Meissen is now on the far side of the Iron Curtain, and its archives have been closed to ceramics scholars in the West. In 1973, however, a definitive work by Otto Walcha, the curator of archives at Meissen, was posthumously published in East Germany; an English translation appeared in 1981.

Walcha's work has thrown new light on the working procedures at Meissen, including the high priority given to producing porcelain equal in quality to the [illegible] collecting for his Japanese Palace. So [illegible]

Chinese pieces also reached a high standard, and it was not long before Meissen porcelain in the European style was being copied in China and exported to compete with it in its home market.

There had been much to perfect before pure porcelain could be produced—kiln construction, the firing processes, the preparation of the paste, the glaze, the different enamels with which the porcelain was decorated. Böttger alone knew every process, and, fearful that he might carry these secrets to his grave, Augustus compelled him to confide them to others.

But in the battle against industrial espionage, Augustus failed to appreciate the value of a loyal, well-paid work force. The royal carriage was sometimes stopped in its tracks by employees whose salaries were months in arrears. Payment quickly followed, and the demonstrators returned to work; but corporate morale was low and security correspondingly weak.

Secrets soon leaked out; by 1715, fine porcelain was being made at Plaue, and by 1719, in Vienna. Every German city longed to compete with Meissen, and the gradual defection of skilled workmen presented many with the opportunity. All the factories that sprang up in Europe later in the century owed much to Meissen. So did Chelsea and Bow.

All his life, Böttger was treated more like a criminal than a scientist.

Though conceived both as a business venture and as a creative enterprise to satisfy the king's love of luxury products, the Meissen factory was undercapitalized from the start and soon incurred substantial debts to private finance houses. Augustus proposed that these be repaid in porcelain, and for a time this surprising arrangement worked well. This was in 1711, when Augustus was involved in a costly public-relations exercise in Poland, whose crown he planned to reclaim. His expenditure in a single day in Warsaw could have set the Meissen factory firmly on its feet. As it was, Böttger's requests for funds were ignored, and he borrowed heavily to maintain production. Falling seriously ill in 1714, he was released from debtors prison on the intervention of the king, but when he died, in 1719, his debts had to be paid off in porcelain. The wretched man's doctor was compensated partly in rejected porcelain.

As an investment, Meissen recommends itself for the simple reason that in its field its artistry is unsurpassed. That artistry consists of two elements—modeling and decoration. The second decade of the eighteenth century at Meissen was an experimental period, during which the foundation of the factory's later preeminence was laid. It was in the 1720s that a style of chinoiserie painting was developed by the brilliant Johann Gregor Höroldt. During this period, some forty painters and their apprentices were engaged as decorators; clearly Höroldt cannot have painted all of the countless pieces of porcelain attributed to him. But though as many as five different hands may have been involved in decorating each article, the fact that each was responsible for one element only (gold rim, flowers, or such) would explain the remarkably consistent quality achieved at Meissen.

After 1730, form began to assume greater importance than decoration, and, for forty years, modeling at Meissen was dominated by Johann Joachim Kändler. The figures he created are the most sought after made in any period. Though copied throughout Europe, the ersatz versions never achieved the style and vigor of Kändler's originals. He sometimes worked with other modelers—notably Peter Reinicke and Johann Friedrich Eberlein—on forms that were to become standard lines at Meissen.

A coffee pot with domed lid, exquisitely gilded and enameled with flowers, ca. 1740–50.

For reasons Meissen enthusiasts cannot understand, these figures and wares have never been rated as full-fledged works of art, in the sense that Chinese ceramics are. That, at any rate, seems to be the judgment of the market: the highest price paid

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The Chinese copied Meissen copies of Chinese pieces to sell for export.

for a piece of Chinese porcelain is seven times the record $200,000 paid in 1978 for a piece of Meissen. The big differential can be explained only in part by the greater rarity of early Ming porcelain. Meissen's appeal is based on prettiness and elegance, neither of them an attribute that weighs heavily with art historians. And indeed, Meissen has none of the mystical and cerebral qualities of so much Oriental porcelain; most is a good-natured celebration of life.

The famous figures of the Italian Comedy series—Scaramouche, Harlequin, Columbine, Pantaloon—are represented in jaunty or humorous mood. So too are the craftsmen—tinker, mason, shoemaker, and others. These epitomize an aristocratic, eighteenth-century view of the working classes, all jovial, well-fed, and happy in their work. To complete this baroque fantasy of a well-ordered society, they are portrayed at their daily work but attired in gleaming Sunday best. As parts of a series, these figures appeal strongly to collectors, whose goal is often to complete a set. Though examples from the early period now fetch between $1,000 and $4,000, prices have been rising steadily.

Since 1975, everything has gone up in proportion to its rarity. Figures of animals are in greater demand than the more common, human figures; and rare animals, like squirrels, bears, horses, and leopards, more sought after than cows, swans, pugs, and the monkey band, which has been widely copied. Prices for all these creatures have held their own during the recession, while humans have dropped slightly. Of particular note is the great interest in parrots: one was sold in 1979 for $4,730 and sold again in 1981 for $22,000.

Meissen prices often move in line with the West German economy. During the late 1940s, when the economic resurgence had not yet got under way, prices were very low—far lower than for the then overrated porcelain of the leading English factories. Gradually, German museums and private collectors began to make good the losses suffered in the course of the war. Over the last twenty years, German businessmen have been the most active collectors, and prices have responded to the level of their interest.

For many years the factory's production was divided into *gut, mittel,* and *brac* (good, medium, and junk), and investors today should take particular note of firing defects as well as damage that may have occurred later. Chips, cracks, and stains on any piece of porcelain seriously reduce its value, so investors should not only examine the items they propose to buy with the greatest care but take out comprehensive insurance too.

One of a pair of Meissen Augustus Rex lemon-yellow ginger vases that were sold in 1977 for $73,000.

On viewing days before porcelain auctions, dealers can be seen prodding with pins at arms and legs to locate cleverly concealed repairs to the most vulnerable parts of a figure's anatomy. Similarly, they will hold up a dish or bowl on the fingers of one hand and give the rim a sharp flick with the forefinger of the other. If it does not produce a clear, musical ring, some minute or invisible crack must be present. Since it is to fastidious porcelain collectors that the investor may one day want to sell his collection, it is wise to heed their preferences for pieces in "mint state."

The factory mark a piece bears can also affect its value. The AR monogram, standing for Augustus Rex, was used at an early date to indicate that the piece was delivered to the king for his own use or for presentation to some other potentate. The presence of this monogram declares that the piece on which it appears is of outstanding quality; this factor can add 50 percent to its value. Some twenty other marks were used at Meissen, mainly variations on KPM (Königliche Porzellan Manufaktur) and the better-known crossed swords, which first appeared in 1722. Most have been forged without letup from the earliest days. The AR monogram was extensively used in the last century by a Madame Wolfsohn, among others, a decorator of plain wares, until the factory took action against her.

The crossed swords, too, crop up all too often where they don't belong, and investors must either familiarize themselves with the genuine marks or use a reliable dealer as protection. Some Meissen copies are so good that it is hard to detect them by their form; only their failure to match the original colors gives them away.

The concept of a limited edition did not exist in the eighteenth century, and nobody knows how rare Meissen figures and wares really are. In spite of this, the rising demand for fine early pieces is well established, and an annual growth in the 10 to 15 percent range should be sustained. □

Robin Duthy is editor of the Alternative Investment Report.

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RAY SWANSON

Ray Swanson, one of America's most distinguished artists, approaches a quarter of a century of highly successful career painting; enjoying international response by private and corporate art collectors as well as wide critical acclaim. Yet, no complacency is found in this artist's energetic, dedicated, love-of-life approach to his work. He is ever seeking to increase the scope of his God-given talent. Ray Swanson feels it is his responsibility to Him to develop that talent to some ultimate potential.

As he paints, he seeks to convey a sense of greatness in all elements of God's creation. As with many of the great masters, his paintings engender a deeply human and spiritual interpretation of even the most primitive elements of society — an interpretation which others might not readily see on casual observation. Too, while also a superb landscape artist, Ray Swanson's facility for landscape and architectural motif is largely put to use in strengthening the ambience of his primary interest —people and human interest situations.

Though at this time Swanson is considered to be one of America's most distinguished painters of the Native Americans of the great Southwest — the Navajo, Hopi and Zuni Indians — with top awards from several of the art world's most prestigious organizations, he has become increasingly interested in cultures of other parts of the world. His particular emphasis is on those unique enclaves of society in Spain, Italy and other countries wherein people continue to live their lives in a near primitive fashion by today's standards — virtually unchanged for centuries. Great pathos is found in Swanson's work. He reaches deep in his observations of these people. He finds they often reflect not only a sense of peace and happiness, but a marked dignity in their struggle to reckon with life and survival in terms of primitive tools and precepts. Those subtleties of life in near primitive enclaves of society are exquisitely captured by Swanson's perceptive brush.

Ray Swanson's latest one man show opening March 24 at Gallery Americana in Carmel-by-the-Sea is highly reflective of his new horizons of painting. While this new show will continue the featuring of those kinds of great works of the American Southwest which made him famous, the emphasis in his new show will be on people living in the misty blue atmosphere of the Tuscany and Siena areas of Italy, and the crisp, sunny atmosphere of Spain. Parenthetically, it is noted that in his "new horizons" context, each of Swanson's one man shows in the years to follow will reflect inspired new interpretations of the peoples of the world — Europe, Asia, the far reaches of North and South American continents, etc. Even the Northern Eskimo of our own continent has already felt the dynamism of Ray Swanson's palette and brush. Indeed, art collectors will find themselves with an exciting opportunity to make world statements of their own through their progressive acquisition of Swanson's peoples-of-the-world paintings.

Returning to his painting odyssey through selected areas of Italy and Spain, which provided the locales for much of his current work, Swanson found himself, as a farmer at heart, seeking out the shepherds and the farmers in the context of, as he says, "earthy happenings." Then, ranging in his observations from the fields and the harvests to the timeless monolithic villages, he proceeded to compose the statement he would make — a spectrum of paintings depicting the peoples of field and village. As a sensitive artist, he found himself enchanted by the villages. Their monolithic character, ageless patinas, and subtle monochromatic colors invited light and shadow to dominate. Indeed, light and shadow seemed to further unify and enhance the subtle architecture, the curving cobblestone streets, and the open air marketplaces . . . The fields, the villages, the people.

And, thus, another superb Swanson exhibition is brought into focus as the peoples of rural Italy and Spain and the American Indian of the Southwest are presented with the authority of keen perception in an ambience rendered by one of America's consummate artists.

Returning almost a quarter of a century to the early beginnings of Swanson's career, much has been presented in various magazines, special publications and newspaper editorials covering his early background, his progress through the years, his distinguished awards, etc.; all of which is enlarged upon in his new brochure, available upon request through Gallery Americana.

Indeed, Ray Swanson's new show at Gallery Americana opening March 24 is one of the great art events of the 1984 season. Too, Gallery Americana also feels this show to be a most fitting celebration of the Gallery's entry into its fifteenth year as one of America's outstanding galleries of contemporary fine art. Do visit Ray Swanson's magnificent new show and meet the artist. Call or write for brochure.

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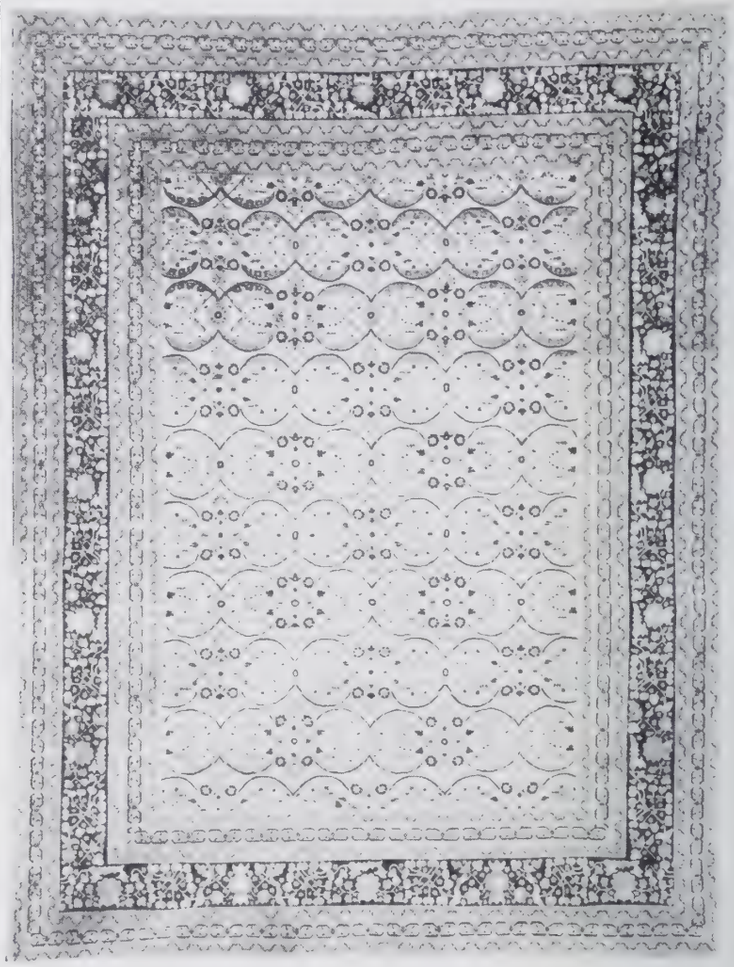

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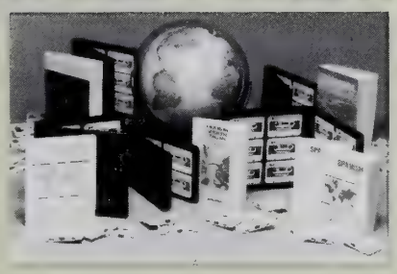

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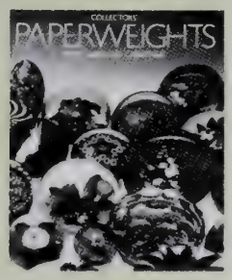

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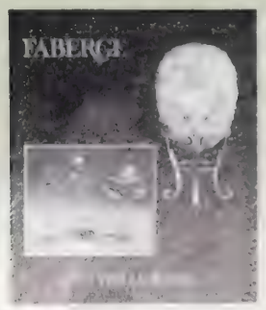

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DONALD KAUFMAN IS AMERICA'S MASTER COLORIST

BY CAROL VOGEL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY [illegible]

Donald Kaufman's secrets are neatly recorded on scores of lined white paper filed away in black-vinyl loose-leaf notebooks. They are mathematical equations that at first glance might baffle even a proficient scientist; to Kaufman they are simple recipes, each representing something keenly visual. One recipe is for museum gray, the color painted on most of the walls in the Portland (Maine) Museum of Art, another for a primary red for many of Knoll International's classic furniture designs.

The colors Donald Kaufman mixes are everywhere: in art galleries, private homes, showrooms, and hotels. One client refuses to order stationery without having him mix the right shade of ink; another—Philip Johnson and John Burgee, Architects—asked Kaufman to invent a palette for the twenty-four silk banners that hang in a Houston bank. In spite of this exposure, Kaufman's name is virtually unknown except among this country's leading architects and art dealers.

"His color sense is far more delicate than mine," says Philip Johnson, who hired Kaufman to formulate the colors—fifteen in all—for his new Manhattan apartment. "He mixes shades in a terribly scientific fashion, yet the results are purely artistic."

In Carolyn Zecca's Los Angeles house: luminous colors mixed by Kaufman.

"I'm a collaborative artist," says the soft-spoken, forty-eight-year-old Kaufman, "the middleman between the architects and the paint companies," filling a need that has been strongly felt in the design profession for years. What he does is necessary for many reasons: most paint companies simply do not offer all the shades that architects want, and since the ban on lead-based paint, what they sell lacks richness and vibrancy, qualities that can otherwise be achieved only by the mixing of many ingredients. And while architects may be able to visualize exactly the subtle tones they want for certain buildings, they don't know what ingredients to ask for. A large part of Kaufman's job is translation. He knows so well what ingredients make up common household paints that he can specially order formulas perfectly calculated to match an architect's specifications from any paint manufacturer. "It's a bit like cooking," he says. "Less salt here, more pepper there."

Like most people in offbeat professions, Kaufman landed where he is quite by accident. Until eight years ago, he was a painter, with works in the Museum of Modern Art, the Whitney, and the Hirshhorn. When he began his present business, Kaufman was living in San Francisco, painting and teaching art. "When times got rough, I supplemented my income by painting houses," Kaufman recalls. During one such stint he asked a student, Jim Goodman, to help. Neither was happy with the paint from the local hardware store, so they added pigments from squeeze bottles. "Our results were so staggering we realized we had discovered something that could be a lucrative business, not to mention a new way to express what I was doing in my color-field painting," he says. Kaufman's business soon spread to the East Coast, and after commuting for several years from coast to coast Kaufman and his wife, Taffy Dahl, who works closely with him, moved to New York last May.

Kaufman is often asked what makes his paints special. Can the average person actually see the difference, or is it like the emperor's new clothes, something only the emperor can see? "Everyone perceives color differently," he replies. "Obviously some people are more sensitive than others, just as some people have an ear for music or a taste for wine. But I'm amazed to hear perceptive reactions from the most unlikely people as they walk through a museum or into a house."

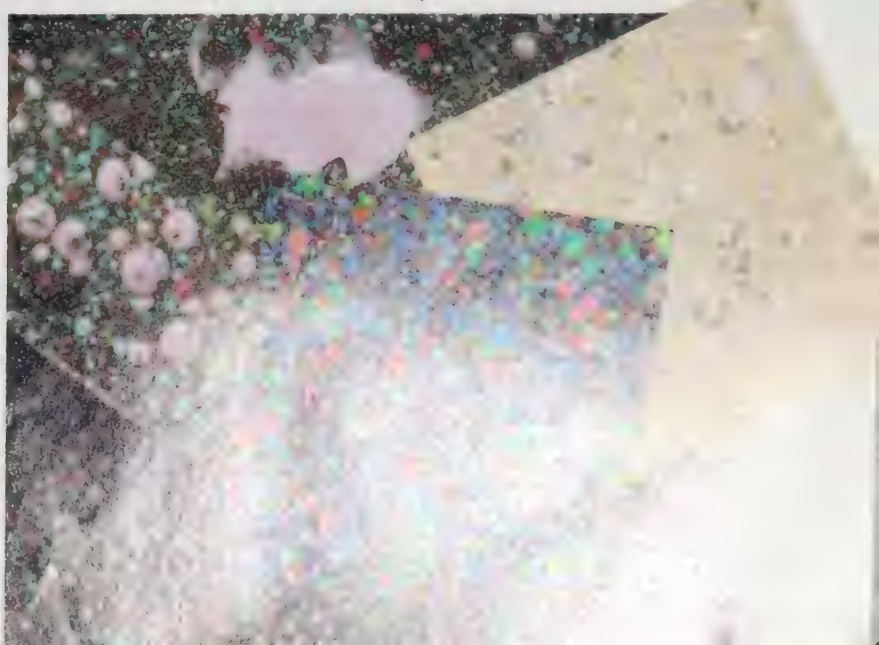
What makes Kaufman's colors different is the complex balance of pigments for what at first seem to be very simple shades. Unlike mass-produced paints, which average two or three pigments per color, Kaufman's colors are often composed of as many as twelve pigments. "My training as a painter has led me to produce shades closely akin to nature," he says. "A leaf has such dimension and richness because it is composed of about a thousand different greens." By using more pigments to mix one shade Kaufman creates a paint with great depth and nuance.

Figuring out exactly what recipes he needs for each job depends entirely on the specific situation. He spends an enormous amount of time studying a building or, in small jobs, individual rooms. Working only with plans, models, and samples, he examines the size and shape of each space, the colors and textures of the materials chosen for fabrics, floors, and furniture, and—most important—the sources of natural and artificial light. "I add up all the ingredients that go into any project, but what's crucial is determining an

Preceding page: Donald Kaufman wields a brush at Beverly Hills's Prego Restaurant. Background frame shows colors of the façade.

Above: A component being mixed that, in combination with others, will form Zolatone.

Lower left: Kaufman with the master tinter Louis Burruel mixes paint at the Zolatone factory.
Below, right: Palettes of colors used for the Alexander Julian showrooms, shown over a vat of Zolatone.



Kaufman chose vibrant yet sympathetic color to set off the paintings in two exhibition rooms at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art.

equation between light and color," says Kaufman. "The two properties are totally interdependent."

What amazes his clients is the chameleon-like quality of his colors. They change dramatically with the light. For the Max Protetch Gallery in midtown Manhattan, Kaufman mixed only two shades of gray. But because the lighting varies from room to room, the same shade of paint appears totally different. Nothing is flat gray—one area has a cool blue tinge, another a pale lavender. "These walls reflect whatever is around them," remarks Max Protetch. "It's a gallery owner's dream. Don's colors are one of the few things in this world that really work."

The textures of Kaufman's paints are also considered special. "Hardware-store paints always seem so opaque and muddy," says Norman Pfeiffer, a partner in the architectural firm of Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer Associates. Not only did Pfeiffer hire Kaufman to formulate colors for the new conservation department of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art; later they worked together on the architect's New York apartment. "The color scheme was tricky," Pfeiffer recalls. "We were working with several shades of green, rose, and burgundy. What took time was expressing in words the textures and tones I visualized, but once we both got on the same wavelength the process was almost magical. The colors we arrived at have the transparency of a fine watercolor and a feeling of immediacy you simply don't find in ready-made paints."

Imagine translating "immediacy" into pigments. This is what Kaufman does every day. Listening to architects discuss the images they want to convey through the use of color excites him. "It's very personal. Architects talk about color, using adjectives like 'raw' or 'dead' or 'rich,' and my responsibility is to translate these feelings into paint. In most cases the actual colors have been determined by the architects, and I simply mix the best shades possible. In a sense my job is really that of a craftsman."

Today such craftsmanship has become more important than it has been for a long time. While the pioneers of architecture's modern movement made an intellectual decision to use only white—the purest color of all—times have changed. There is a new appreciation of classicism and ornamentation, and color has again become important as a way of playing visual tricks, making rooms appear larger or smaller than they really are.

Architects have also come to recognize that even neutral shades can be difficult to produce. In the Portland Museum of Art, for example, Kaufman worked for well over a year with the architect Henry Cobb and his design team at I. M. Pei and with John Holverson, the museum's director. "It was crucial to get a

STEVE ROSENTHAL

In the Portland Museum of Art, in Maine, a corridor for which Donald Kaufman mixed subtly pinkish shades that flatter the art.

thematic continuity of colors that would not destroy the intricate lighting of the building and would at the same time show the paintings to their best advantage," says Cobb. The building is a complex series of spaces with an unusual system of lighting that includes octagonal lantern skylights. They needed colors to balance the natural and incandescent light.

While the museum was still under construction, Kaufman mixed the three basic colors: a gray for the walls; a lighter shade, nearly white, for the inside of the skylights; and a lilac gray for the trim. At first, the architects felt they should use only very light shades, but Kaufman cautioned them against dead white: "It creates too high a contrast between the edge of the painting and the walls. In most cases you lose the subtlety of the art."

After the museum was finished, both the architects and the curators worked to embellish the color scheme. After much experimentation, a peach pink was chosen for the third-floor gallery where the nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings are on display, and a room where Winslow Homer woodcuts are hung was painted in a deeper shade of rose beige. "A lot of this was trial and error," says Holverson. "I learned a great deal about the way backgrounds can affect art."

For other commercial jobs, Kaufman often selects a spray paint called Zolatone, which when applied looks like the pointillism found in Impressionist paintings. It achieves a texture Kaufman finds particularly pleasing—"not to mention the many practical advantages." It can be touched up easily and lasts anywhere from ten to fifteen years. "Zolatone," he says, "is actually a better version of vinyl and just as washable."

Kaufman's visual phenomena are not restricted to walls. This June, many of Knoll International's furniture designs will be available in primary-colored lacquers and metallic finishes that he has mixed. The furniture requires what is known as nonmetameric paints. Unlike wall paints, which change with changing light, these industrial paints attempt to retain the same color, whatever the light source. "Once the exact color palette was agreed upon, I worked with the painters who on some pieces actually hand-rub these finishes into the furniture," Kaufman explains.

Being part of a team is what he likes best about his job. "I'm a chamber player rather than a soloist," he says, "like the highly trained craftsmen who labored on the great European cathedrals in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. What I do every day is help complete one piece of a giant architectural puzzle." □

Carol Vogel writes about architecture and the decorative arts.

WHERE ANGELS SPEAK

SAINT CATHERINE'S MONASTERY IN THE SINAI AND THE REWARDS OF AUSTERITY

BY LESLEY HAZLETON

It is beyond the reach of paved roads and telephones, in the heart of one of the harshest deserts on earth, and a full day's tough journeying from Cairo or Jerusalem, but when you first catch sight of the isolated monastery of Saint Catherine's, you will know that this is the trip of a lifetime. All around you, the mountains reach jaggedly into the sky; golden at dawn, they bleach to the color of dust at midday, then glow deep red as the sun sets. Arabia Petraea, the Romans used to call it—Petrified Arabia. Climb any of these rough peaks and you can see why: on all sides, ridge after ridge of mountains falls away into the distance, like waves of sea frozen into stone for all time.

JOHN GALEY

JOHN GALEY

Left: The biblical burning bush, a blackberry, which still flourishes. Right: The rope by which pilgrims and supplies were hauled up into the monastery.

This is the southern Sinai, the huge triangle of harsh granite mountains at the tip of the Sinai peninsula. No place for human beings, it would seem. Yet since the beginning of recorded time, it has been the focus of legend and faith for half the world. Few places have inspired so much awe, for this is the desert of the law giving, the place where God spoke to man—and, some believe, still speaks.

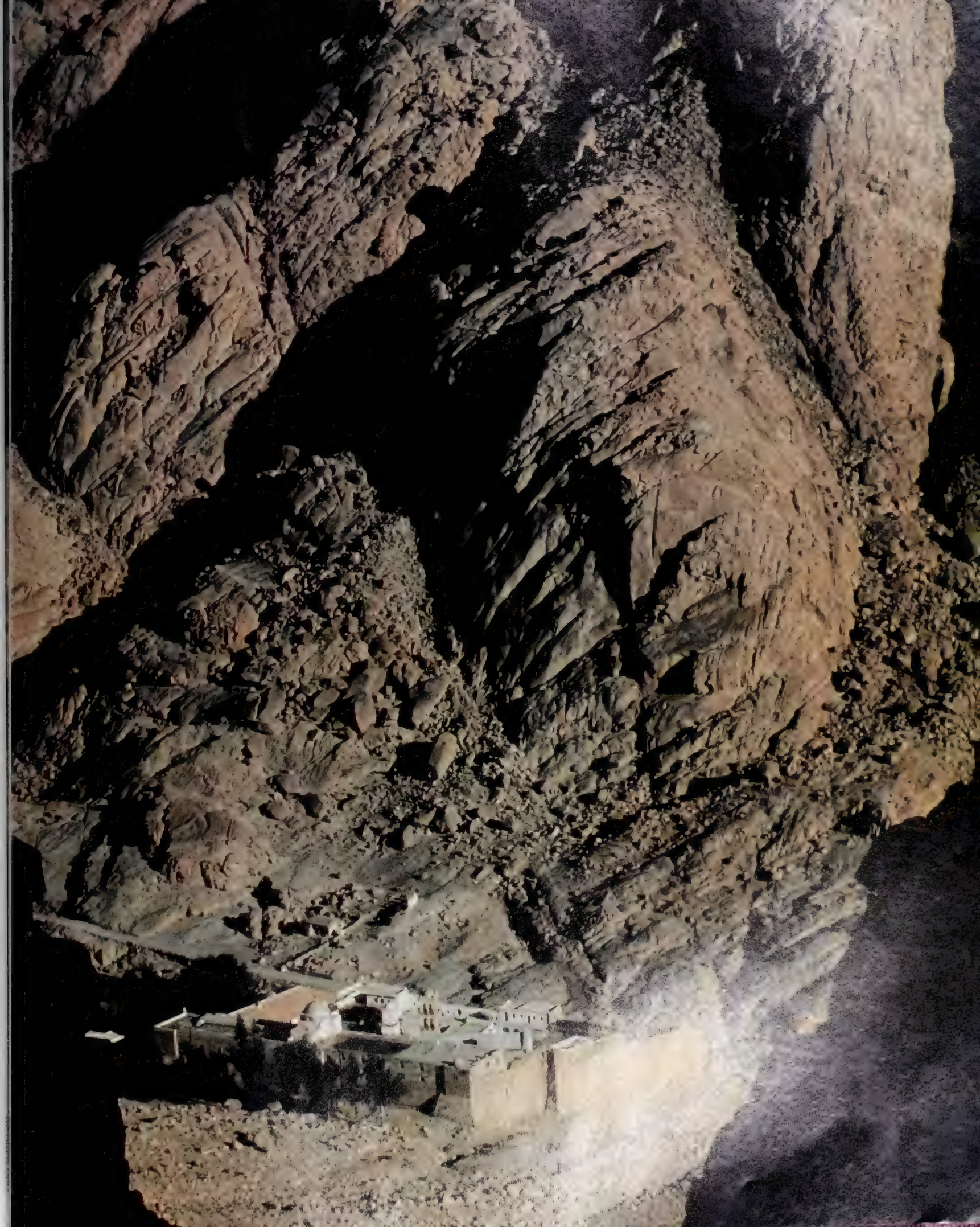
Pilgrims have come here ever since the early days of Christianity, risking death by sunstroke or attack from marauding tribes in order to set foot on "the God-trodden mountain," Mount Sinai. And since the sixth century, they have found shelter in a tiny Greek village enclosed within fortress walls, dwarfed by the red-granite mass of the world's holiest mountain. After the long trek through the desert, it seems almost a miracle.

The fortress-village is the Greek Orthodox monastery of Saint Catherine's, the home of one of the world's richest collections of Byzantine and later Eastern Orthodox treasures. Since the sixth century, priceless icons, mosaics, and ancient manuscripts have been perfectly preserved here in the dry desert air, making Saint Catherine's the last living jewel of the Byzantine Empire.

Though the monastery was built in the sixth century, its history goes back to the third, when hermits began to come to Mount Sinai. Seeking the voice of God and fleeing the Roman Empire's vengeance against Christians, they found their sanctuary in the remotest part of the desert, high in the mountains. Like Onuphrios, the fourth-century hermit whose legendary nakedness was hidden only by a beard so full that it reached his feet, they believed that "he who holds intercourse with his fellow men will never be able to speak with the angels."

There is no record of their talk with the angels, but one by one, the hermits settled in the tiny caves on the plateau beneath the peak of Mount Sinai and in the walls of the ravines around it. They became wild men—and holy men. By the sixth

Opposite: Saint Catherine's monastery nestles on the granite face of Mount Sinai.



The mosaic of the Transfiguration: on Christ's right are Elijah and John; at his left, James and Moses; at his feet, Peter.

century, there were no fewer than three hundred hermits living on the rocky square mile of the mountain. Though they were by then loosely organized into a *lavra,* or monastic order, they were still vulnerable to attack by tribesmen. Influential visitors pleaded their cause with the emperor Justinian, who responded not only by building the monastery itself but also by sending a group of his subjects to serve and protect it.

These guards were Wallachian peasants; their descendants are the Jebaliya tribe of Bedouin. The metamorphosis from Slavic villager to desert tribesman began in the seventh century, when the Moslem conquest swept northward through the Sinai and the Wallachians

JOHN GALEY

A twelfth-century icon: devils trip up eager souls climbing the ladder to heaven.

sensibly converted to Islam. Today, the Jebaliyas seem as truly Bedouin as the other Sinai tribes. They are no longer bound as servants to the monastery, yet a kind of feudal relationship still exists. No matter what temporal authority has power at the time—whether Moslem or Crusader, Napoleonic or Ottoman, English, Israeli, or Egyptian—both the Jebaliya Bedouin and the monks still see the archbishop as the ultimate authority in the area.

At first, the monastery was known as the Monastery of the Burning Bush, since it was built around a small court on the purported site of the biblical bush. The bush is still there: a blackberry, *Rubus sanguineus,* whose fruit stains your palm bright red when you squeeze it. It is native to northern Greece, where many of the original monks came from—those same monks who planted the monastery gar-

dens with cypress trees and apricots, plums and olives, and who brought with them the jasmine, honeysuckle, and lavender that grow inside the monastery walls.

Believers claim that the bush is the original one, preserved over five thousand years. Yet it grows some feet away from the chapel, whose altar was apparently laid over its roots. Some say that the bush was transplanted; others, that the roots reach underground from the altar; and still others, that the original bush was destroyed hundreds of years ago by relic seekers. No matter: faith conquers biology, and today the bush flourishes, though it bears no fruit.

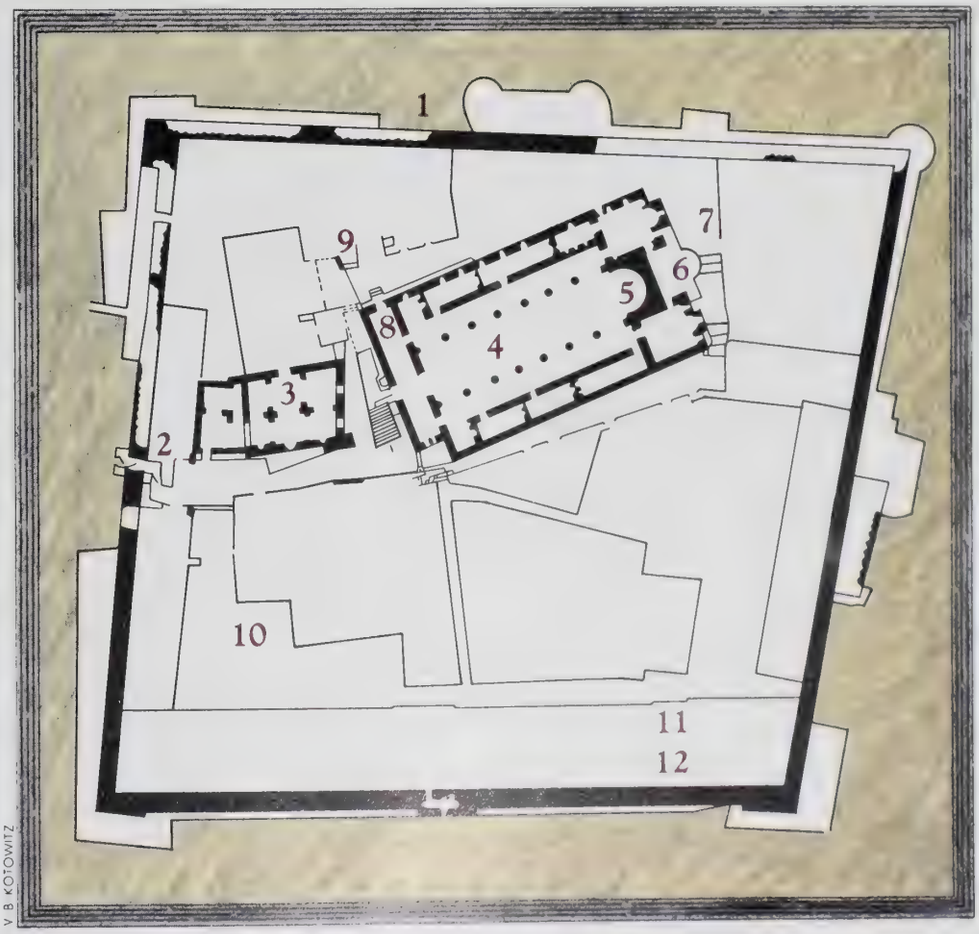
The monastery was given its second name—the Monastery of the Transfiguration—at the end of the sixth century, when a huge mosaic of the transfiguration of Christ on Mount Tabor was placed above the arch of the church's apse. There are virtually no well-preserved mosaics from this era, because so much early-Byzantine art was destroyed in the eighth century by the Byzantines themselves. The Iconoclast edict of the emperor Leo III, in 726, ordered all images destroyed. Most monasteries obeyed, but Saint Catherine's resisted. Far in the desert, isolated on the very fringes of the empire, the monks took the risk of ignoring the emperor. Secure in their mountain fortress, they did not even bother to whitewash the mosaic. As a result, the twenty monks living there today are the custodians of some of the world's most superb examples of early-Byzantine mosaics and pre-Iconoclast icons.

The story of the monastery's third and final name, Saint Catherine's, goes back to the fourth century and the conversion of a young Alexandrian woman whose persistent and effective proselytizing so enraged the Roman emperor Maxentius that he ordered her tortured and killed on the wheel. Catherine's body disappeared, but three centuries later, a monk at the Sinai monastery dreamed that it had been carried off by five angels to the peak of the highest mountain in the Sinai, just south of Mount Sinai itself. At dawn, the monks climbed up, found the body, and brought it down to the monastery, where they preserved it in a marble coffin. Her jeweled left hand is said to give off a fragrance especially sweet.

The monastery has been a working spiritual community throughout the fourteen centuries of its existence, and it has never been conquered or damaged. In true Byzantine fashion, brains played more of a role than force in its survival

SEEING SAINT CATHERINE'S

Entering a fortress monastery, especially one with walls six feet thick and sixty feet high, is no simple matter. Since all ground-level entrances were blocked for security in medieval times, pilgrims and provisions alike were hauled up in nets and baskets to an opening high in the northern wall. The winches and ropes are still there (1). Today, entry is through a low portal in the eastern wall (2), just beside a more imposing, formal entrance, long since walled up. Passing through three thick studded-iron doors and a low corridor, you emerge into the inner space of the monastery, where the maze of narrow, stepped alleys, flowers, chapels, and living quarters have the feel of a Greek village. To your left is the mosque (3), established in the eleventh century to protect the monastery against destruction by an Arab army. Beyond the mosque is the church (4), begun in A.D. 542 and completed nine years later. Its elaborate quadruple doors, of Lebanese cedar, were carved some 1,400 years ago. Inside are marble and porphyry floors, walls inlaid with mother-of-pearl, gilded chandeliers and ostrich eggs hanging from the ceiling, mosaics, icons, and murals. In the morning, the sun illuminates the mosaic of the Transfiguration, over the apse (5). Behind the apse, visitors must remove their shoes, as Moses did, to enter the Chapel of the Burning Bush (6). The chapel is built over the roots of the burning bush. The bush itself is outside and behind the church (7). The bell tower (8) was built in 1871 to be higher than the mosque's minaret. It has nine bells, presented by the czars of Russia, but the bell used to call the monks to prayer is an ancient wooden one whose dull ring is heard by pilgrims ascending Mount Sinai before dawn. Opposite the bell tower is Moses' well (9), one of the two wells inside the monastery; the other is Saint Stephen's well (10). A third well and two large cisterns in the walled gardens assure the monks of water. Walking on past their quarters, you come to the icon gallery (11), where some pieces from the monastery's priceless collection are displayed. Below the gallery, the library (12) houses a superb collection of ancient manuscripts; the monks claim it is second in importance only to that of the Vatican.



V. B. KOTOWITZ

through the turbulent years of Middle Eastern history. In the eleventh century, for instance, the Jebaliya guards warned that other Bedouin tribes were becoming restless. So, the monks, aware that Islamic law forbids fighting within forty paces of a mosque, simply built a small mosque inside the monastery walls. (It is still there, though [illegible]: the Bedouin prefer open s[illegible] mosques for their prayers.)

The greatest [illegible] of Saint Catherine's, though, may lie in its maze of abandoned cellars and storerooms, many of them blocked off and unexplored. One of the earliest Bible manuscripts, the Codex Sinaiticus, was found here in 1844 by the German scholar Konstantin von Tischendorf, borrowed by him in the name of the czar, sent to Saint Petersburg, and never returned. (In 1933 the Soviets sold it to the British Museum, where it is to this day.) The monks still display von Tischendorf's letter promising its return: an object lesson to all who lend books.

Such lessons are not easily forgotten. In 1975, a minor restoration project necessitated by a small fire in the monastery entailed knocking down a wall. Piled high in the chamber behind it were forty-seven crates of manuscripts, some dating back to the second century. Among the 1,200 items were nine missing pages from the Genesis section of the Codex Sinaiticus, along with a stockpile of other materials that it has taken years to sort out. Shortly after the find, the monks quietly made the manuscripts available to scholars from the Greek National Library. Two years later, word leaked out to other biblical scholars, who accused the Greeks of hoarding the manuscripts. Since then, however, through the efforts of Prof. D. Kurt Aland, of the Institute for New Testament Studies at the University of Münster, in Germany, certain international scholars have gained access to what has proven to be the largest cache of New Testament materials ever discovered. Who knows what treasures may someday be found in other walled-off chambers?

Even without new finds, there are treasures enough in the monastery's library. Among the five thousand books and manuscripts (many in Greek, but also in Arabic, Syriac, Persian, Ethiopic, Turkish, Armenian, Slavonic, and Latin) are the Codex Syriacus (a fifth-century Syriac translation of the Gospels) and a vast array of superb illuminated manuscripts. A few of these are on public display, but most are kept under lock and key, well guarded against any future scholars with the ambitions of a von Tischendorf.

The icon collection is treated with similar caution. Though one hundred and fifty icons are displayed in a public gallery beside the church, most are locked away in a storeroom, where they are tightly lined up on rough wooden shelves, priceless items beside almost-priceless ones. Fortunately, no special framing or climate control is necessary in the dry desert air. Among the over two thousand icons are early Byzantine examples made by the wax-melting technique, as well as Hellenistic, Georgian, Syrian, and Coptic styles. Many of the icons were painted in or for the monastery itself. Others were brought as gifts from Russia, Greece, and other regions of the Eastern Orthodox churches. In nearly all, the detail is astonishing and the execution exquisite. A twelfth-century diptych from Constanti-

Lesley Hazleton is the author of Where Mountains Roar: A Personal Report from the Sinai and Negev Desert.

A PRESENT-DAY PILGRIMAGE

V. B. KOTOWITZ

The doors of Saint Catherine's are open to the public for two hours a day on weekdays. Once you are there, it is worth asking the monks for permission to attend matins (at 4:30 A.M.) or vespers (at 3:00 P.M.), when they perform the Byzantine office, chanting the ritual amidst flickering candles and clouds of incense under a dazzling array of hanging lamps and candelabra.

If you wish to stay overnight at the guest house, write in advance to His Beatitude Archbishop Damianos, at the monastery's office, 18 Midan el-Daher, Cairo. Accommodations are rudimentary—simple bedrooms with cot beds, sheets, pillowcase, pillow, blanket, and heavy bedspread. They are without baths. In winter, electricity, for heating water and for lighting rooms and warming them with a one-element electric heater, is available only between 4:30 and 10:00 P.M. Either bring your own food or buy it in the nearby Bedouin village; none is provided at the monastery, although kitchen privileges are extended. They include Butagaz burners, pans, dishes, and utensils.

Make arrangements before you leave home to visit what interests you. You may be given special consent to tour the icon storeroom, inspect the mosaics (take along a flashlight), and use the library, if there is a good research purpose. Once at Saint Catherine's, visitors with a working knowledge of Greek or Arabic will be at an advantage, since most of the monks are either Egyptians of Greek origin or Greeks. Between them, they also speak German, French, and Hebrew. One is fluent in Spanish and English.

Though the trip to the monastery can be arduous, visitors face few of the risks run by their predecessors. Bedouin tribes no longer attack travelers, and the journey can be as long or as short as you wish. The shortest way is by Air Sinai from Cairo to an airfield half an hour's drive away from Saint Catherine's. (There is a small hotel at the airfield.) The longest way, giving the visitor a real appreciation not only of the power and vastness of this mountainous wilderness but also of the magical relief of the monastery's cool alleys and fragrant gardens, is to go by desert tour. The 235-mile drive from Cairo takes between eight and fourteen hours, depending on the condition of the road, and from Jerusalem it is about twelve hours, including the border crossing at Taba, near Eilat. South Sinai Travel, Bostan 6, in Cairo, and Neot Hakikar, Keren Hayesod 36, in Jerusalem, cooperate on tours lasting from four days to three weeks, some by command car and some by camel. Their guides are the best in the Sinai.

nople, for instance, shows the saints' calendar of the year. Each wing measures 14 by 9.5 inches, yet there are over 1,200 figures on it, ranging from .95 to 1.15 inches in height. Each figure has its own bearing and features, so that a one-inch detail could in itself constitute a far larger icon.

To see most of the icon collection, as well as the library and the Transfiguration mosaic (hidden from public view by an expansive seventeenth-century iconostasis,) you need special permission from the archbishop of Sinai, His Beatitude Damianos. But Damianos is wary of too many visitors spoiling the special solitude of this place. Listening to him, you remember that the monks have been here for fourteen hundred years, outlasting all empires and conquerors, and that they will probably also be here in another fourteen hundred years. Subtly, Damianos gives you to understand that though their numbers are few, the monks will survive beyond any temporal—for him, temporary—power.

MARWAN EL DEWEY/BLACK STAR

Monks descend Mount Sinai on steps their predecessors built 1,300 years ago.

As he speaks, you are aware of Mount Sinai itself, looming large behind the monastery, waiting for you to ascend. From the monastery, 3,750 huge steps—boulders placed laboriously one on the other by monks in the sixth and seventh centuries—reach up to the peak. At dawn or at sunset, as the sun softens the granite into deep color, this seems one of the few places in the world where one could indeed speak with the angels, if one only knew how. □

Seen at night from the guest hospice, the minaret is bathed in light; the church, with its tall bell tower, is hidden in darkness.

Tabacos
Extra
Flor de F. Farach
Habana.- Cuba

BY ALAN SCHWARTZ
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOMAS SENNETT

THE SEARCH FOR THE WORLD'S BEST CIGAR

NUMERO UNO IS NO LONGER CUBAN

The only thing that matters about the cigars shown here is that they were made in Cuba. To cigar lovers, and especially to Americans who have been deprived of Cuban tobacco ever since it was embargoed, in 1962, that fact is everything. And so, when 200,000 Flor de Farach cigars were put up for auction last December in New York, the bidding was often wild. No one cared that the brand name had never been highly regarded or that the cigars themselves were twenty-five years old—more than double the time it takes for most cigars to grow stale and musty. Forget all that—the cigars predated Castro and thus could legally be sold in this country. Yankee smokers showed their appreciation clearly. One lot of Flor de Farach went for eighty-four dollars per cigar.

That's ridiculous. It is true that the best Cuban cigars continue to define the industry's standards of excellence in taste, construction, and appearance. But even if one is able to get the best, one must pay extravagantly. When purchased abroad, or on the thriving black [illegible] *Habano* might fetch fifteen dollars—a lot to send up in smoke, especially since equally good, or perhaps better, cigars are being made elsewhere.

Indeed, true connoisseurs of tobacco—or *conocedores*, for Spanish is the language of cigars—have noticed that most *Haba-*

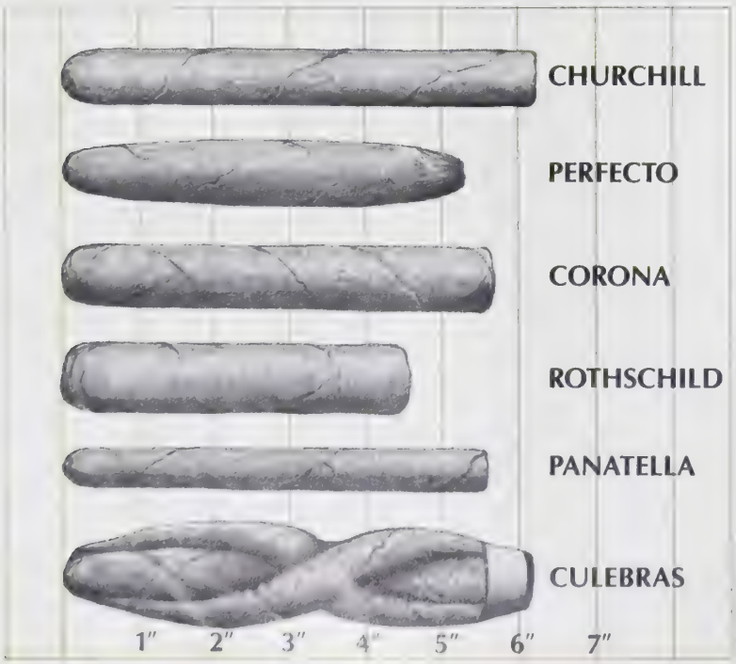
For the cigar connoisseur, the sight of the familiar wooden boxes raises expectations of the rich and earthy aroma beneath their lids.

Lew Rothman has cornered the market in premium cigars.

nos of recent years have been disappointing, or at best uneven. That judgment includes the great old names—Montecristo, H. Upmann, Hoyo de Monterrey, Punch, Por Larrañaga, Romeo y Julieta—though at times you will find the grand smoke, just often enough to recall the glory of old Cuba.

Habanos are inconsistent today because in the early days Castro's agricultural people forced a conversion of much of the tobacco land to sugar growing. As the market for cane has fallen, farms have been converted back to tobacco. But the fertilizers used to grow cane remain in the soil, and they affect the tobacco, causing it to not burn well, which in turn affects taste. Those

SOME POPULAR CIGAR SHAPES AND SIZES



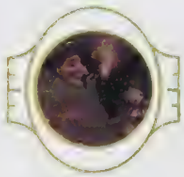
DENIS ORLOFF

"IT IS NOW PROVED BEYOND DOUBT THAT SMOKING IS THE LEADING CAUSE OF STATISTICS."

—FLETCHER KNEBEL

chemicals take from seven to ten years to leach out of the soil.

Let us make the perfectly realistic assumptions that the return of the Cuban cigar is not imminent and that it will not get any cheaper. What is the finest cigar available on the United States market today? Those made in the Dominican Republic are certainly in the running. So are the top Honduran cigars. Maybe those from Jamaica, too. But not cigars from Nicaragua, Brazil, Mexico, Spain (including the Canary Islands), or the Philippines. None of them, this reporter can attest, came close to the great pre-Castro *Habanos*. What does?



"I'd say Hoyo de Monterrey Excalibur from Honduras is the closest to the finest Cubans and best on today's market. At a dollar fifty or so, you're way ahead, too," says Jeff Wagner of the Cigar Warehouse, in Los Angeles's Westwood district. He shakes his head in disgust when he talks of the rising cost of non-Cuban cigars: "The big makers are just conning the market with ads and images and then jacking up the prices. Go see the smaller makers; they've still got integrity. Start with the guy who makes that Excalibur you're smoking. Start with Danny in New Jersey."

Danny turns out to be Dan Blumenthal, an amiable man in his fifties who has been in the tobacco business "forever," as he puts it. In the late 1950s, he parlayed his knowledge of the retail business into a partnership with Frank Llaneza and soon established Villazón & Co., Inc., as a major independent manufacturer-distributor. He accepts an anonymous cigar, lights it, watches it burn a moment, and says, "Dominican, right?"

He is right.

"To me they are all pretty much the same: tasteless. Nothing like a Cuban cigar. The wrapper—it's made from seed grown in Cameroon—looks beautiful: dark, silky. But it has no taste; the color is a fooler. Thirty percent of a cigar's taste comes from the wrapper, and most of what's out there doesn't have it."

He and Llaneza, he explains, saw the Castro takeover coming in the late 1950s and began to experiment with growing tobacco from Cuban seed elsewhere. The results in Honduras were most to their liking: "We wanted to produce a cigar that came as close as possible to the Cuban, and I believe we've equaled, if not surpassed, it. Look at that . . ." He opens a fresh box of Punch, his own favorite. "Great packaging; they love it in England," he says with obvious pride, and offers a cigar.

A rich pungency leaps from the classic box. The cigars exude that almost-forgotten aroma from the old days: earthy and deep and ripe. It is like being in a time machine.

"What makes these different from Hoyo de Monterrey?"

"Not quite so full-bodied," Danny answers. He fetches a box of Hoyo #1 from stock and asks, "Who's the girl of your dreams?"

She had a Cuban name, but perhaps what the pre-Castro cigar aficionado really remembers is like the inaccessible prom queen, the ideal never to be reached. Still, Danny Blumenthal's Hoyos are close, very close—full-bodied and flavorful. They are a far cry from the mild-mannered products that so many manufacturers now insist on making for the United States market.

"BY THE CIGARS THEY SMOKE... YE SHALL KNOW THE TEXTURE OF MEN'S SOULS."

—JOHN GALSWORTHY

Ramón Cifuentes has another contender. Tall, lean, silver-haired, with a carefully trimmed mustache and bespoke London suit—the epitome of old Cuban landed aristocracy—he knows all about old Cuban cigar makers, down to the names of their best tobacco farms. He was stripped of his own lands and now serves as a sort of professor emeritus for the General Cigar and Tobacco Company, based in the Dominican Republic. He removes a gold pinky ring, embossed and enameled as a Partagas band, and passes it over the Partagas #1 he has just offered to his visitor.

"A perfect forty-three," he says, referring to the diameter of the cigar (43/64 inch). "My size." Cifuentes then proceeds to pull apart a Partagas on a table to show how his cigar is constructed. "The filler, you must roll each leaf separately—*entubar*—so that the smoke passes through. Never make like the pages of a book. Even folding is better than that, but *entubar* . . . the best."

The Partagas is firm, draws well, and burns slowly and evenly with a full, round, tangy taste of medium strength. It isn't quite the big taste of Cuba, although it has the look. Ramón believes he has produced the world's best-constructed cigar, and he likes the taste. For him, that's enough.

He devours a proferred cigar—not one of his beloved Partagas. He first bites off the end, as all the tobacco men do—no fancy cutters here. "Good cigar," he says, not knowing or caring where it's made: the sign of the *conocedor*. "A little light, but definitely superior. They are a bit careless, though." He indicates the long ridge of the mold mark. "The maker didn't rotate the bunch [the binder tobacco holding the filler leaves] in the mold before rolling on the wrapper, and the head is not as well finished as it could be." He lights one of his own cigars with obvious pleasure. "Yours also gets a little bitter toward the end. That shouldn't happen. In fact, it should taste richer. But it is very good." He wants to reassure the giver lest he take offense. Cifuentes is a courtly man, a caballero of the old school.

By contrast, Lew Rothman is a product of the streets of New York who minces no words. "The Cubans made good stuff and they made a lot of crap," he says with no trace of nostalgia. Rothman built J & R Tobacco, a cigar retailing, wholesaling, and distributing operation, over the past dozen years to the point that he now controls about 40 percent of the market in premium cigars.

His operations are centered in a two-story industrial building in Sloatsburg, New York, containing his warehouse, mail-order-fulfillment department, humidor rooms, and computers. A self-made millionaire, Rothman works on the packing floor along with his employees and wears informal clothes.

"This is the best cigar I sell," he says, ripping open a carton and levering up the edge of a cedar box of one hundred cigars packed without cellophane in ribboned bundles of twenty-five. The Colorado (or medium brown) wrapper has the slightly reddish tinge that some Cubans call *rosado*. The cigar in hand has the feel of a Cuban-made product, though the carton is marked "Honduras."

"Like 'em darker?" Rothman asks, and without waiting for an answer opens another carton and finds some Maduro—cigars with dark brown wrappers—of the same brand. "And try these too," he says, "my Dominicans." He grabs two fistfuls out of an open bin and drops them into a plastic bag.

"Just who makes these?"

Rothman is canny: "That's my secret! The cigar's light but very good." He changes the subject. "The Hondurans in the cedar are from Villazón. Frank Llaneza makes the best-tasting cigar on the market, better than the Cubans ever were or are."

In Tampa, Frank Llaneza is a sturdy, balding man in his fifties who has what cigar men term *el tabaco en su sangre*. Born there to Spanish parents, he was put into the cigar business by his father at eighteen. He learned the business from the labor side, including curing, casing, sorting, and aging tobacco, as well as making cigars. He smokes only his Hoyo "seconds" in the Colorado wrappers, slightly lighter or darker depending on the batch the previous day's sorting has brought. "Gotta save somewhere," he grins. "The Colorado wrappers have more aroma than the Maduros," he explains, "and a lighter, less musty flavor. The darker the wrapper in Cuban seed, the stronger the taste, but you lose the rich aroma." Like most tobacco men, he prefers a forty-three-ring gauge, or close to it, and thinks a six- to six-and-a-half-inch-long cigar is ideal "because that's the length of the filler leaves. You get to taste the whole leaf that way."

Pressed about his own cigars, he admits that Punch and Hoyo de Monterrey are similar. "The filler is pretty much the same, but we try to use binder leaf from the upper primings for Punch; they're stronger-tasting. Hoyo uses the lower to middle leaf as binder. It is mellower and more aromatic." As to other brand names, the Ultimates he makes for Lew Rothman are Hoyo, in the lighter wrappers, and Punch, in the darker. Rey del Mundo and the Canadian Flor de Caribe follow the same pattern, while Flor de Allones, made for Dunhill, are Hoyo.

What this proves, of course, is that knowing the maker's identity is more important than brand-name loyalty. Still, there is no quarrel with a good smoke, and the Hoyo de Monterrey by any

Ramón Cifuentes, the courtly adviser to General Cigar Company.

"WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS IS A REALLY GOOD FIVE-CENT CIGAR."

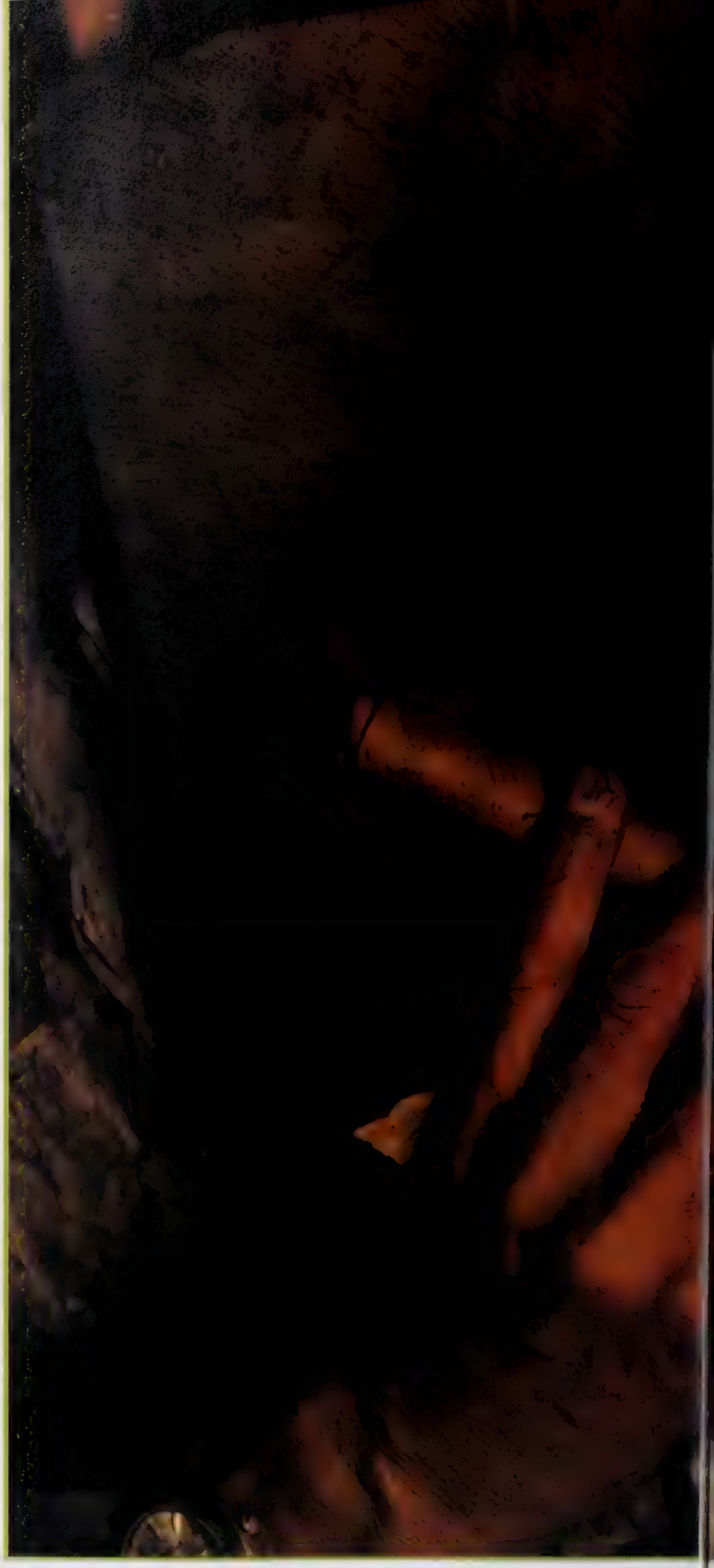
—THOMAS RILEY MARSHALL, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, 1913–21

name has what one taster now judges to be the best balance between rich flavor and luxurious aroma of any cigar yet sampled, the closest to an old-fashioned Cuban cigar. But is it the best on the market? Frank Llaneza is nothing if not generous toward his competitors: "Every reputable manufacturer is trying to make the best cigar he can for the premium market: you should go see what's in the Dominican Republic."

The Dominican Republic is where Roderigo de Xéres, who traveled with Columbus, is alleged to have smoked the first cigar in the New World, on October 28, 1492. Today, the cigar factories on this beautiful tropical island, only a hop and skip from Cuba, keep on making excellent cigars of the locally grown leaf for the European market. Manufacturers find the Dominican Republic particularly attractive not the least because of its Zona Franca, or "free zone." The factories in this area can import any tobacco from anywhere free of duty, make it into cigars, and export them, untaxed. (The Cuban leaf cannot be sent to the U.S.A., of course.) In Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and Mexico, by contrast, manufacturers are constrained to use only locally grown tobacco.

The principal product of the Zona Franca is a blended cigar,

Molds with hand-rolled cigars, below, at the Villazón factory, in Tampa, Florida; at right, cigars being hand-rolled at the Arturo Fuente Cigar Factory, in the Dominican Republic.



one that has no single characteristic and is by analogy like a blended whiskey rather than a straight bourbon. It is a bland alternative to the hearty Cuban cigar, not a substitute. The best of the factories there—Consolidated Cigar's, for instance, or General Cigar's—are models of cleanliness and efficiency. Everything is air conditioned, brightly lighted, well spaced. Some "bunch makers" use small manual rollers, similar to those available for rolling your own cigarettes, to combine the filler-blend tobacco and the binder. This practice raises the question

of whether those cigars deserve to be called "handmade," as they are labeled. No matter: every cigar is uniform in appearance, texture, and quality. The final product is like "international cuisine" at fine hotels worldwide. While tasting, you can't tell where you are. Some diners prefer that.

For the *conocedores*, though, the Dominican Republic has its share of small manufacturers who make fine, if still largely unknown, cigars. One is the zesty José Benito, made by Matasa S.A. Another is the hearty Cerdan, produced by the government-owned Tabacalera S[illegible] to the United States, where it should g[illegible] there is the Taino, a long (seven and a half [illegible] produced [illegible] taste, and [illegible]

But [illegible] Cigar fac[illegible] was [illegible] manufac[illegible]

The cigar-making Fuentes: Carlos, Jr., left, and Carlos, Sr.

under Carlos, Jr. The elder Carlos, a dour man in his early fifties, began by having "to roll fifty cigars every day when I came home from school, before I could go out to play." After a stint as a master baker, Fuente took over his own father's ailing business, which he rebuilt. He wanted to develop premium lines and went to Nicaragua in the 1970s to open a factory, but found the political situation uncomfortable—"I don't want any government partnerships"—and came to the Dominican Republic.

Today his medium-sized factory produces excellent, individualistic cigars at about half the price of those of his larger competitors. Fuente does not shy away from the heartier blends. He uses a lot of Honduran tobacco for its Cuban flavor, though he also makes mild brands, because "I have to compete, not amuse myself." His best-known lines: the full-bodied Corona Imperial and the lighter, sweeter 858, both in Cameroon wrapper.

"Everyone wants Cameroon today," Fuente explains. "It looks macho but is really mild and bland. The blend comes through more. Try this." He passes over an 858 in an Ecuador wrapper, a Maduro grown from the same Sumatra seed as Cameroon, but on another continent. Though it has a rougher, less pretty look, the same cigar is suddenly alive with a distinct and unusual character; it has the full taste and body of the Honduran-Dominican filler blend. His Panatella Fina, rich without being sharp, is the best panatella on the market.

"Come over here and try this one," Fuente cries with enthusiasm. He is making a new shape, soon to be introduced in America. It is a six-inch Cuban perfecto with a slight "shoulder," or taper, toward the head, and a finished tuck that narrows to a one-quarter-inch opening. It is a fine example of hand cigar making; Fuente taught the maker himself. "Have some coffee first," he says, as a woman appears whose only job is to brew fresh coffee.

Taste buds thus washed, one lights the perfecto correctly, with

John Alvarez, left, and his brother Tomás are cigar makers at the Villazón factory, in Tampa; Villazón's president, Frank Llaneza, at right, tests a tobacco leaf to see how it burns.

"A GOOD CIGAR IS AS GREAT A COMFORT TO A MAN AS A GOOD CRY TO A WOMAN."

—EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON

a quick and not very energetic puff. The ash grows evenly, making a sharp point because the roller has gotten the flavorful, center, darker leaf, just right, so that the whole cigar burns properly. Fuente himself is clearly a master blender. In the case of this perfecto, he has balanced the lightness of the Cameroon wrapper against a blend with a substantial proportion of Honduran tobacco that gives it character. When he puts this shape into a heavier Ecuadorian Maduro wrapper he will have a full-bodied, heavyweight cigar to be counted among the best. What will the new cigar be called? Carlos shrugs his shoulders. "I don't know. We want to name it for some famous Cuban, or someone great who loved the island. You're the writer . . . you tell me!" Watch, now, for a cigar named Hemingway.

To be sure, the quest for the world's greatest cigar never really ends for any discriminating smoker, but this much may be said right now. The Hoyo de Monterrey, made by Llaneza, is the best full-flavored cigar you can buy in America, a consistently rich and gratifying, old-fashioned smoke. Especially recommended are the #1, the Rothschild, and, at the top of the line, the Excalibur #5, all in Colorado wrapper. The best slightly milder cigars are Carlos Fuente's superb Panatella Fina, then the Corona Imperial and the Maduro 858. Honors also go to Cifuentes's beloved Partagas #1. And here is a tip: Carlos Fuente is now testing another superb cigar in Europe. It is made of Honduran and Dominican tobacco and will be named Bauzá. Try it.

What this means is that it does not matter nearly as much as American cigar smokers may have been led to believe whether Fidel Castro continues to clench his dogmatic fist or whether the Department of State continues to embargo his *Habanos*. Yes, the best Cuban cigars can be superb, but they now have competitors. Americans can look on the home market with the certainty of finding a great smoke. We can truthfully say, if asked, what would happen if the embargo on Cuban cigars were lifted: Nothing much—the old *Habanos* are no longer invincible. □

Alan Schwartz, a New York writer, smoked about one hundred different brands of cigars while researching this story.

PRIMOLI'S DUE

GIUSEPPE PRIMOLI MERELY INVENTED CANDID AND ACTION PHOTOGRAPHY AND THE PHOTO ESSAY

BY JOHN PHILLIPS

With the acceptance of nineteenth-century photography as a form of art, the roll of its early luminaries of the first magnitude—Nadar, Brady, Lartigue—is nearly as familiar to a culturally avid public as that of today's stars—Cartier-Bresson, Penn, Avedon. Yet one of photography's most creative trailblazers remains all but unknown, outside of a small cluster of scholars. That is the Italian Giuseppe Primoli. Remember his name: Primoli anticipated nearly every attitude that photographers of today most cherish.

Only fragments of Primoli's work have been published, yet they provide ample evidence that he was a true pioneer of his art. He was the first photographer fully to portray a country and an era with his camera. An Italian critic, Lamberto Vitali, in his book *Un Fotografo Fin de Siècle*, published in 1968 by Einaudi, gives us some insight on Primoli and his work. He was around thirty-seven before he took his first picture. Feverishly active over the next seventeen years, Primoli shot some 35,000 negatives. Seventeen thousand photographic plates that were lying around his Paris apartment disappeared after Primoli's death, but 12,575 negatives and prints on file at his Roman palazzo survived. Still, very few of his pictures ever saw print, as he watched his times and chronicled them with humor, compassion, and enthusiasm.

In Rome, ca. 1895, English billboards (above) attracted attention from passersby. The artfully composed photograph at right recalls Manet's painting, probably unintentionally.

Among the photographic chroniclers of their time, Primoli falls between Gaspard-Félix Nadar and Jacques-Henri Lartigue. That he remains photography's missing link, awaiting discovery or, perhaps, rediscovery, is ironic since, with the exception of Lord Snowdon, probably no other photographer ever matched Primoli in social position.

Count Giuseppe Napoleone Primoli, a descendant of Napoleon I, was born in Rome, but after his cousin Charles-Louis was elected Napoleon III, Giuseppe's parents moved the family to Paris so that they could participate in the life of the court. Young Giuseppe studied at the Collège Rollin, in Paris. He graduated in 1870, a month before the collapse of his cousin's Second Empire, following the disastrous Franco-Prussian War. During the ensuing turmoil, the Primolis prudently repaired to Rome. Napoleon III and Empress Eugenie were exiled to England, but their banishment did not affect other relatives. The Primolis returned to Paris, where Giuseppe, formerly the protégé of his cousin the empress, resumed a glittering life as the darling of his aunt, Princess Mathilde, the hostess at Paris's most fashionable literary salon.

Regarding himself as *un homme de lettres*, Primoli thrived in the company of French literati. With a diligence he would later display in his picture taking, Primoli began to produce magazine articles (sample titles: "Whims of a Prince," "Childhood of a Sovereign," "Intimate Recollections surrounding the Wedding of an Empress"). Apart from keeping a detailed diary, he wrote a torrent of letters, corresponding over the years with his literary friends Dumas, de Maupassant, Proust, Zola, and Anatole France; the painters Degas and Forain; the composers Gounod and Liszt; and the actresses Sarah Bernhardt and Eleonora Duse (about 300 letters, in the case of La Duse). He was not above dabbling in a little salon intrigue—conspiring with his old friend Gabriele D'Annunzio to offer the latter's play *The*

John Phillips is a well-known photographer, one of the original members of the old Life *magazine corps.*

Dead City to Bernhardt, for example, instead of to the poet's mistress, Duse. A man of influence, Primoli would go out of his way to help authors, and he actively supported Pirandello's Paris debut. The affectation of Primoli's literary style nonetheless did not prevent his having an acute sense of self-criticism: "I prefer to play the part of a court jester who makes people laugh to a jester people laugh at," he wrote in his diary.

It is not known why, at the age of thirty-seven, this dandy suddenly became obsessed with photography. (He may have caught the bug from his brother, Luigi, himself a photographer.) In any event, Giuseppe took his new avocation so seriously that within three years he became known as *Le Roi de L'Instantané* ("The Snapshot King"). Unlike most amateurs of the time, who wielded bulky cameras resting on heavy tripods, Primoli opted for what was then a miniature camera, one that could take a single 8 cm by 9 cm plate at a time. His Kinégraphe was, in effect, a glorified box camera equipped as a reflex; it had a fixed focus and a small aperture—severe shortcomings by our standards today. We know he used a Kinégraphe from a rare reference to photography in his diary (an entry that also offers an example of his photographic eye). Writing about the duc de Berry's illuminated Book of Hours, Primoli notes, "I was struck by the analogy of these primitive paintings to my snapshots. They have the same clumsy disproportions that I obtain with my Kinégraphe. The primitive artists were more sincere and truer than those of the seventeenth century, where you never find these mistakes because the figures are idealized."

> A healthy joie de vivre sometimes bordered on the ribald; Primoli recorded every aspect of society.

Primitive as it was, the Kinégraphe was a precursor in the technique of the miniaturization that would revolutionize photography. This hand camera gave Primoli a freedom of action that could not be achieved with heavy studio cameras. It allowed him to catch his subjects spontaneously in natural surroundings. He introduced a style that the German photographers would discover in the twenties with the advent of the 35 mm camera and

Primoli's parody of an ancient Greek tableau, called Concerto, *was taken at the Villa Medici, Rome, about 1890.*

Réjane, the famous French actress, drew the disapproving glance of a widow (above, left) in the rue de Rougemont, Paris, 1889. The artist Edgar Degas (right) was photographed as he was walking out of a pissoir in Paris, July 1889.

the name "candid photography." Primoli's approach would be defined by Henri Cartier-Bresson as seizing "the decisive moment." A comparison can be made between Cartier-Bresson's well-known 1954 shot of a triumphant boy toting two large bottles of wine and Primoli's 1899 image of a widow gazing with disapproval on the actress Réjane.

While Primoli, the writer, identified with French literary culture, his photographic interest in France was limited. He took pictures only of his fashionable friends or such events as Thomas Edison's visit to the Eiffel Tower during the Universal Fair, in 1889. Primoli, the photographer, emerges as a down-to-earth Italian fascinated by the life of that country. Little that was worth noting escaped his scrutiny. By relentlessly cutting across the rigid social strata of his day, he recorded with detachment every aspect of society, from the pomp of royalty to the degradation of men on a chain gang, producing an invaluable pictorial vision of Italy at the turn of the century.

An issue of *La Tribuna Illustrata*, a contemporary magazine published in Rome, carried a story on "The Snapshot King." The illustrations show Primoli in a variety of poses: in a top hat and dress suit, with his camera in hand; in a bowler hat, mingling with a pack of beagles; shooting pictures from a horse-drawn carriage; astride a horse; and in a rowboat. The article depicts Primoli as trailed by a retinue of servants who are lugging additional cameras and baskets full of photographic plate holders while the photographer prowls the streets of Rome.

When Primoli shot the wedding of Crown Prince Vittorio Emanuele, in Rome, on October 24, 1896, he may well have become the father of the photo essay. Before entering the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, where the marriage took place, Primoli photographed cheerful onlookers perched on street lamps and liveried coachmen gossiping beside their four-wheeled Berlins. In the church, he documented the ceremony in progress. He then snapped the royals as they trod the red carpet to their coaches. Next he hurried to the Quirinale to get a shot of the wedding party appearing on the palace balcony. Three days later, he photographed a military parade in honor of the bridal couple, thus completing the story.

Primoli anticipated press photography. Before press cards were invented, his social prominence won him front seats at the news events of the day. He was on hand to photograph the future George V of England and Kaiser Wilhelm when they paid state visits to Rome.

Long before Erich Salomon made candid photography his own, Primoli photographed Leo XIII strolling in the Vatican gardens. His picture of the pope, taken from the back—an approach *Life* magazine later would use to dramatic effect with such world figures as Charles de Gaulle—is what we call a scoop.

Even Primoli's approach to portraiture was avant-garde. He liked to photograph his subjects in their own surroundings, emphasizing their personalities. He made a portrait of the imperious Bernhardt draped in furs and reclining in a thronelike chair; the expression in her averted stare is impenetrable. Before Primoli's lens, Eleonora Duse was transformed into a waif forlornly hugging a black shawl to her body.

Years before Alfred Eisenstaedt's memorable picture of the audience at Milan's La Scala, Primoli made a similar photograph of the public at the Paris Conservatoire. With a camera that he could not focus, he tested the limits of the instrument and achieved his feat by means of a time exposure using available light.

Primoli experimented successfully with action photography. He took an equestrian picture of Annie Oakley at a time when she was touring Italy as a performer with Buffalo Bill's circus. Crouching low, he shot up at the rider just as her horse reared. Later, Cecil Beaton, himself an expert at shooting the dowdy peerage, approved this same technique as Primoli employed it in a fashion picture: "{Primoli} depicted high court life with an amateur's camera but a most unusual eye," Beaton wrote in *The Magic Image*. "From a

A circus acrobat in Rome, ca. 1895, above, left; Annie Oakley came to Rome with Buffalo Bill's Wild West show in 1890, center; Primoli turned his back on the horses at the paddock to photograph the smart set—who turned their backs on him, facing page.

low angle he took a remarkable snapshot of the plain Princess Mathilde Bonaparte with her *dame d'honneur* in court dress."

In an age when "painterly" photographers consciously attempted to re-create scenes of ancient Greece on emulsion, Primoli parodied the style. He seated a pet dog on the train of an aristocratic Italian lady garbed as a Grecian muse, while a second woman played the "flute" using the photographer's cane.

His street scenes caught Italy's bustling vitality. Peddlers, columns of priests, barefoot urchins, sleeping beggars, barking dogs, gentlemen in bowlers, and ladies with hourglass figures—all intermix in an atmosphere of cheerful confusion. This is in dramatic contrast to the work of Eugène Atget, Primoli's French contemporary, whose Paris of empty streets looked as if it had survived a neutron bomb.

A healthy joie de vivre sometimes bordered on the ribald. In very much the same mood as Lartigue, who took a picture of his wife sitting on the loo, Primoli photographed Degas walking out of a pissoir and buttoning his fly. Such irreverence annoyed more conservative contemporaries. The French writer Romain Rolland objected angrily when, at the investiture ceremony of Cardinal Mermillod, Primoli ". . . impertinently stood in front of [him] and barred his way to the sacristy with his ridiculous camera. . . ."

He was a dilettante, of course, a man of means who took pictures simply for his own satisfaction. In this he can be compared to Lartigue, forty-three years his junior. In one other respect these two talented men had much in common. Though each was devoted to photography, neither one took himself too seriously; thus, their work was free of pomposity. Each showed a clear-eyed simplicity in his approach to photography. Each produced a definitive portrait of an age, as the fin de siècle dissolved into the emerging Belle Epoque. Primoli observed the sedate twilight of the horse-and-carriage era; Lartigue glorified the blazing dawn of the age of the internal-combustion engine. Whereas Lartigue's images convey a sense of the noise and speed of the twentieth century, Primoli's photographs have the slow, quiet pace of horses' hoofs clopping against shiny wet cobblestones, marking the end of an era.

There was a deeply idealistic side to Primoli. The Francophile Italian had always dreamed of a greater understanding between the two countries that he loved, countries whose friendship soon would be threatened by Mussolini's truculence. In a will made the year before he died, Primoli instructed that his fortune was to be used to create a foundation dedicated to Franco-Italian friendship.

In 1928, a year after the photographer's death, La Fondazione Primoli came into being. The foundation offices occupy the first floor of Palazzo Primoli, at Via Zanardelli 1, in Rome. On the ground floor is the Museo Napoleonico, decorated with all his paintings, furniture, and artifacts from the Napoleonic age. There is a large library of some 35,000 volumes, dealing mostly with the Napoleonic era. It is open daily to students. Modestly locked away in a remote corner of this floor is Primoli's photographic collection, which is available for use by scholars with special permission. Only here can Primoli's photographs be viewed firsthand. His work is not represented in galleries and museums, although examples exist in a very few private collections.

For all his devotion to photography, Primoli did not consider it a major form of expression. It was a personal obsession, one that he satisfied by 1905 or so, when he put aside his Kinégraphe for good. He looked on himself as a writer, although the brilliant talent he displayed in pictures was not in his prose. In a melancholic mood toward the end of his life, Primoli confided to his diary that all the anecdotes, witticisms, gossip, and philosophical thoughts he had stored away would now seem stale, concluding, "Remember that a meal which has been reheated is not worth eating." Fortunately for us, his photographs are so fresh and original that the only wonder is that they have never to date received the attention they deserve. □

A QUESTION OF PATRIMONY

The two articles that follow treat a subject dear to the heart of civilized peoples: their cultural patrimony. You will discover that the Soviets now venerate the past they so forcefully rejected, and that the Chinese have recently rejected the past they so long venerated. Although the stories reflect the strong viewpoints of their very different authors—one an experienced reporter, the other a passionate visitor—both focus on the most enduring aspect of a nation's heritage. They deal with architecture and its preservation.

We in America have been of two minds about the subject. After a period of tearing down any building that seemed to stand in the way of progress, we may have swung to the opposite extreme. People who are far from being Philistines are asking some pointed questions. Is it really necessary to save every old building or monument? Isn't this preservation of landmarks getting out of hand? They deplore the tendency to save not only too much architectural trivia in America but also too many fragments of architecture.

I think the best object lesson comes from France. There, in the eighteenth century, the spectacular Romanesque cathedral of Autun was to be modernized. This meant, among other things, that those sublime twelfth-century sculptures by Gislebertus (remember the Three Kings lying under one blanket on the same bed?) were slated to be destroyed. But one of the members of the hypothetical renewal committee must have had the good sense to remark, "We agree today that these stones are primitive and ugly, but someday, someone might favor them. Why don't we simply brick over the façade and build a new one on that?" And that is what happened, thank God.

It is better to save too much than not enough. A building, if it has a hint of significance, should be saved even if its style or ornamentation seems offensive. Great monuments are no longer owned by individual nations or political parties or specific sects; they belong to the peoples of the world. To preserve this architectural heritage, regardless of the religion or ideology that built it, is to be truly civilized.

These two articles are eloquent chronicles of the continuing drama and struggle over precisely such preservation. The Soviets should be roundly condemned for their cynical oppression of contemporary culture and thought, as well as for their building the most brutally ugly contemporary architecture on earth. But they deserve extravagant praise for their unstinting dedication to saving their monuments, such as the Pushkin palace, where they even re-create what they cannot restore. The Chinese, on the other hand, a people who repeatedly claim a 5,000-year civilization, have recently—deliberately, willingly, and with relish—either wrecked their heritage through an "enlightened" political policy or allowed all too many of the remaining vestiges to disintegrate through horrifying indifference. That is a disastrous course. The most severe censure will surely come, if not from scholars and architects today, then from the deprived generations yet unborn. □

TO PRESERVE THE ARCHITECTURAL HERITAGE IS TO BE TRULY CIVILIZED

BY THOMAS HOVING

PARADOX
IN RUSSIA

WHY ARE THE SOVIETS RESTORING A SPLENDID CZARIST PALACE?

BY DALE HARRIS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VICTOR TARASSEVITCH

For the visitor to Russia, there is something touching as well as fascinating about the lengthy, slow-moving lines that form day after day outside the museums, the historic churches, the eighteenth-century palaces. In America, we are prepared to queue only for what we don't ordinarily have the opportunity to see, like the Tutankhamen artifacts. In Russia, people wait in line as a matter of course—for vegetables, ice cream, secondhand books, and art.

Especially for the last. The average Soviet citizen, it seems, has an insatiable urge to look at the artistic treasures of his homeland, and as a consequence the more important galleries and architecturally distinguished buildings are always full. Part of their appeal is no doubt aesthetic, but another part is surely atavistic. "The Russian people know that what they are looking at is part of their history," says Tatiana Antonova, an official with the Ministry of Culture in Leningrad. "For us the past is valuable. It helps us understand what we have become. It gives us pride."

If historical architecture sheds light upon the Russian present, then it does so in a way that strikes the Westerner as ironic. When the crowds of day-trippers set out from Leningrad—usually by train—on the fifteen-mile journey to Pushkin, formerly the summer palace of the czars and the most impressive of the royal residences, they leave behind them a dour and shabby world. Even the newest of the burgeoning apartment complexes on the edges of Leningrad seem to be in imminent danger of falling apart. Clearly, the laborers assigned to work on such projects feel no commitment to the principles of honest craftsmanship, and, just as clearly, no one demands it of them. By now the public has come to accept shoddiness as a fact of daily existence. Their goal is survival, not gracious living.

No wonder, then, that ordinary citizens stand in reverential wonder before the splendors of Pushkin, the great baroque palace built at the command of the empress Elizabeth Petrovna, daughter of Peter the Great. There, from 1748 to 1756, four hundred masons and four thousand soldiers labored to realize the plans of the Italian architect Bartolomeo Rastrelli. A generation later, from 1780 until the death of Catherine the Great, in 1796, the building was extended by the addition of a hanging garden, a pavilion, and a colonnaded gallery, all designed by the Scottish architect Charles Cameron. At the same time, the grounds were filled with pavilions and follies. Everything that confronts the visitor at Pushkin (originally known as the Catherine Palace at Tsarskoye Selo, or Czar's Village) is elegant and beautifully made, and thus utterly different from what Soviet citizens experience in their domestic lives.

From the handsomely designed park in which the palace stands, they can embrace in a single glance the full sweep of the richly detailed garden front, which extends for almost a thousand feet along an elaborate, meticulously maintained parterre. In the sunshine, especially, the effect is extraordinary—a vista of pure white columns that span the upper floors of the building and stand out brilliantly against the sea-blue walls, above which, at the south end of the palace, rise the five golden domes of the royal chapel. Originally, the atlantes that support the second story were gilded, but in the reign of Catherine the Great, when taste had become more neoclassical and severe, they were painted the color of bronze, as they are today.

What visitors see on the inside of Pushkin is even more remarkable: suites of royal apartments furnished with the exquisite taste and sumptuousness that mark the decorative arts of czarist times. In the ceiling-high porcelain stoves, the inlaid floors of rare woods, the amazingly intricate gilt carvings around the doors, the fluted malachite columns, one senses the infinite resources, both of materials and of manpower, commanded by the imperial family. Wander-

Gleaming domes, recently regilded, crown the palace's Church of the Resurrection.

Left: Palace gates, adorned with czarist double eagle. Right: Cameron's Agate Pavilion, a neoclassical jewel.

ing around a building like Pushkin, the Russians of today look like exiles returning to a dimly remembered ancestral home, where everything is more beautiful than they had thought possible. Yet what fills them with the awe their faces show so plainly is the evidence of a way of life, extravagant and autocratic, that was swept away in their name.

When asked about the apparent contradiction, Tatiana Antonova replies, "All you see is the work of the Russian people—made by their hands. That's the important thing. They were gifted, they were talented. That's why everyone today is proud of such art. Before the Revolution, only a handful of people were allowed inside Pushkin—the czar, the royal family, the court. Now more than three million see it each year. It belongs to the same kind of people who actually built it. We spend twenty-five million rubles {nearly forty million dollars} each year for the restoration of works of art in Leningrad alone. No one objects. It's our birthright."

Tatiana Antonova's words only confirm what the Western visitor detects at every turn in the behavior of Russian sightseers. In the Soviet Union, czarist culture is no longer associated with political ideology but with Russian identity. A place like Pushkin represents not the taste of a class but the genius of a nation. It is an assurance that Russian hands can work to the most exacting standards of craftsmanship ever conceived.

If the Soviets ever had doubts about the significance of a palace like Pushkin, the German invasion of 1941 and the Siege of Leningrad, which followed almost immediately, destroyed them forever. Occupying the palace from 1941 until they were driven out, three years later, the Nazi troops despoiled the building and then virtually gutted it. When the Soviet Army reoccupied Pushkin, it was little more than a maze of blackened, roofless walls. What remained was mostly defaced. As the Russians quickly discovered, all the statues had been wantonly broken, the paintings slashed, the garden pavilions dynamited, and most of the twelve thousand trees in the park destroyed.

Not that the enemy troops were lacking in artistic appreciation. From the Agate Pavilion, the ravishing neoclassical belvedere built onto the southeast end of Pushkin for Catherine the Great between 1780 and 1795, the Nazis stole whatever took their fancy. Perhaps because the Agate Pavilion was used until the last moment as a movie house, it was still in more or less sound condition when the Russians reoccupied Pushkin, on January 24, 1944. Posted on the front door was a sign that read,

Pushkin's imposing garden façade, nearly a thousand feet long.

The throne niche of the mirrored Great Hall, returned to its full, baroque magnificence.

Perched on a scaffold, a team of expert painters brings the ruined ceilings of Pushkin back to life.

"*Heute kein Film*" (No movie today). Inside, they could see exactly what had been stolen: rococo cartouches ripped from the walls; whole sections of marquetry torn from the floor; gilt bronze keyhole surrounds pried off the doors.

Since the main palace was little more than a smoking ruin, it was at first hard to tell what had been looted and what simply destroyed. But evidence soon emerged. In a trench just outside the palace, the Russians found a damask-covered, gilt-wood armchair of exquisite workmanship and a magnificent eighteenth-century marble fireplace sculpted with mythological scenes, both of which had been commandeered by a Nazi officer to beautify his dugout.

Some of Pushkin's depredators had shipped their plunder farther away. In 1946, a crate of eighteenth-century Dutch tiles, stolen from one of the palace's celebrated porcelain stoves, was discovered in East Germany. Not long afterward, two copper statues from Pushkin were located in Germany just as they were about to be melted down; and, in due course, some of the magnificent parquet taken from the Lyons drawing room (so called from the silk hangings woven in France especially for the room) and made of wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl turned up in a German warehouse.

Everything of this kind went back to Pushkin as soon as it was identified. Despite the apparent impossibility of the job, workers began restoring the palace the moment it was recaptured—even while the sounds of fighting rang out in the distance. The immediate task was to preserve the basic structure. The detailed restoration of the battered exterior and ruined interior, the authorities decided, could be delayed until the end of the war, when suitable materials and sufficient manpower would be available once more.

Meanwhile, the team of workers assigned to Pushkin by the Ministry of Culture attempted to protect what remained from the ravaging Russian winter. Volunteers from the nearby village would finish their own jobs, then trudge to the palace grounds to help dispose of the rubble and clear the park of fallen trees. Despite the appalling deprivations of the time, no one begrudged the tremendous efforts necessary to keep the palace from falling completely into ruin.

These efforts continue to this day, when the exterior of the building and roughly one-third of the principal apartments are fully restored. Those associated with Pushkin believe that, in time, every room in the place will look as good as—or even better than—it did before the German invasion. George Belyaiev, director of Pushkin since 1965, lives in hope of seeing the project

Architect Kedrinski (left) matches all restored suites against palace archives. A sculptor (right) examines her handiwork.

completed in another decade, but holds his hands up in mock despair as he talks about it: "For the job to be done properly, it must be done slowly, with love. Maybe it will be ready when my grandchildren have grown up."

It is characteristic of the attitude toward Pushkin that the person in charge of its restoration for the past eighteen years should be not an art historian but a historian of Russia. Belyaiev, a huge, bearish, soft-spoken man in his late fifties, makes no claims to the technical knowledge of architecture and applied art possessed by his expert staff. Yet he is familiar with every inch of the palace and the park. When he walks around Pushkin, pointing out its significant features, he cannot help brushing his fingertips for a moment or two against the objects he regards as particularly beautiful—a baroque console table, a gilt sconce, a jasper urn.

So far the restorers have completed eighteen of the fifty-five state apartments, and work is proceeding on various rooms in five others. Their greatest obstacle is a lack of reliable information. As Belyaiev puts it, "In order to bring back the past in the right spirit, we have to discover what Pushkin was originally like. That isn't so easy. It takes careful scholarship, a lot of intuition, and even more patience. The records tell us only so much, and many are missing. What we know about accurately, we can restore—no matter how long it takes, no matter how much it

In the gilding room, a worker affixes gold leaf to the gesso surface of an intricately carved wood decoration.

Above the trompe l'oeil architecture in the palace's Great Hall, an imposing allegorical scene animates the ceiling.

A rococo cartouche receives its final polish at the hands of two of the palace's master gilders.

costs. So far, Pushkin has cost us twenty-seven million rubles [roughly forty-two million dollars]. It will cost more, much more. That doesn't worry us."

The missing documentation is the inevitable consequence of World War II. Pushkin's director in 1941 had only six weeks in which to prepare for the imminent possibility of bombardment and even occupation. Of the more than one hundred thousand objects in the palace, fewer than two thousand could be evacuated. The entire operation was organized, with what Belyaiev considers exemplary judgment, by the then deputy director, Vera Lyermus.

The most important objects were shipped to Novosibirsk, in Siberia, and to the Ural Mountains, well out of the range of German bombardment. To those remote places went the most precious canvases, porcelains, sculptures, and plate, and such irreplaceable oddments as two rolls of Chinese wallpaper, hand painted—in shades of green, blue, and pink—with fishing scenes, which had been made for Pushkin during the reign of Catherine the Great. And placed in what Belyaiev still calls "box number one"—referring to its overriding importance—were the surviving plans of Rastrelli and of Charles Cameron, along with whatever archival material could be quickly assembled, including as many photographs of the interiors and the façade as could be taken in the remaining time.

Also evacuated were representative pieces from the palace's finest suites of furniture: a side chair, an armchair, a small table, a wall cabinet. A selection of wood carvings from the important decorative schemes was saved, too, as were swatches of silks used for the upholstery and curtains; small pieces of wall paneling, marquetry, and parquetry; and a few rare carpets. From such objects—and the contents of box number one—the Soviets believed that, even if Pushkin were destroyed, they could re-create it. These crates were shipped into Leningrad for storage in Saint Isaac's Cathedral. Though the people of Leningrad were prepared to face the worst the Nazis could inflict, they believed their city would never fall.

They were not so sanguine about Pushkin. Every effort was made to safeguard what remained in the palace. Though a hundred and sixty sculptures were buried in the park, a great many more had to be left in place. Some of these were undoubtedly stolen. The greatest single loss is the Amber Room, given to Peter the Great in 1715 by King Friedrich Wilhelm I of Prussia in exchange, it is said, for "fifty-five guardsmen of exceptional stature." After the recapture of Pushkin, the Russians discovered that the finely carved panels of Persian amber had been sent back to Germany by the occupying troops. Last heard of in Königsberg, the amber paneling has never been found, though the Soviets have been trying to track it down since the end of the war. Now they have resigned themselves to re-creating the room with amber from the Baltic, and already one small section is in place, a token of how the room will eventually be restored.

Meanwhile, work on the other interiors continues steadily. When Belyaiev took over, there were only seven wood-carvers in all Russia capable of meeting the standards required at Pushkin. Now there are more than a hundred. Three years ago, the Ministry of Culture established a vocational school to teach people the skills necessary for the restoration of historic monuments. In 1983, the first class graduated, and many of its members are now at Pushkin.

But the work [illegible] decorations [illegible] example, [illegible] pares the design—a difficult task, since the documentation [illegible] often [illegible]

Dau [illegible]
at Coop[illegible]

A group of Russian visitors tread carefully over exquisitely restored parquet floors.

scholars, a sculptor makes a sketch in modeling clay, and that, in turn, is reviewed. Then the sculptor casts the model in plaster and that, too, is inspected. In the final stage, the design is carved in limewood, again examined, and finally sent to the gilders.

Mikhail Kozlov, head of one of the three eleven-member teams of wood-carvers at Pushkin, has been working for the last few years solely from photographs taken hurriedly in 1941. "These, and a few pieces of carving we found in the rubble after the Germans left, are all we have to go on in the rooms we are now restoring. At every stage, I must ask myself, 'What would the original carver have done?' It keeps me working in the spirit of Pushkin."

That spirit seems to possess everyone at the palace. Natalia Formichova, chief of one of the two eighteen-member teams of gilders, describes her job in loving detail, explaining how each piece of carved wood is given no fewer than fifteen coats of gesso (a mixture of chalk and glue), then sanded and polished, before being recarved to restore the necessary crispness of line to the heavily coated surface. After careful examination by a reviewing committee, it is finally gilded. As she scrutinizes a piece of the finely beaten gold used in the process, Formichova speaks of her feelings about Pushkin: "I always wanted to be here. I heard about it from the time I was a little girl. My father was a curator here over fifty years ago. He's retired now, but he still comes back regularly and makes himself useful."

He is not alone. Vera Lyermus, the former deputy director, cannot stay away, either. Though frail and with failing eyesight, she is still alert to all that goes on at Pushkin. Several times a week, she turns up to check on how the restoration is progressing. Standing at the entrance to the palace, she peers into the park to examine the new plantings. "Yes, it's going very well. I'm not pleased with everything, but I have faith. I've always had faith. I even have faith that one day somebody will find the Amber Room."

Whether it is actually found makes little difference: there will eventually be an Amber Room again in Pushkin. So important is their patrimony to them that the Russians will not give up until every part of it is restored. □

Pushkin is easily accessible by train and bus from Leningrad. Opening hours: summer, 10 A.M.–6 P.M. (Monday, 10 A.M.–5 P.M.); winter, 11 A.M.–5 P.M. (Monday, 11 A.M.–4 P.M.). The palace is closed on Tuesdays and on the last Monday of each month.

In a palace studio, an artist re-creates a ceiling painting.

OUTRAGE

IN CHINA

G. F. TIETZ

AN EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT OF CULTURAL VANDALISM IN CONTEMPORARY CHINA

BY DAVID KIDD

Peking was my home from 1946 to 1950, two years before the Communist revolution and two years after. Before the revolution I was a student of Chinese culture and an American English teacher at Yenching and Tsinghwa universities, outside the city. These universities were not far from the Summer Palace, and even before I became the private tutor to Hsu Hsing-yuan, the director of the Summer Palace, I became familiar with its lake, islands, hills, and palaces, all surrounded by a wall some five miles in circumference.

In fact, long before I arrived in China, and while still a student of Chinese affairs at the University of Michigan, I learned through maps and photographs the names and descriptions of every palace, temple, gate, and street inside or outside of Peking. Finally I found my way there as the American half of a student exchange. I left for China immediately after graduation, arriving in Peking in the autumn of 1946, two months short of my twentieth birthday.

Peking was everything I expected it to be—a walled and moated medieval city that had once been the center of the world's largest empire. Its immense outer walls were pierced by sixteen towered double gates, while at its heart another set of moats and towers enclosed the imperial palace, called the Purple Forbidden City. The Temple of Heaven and the Temple of Earth lay in compounds to the south, east, and west. The youngest of all these imperial estates was the Summer Palace; lying some seven or eight miles outside the city walls, it was constructed at the end of the nineteenth century by the empress dowager T'zu-hsi as her own private playground. Its throne halls, towers, palaces, residences, pavilions, and gardens were situated on and around the Hill of Ten Thousand Years, which faced south over a huge lake. A seventeen-arched marble bridge led to an island in the middle of the lake, where rock grottoes and villas had been built, as fanciful and beautiful as anything ever seen in a Chinese painting. The main gate was to the east, but to the north was an older, two-storied gate, built for his mother by the Ch'ien-lung emperor in the eighteenth century. The upper floor of this North Gate, where the dowager empress had watched pilgrims on their way to temples in the Western Hills, was my home. It was given to me instead of a salary by the director, who also saw to it that my rooms were furnished from the palace storehouses.

At the summit of the Hill of Ten Thousand Years stood a large, two-storied rectangular building facing south across the lake. It was named Chih Hui Hai (Sea of Wisdom), and it, too, had been built in the eighteenth century by the Ch'ien-lung emperor. In its south-facing wall were three great red-lacquer double doors set within arches. They were bolted from within. A smaller double door on the narrow east end of the building seemed to be the only entrance, but it also was secured with old Chinese padlocks, which hung along the crack between the doors. A multitude of paper strips bearing writing and seals were also pasted across this same crack. These had been put up by every succeeding palace administration since the fall of the dynasty, in 1911—attesting that the authorities had found the building locked and left it that way.

Such an imposing building with such an imposing name, sitting at the very top of the hill dominating the Summer Palace, made me wonder what was inside. An old man who had worked in the palace during the last days of the dynasty told us he had heard that gold might be inside. The director arranged to open the building the next day and invited me to be present. In the bright morning sunshine, we gathered before the door in the east wall of the Sea of Wisdom. One of the workmen carried a great bunch of rusty Chinese keys, which he proceeded to apply to the locks while the director began to break the paper seals one by one. When the last seal had been broken and the last lock opened, the director stepped back as a workman pushed the two squeaking doors inward.

The utter blackness within was disquieting. A smell of must and darkness swelled out, and I wondered whether the building might be a tomb. For a moment no one moved, until one of the workmen stepped inside. In a short while we heard the hollow sound of a wooden bolt being drawn back, and then the dowels of the doors beginning to groan in their wooden sockets as the huge central doors parted and a sliver of blinding light shot through the dark, revealing, as if in a reflection, a great, seated golden Buddha, soaring up almost to

David Kidd, an American scholar who lives in Japan, wrote this reminiscence after revisiting Peking in 1981.

The Meridian Gate leads to the Forbidden City, old China's royal residence, with its seventy major buildings on some 178 acres.

the ceiling. Two more golden figures were on either side. All three images sat on shoulder-high marble pedestals and, in the sunlight, with all the doors open, created a dazzling effect.

It was decided then and there to leave the building open so that the public might also see the Buddhas, which on closer inspection were discovered to be eighteenth century, of gilded bronze and in the Tibetan style. No one seemed to mind that we had not found gold of a more portable nature.

A year later, just before the palace fell to the conquering Communist armies, the director closed the Sea of Wisdom. It was still closed when, months later, after the siege had ended and the Communists were in power, I was able to revisit the palaces. After the revolution I lost my English teaching post and would probably have left Peking along with the general exodus of foreigners in 1948 if I had not married Aimee, the fourth daughter of the former chief justice of the Chinese Supreme Court. We moved into her family's vast mansion of a hundred rooms, on Crooked Hair Lane, where, as Aimee's husband and Fourth Brother in the family, I found myself with much to do. I visited my former countryside palace a few times, always finding the great doors of the Sea of Wisdom closed. On one of my last visits I saw that the little door in the east wall bore new paper seals and a single shiny, Western-style padlock.

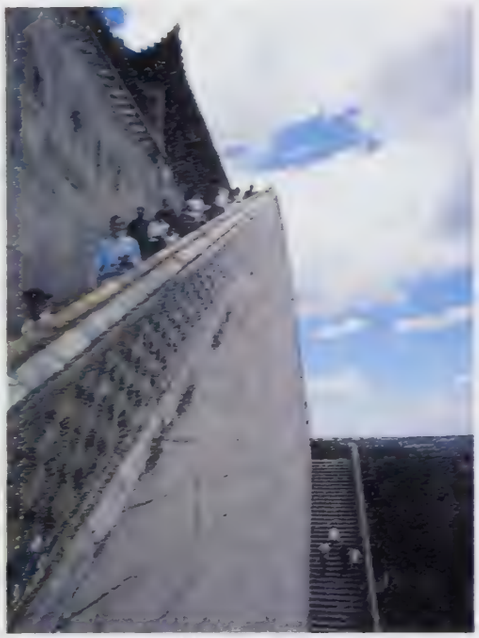
I lived two years in Communist China, and nothing very unpleasant happened to me—not, that is, until the autumn of 1950, when it suddenly became clear that China was about to enter the Korean War. The grisly prospect of my imprisonment as an enemy alien suddenly loomed before me. Aimee and I moved with Second Brother into his new house, in the east city, for a week or so before my exit permits were issued and Aimee and I left for Hong Kong. We had been there less than a week when China's armies crossed the Yalu into Korea.

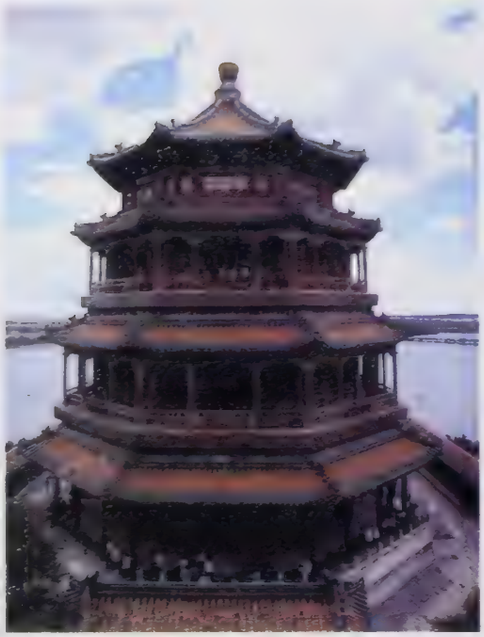
It was not until the summer of 1981 that, as the director of a school in Kyoto that teaches Japan's traditional arts, I was finally allowed to visit China, along with Yasuyoshi Morimoto, the school's assistant director. We were given two rooms in the Peking Hotel and a car and driver for sixteen days in August.

I carefully wrote down Second Brother's new address in Peking. He had been a judge, and I remembered him as a slightly deaf, serious-looking man of medium height in his early forties. Aimee almost brought about his ruin some ten years ago when she sent him a hearing aid. The postal authorities turned the package over to the police, who identified its contents as an American spying device. I hoped he would be glad to see me.

The Peking airport personnel showed [illegible] rival, and we quickly found ourselves past immigration, being ushered by [illegible] that would be at our disp[illegible] somehow [illegible] and tomb[illegible] If the dead [illegible] existence had been erased.

P[illegible] brick [illegible] asked [illegible]





An imposing double stairway leads up to the four-story octagonal pagoda called the Fragrances of the Buddha Pavilion, in the Summer Palace. Center: View from the pavilion overlooking K'un-ming Lake; statues of bronze beasts, right, stand guard throughout the Forbidden City.

denly we were there, crossing above a sunken six-lane highway built precisely where the old walls had stood. I expected to feel sad, but as I looked at the highway and the blocks of concrete buildings stretching north and south along the perimeter of what had been the greatest and most fabled walled city in the world, twenty-five miles in circumference, I knew that nothing else I would encounter in Peking could sadden me again.

Now for the first time I saw old buildings, but they were shabby and run-down. The gold and red shop signs were gone. All the lacquered carvings on gates, buildings, and shops had been plastered over to prevent their attracting the attention of the Red Guards during the Cultural Revolution, when such a display of color would have invited destruction.

The next morning we set out to find Second Brother. Before we left, my driver phoned ahead to the police informing them that a foreigner was about to visit. This was necessary when foreigners visited a Chinese unless the Chinese was powerful or famous. In a short while, we pulled up before a tumbledown door on a narrow lane not far from the hotel and stepped out of the car, almost colliding with a small, bespectacled, hunchbacked man hurrying out of the door. He looked at me and said to my driver that he didn't know any foreigners or why one was coming to see him. I thought I had found the wrong family until I noticed a plastic hearing aid protruding from his ear. Getting out of the car, I shouted at him in Chinese, "Don't you have a sister in America?" He nodded, fiddling with the volume control inside his shirt pocket. "And didn't she marry an American?" He nodded again. "I am that American who married your sister." His face brightened. "Oh," he said, "Mr. Kitty."

Second Brother led us into what seemed to be a backyard containing three small, time-worn buildings. It looked like the servants' quarters, fallen on hard times, of a grander house now gone. Most of the old houses in Peking looked like this.

Our conversation revealed that Second Brother had not been employed since 1956, when he had been sent to a reform camp, where for ten years he carried loads of stone on his back. Eventually his spine collapsed, leaving him the small, hunchbacked man I was looking at now. His wife was away teaching school, and his oldest son worked in a factory. Fifth Sister and Ninth Sister still lived in a room of his former house, he said. First Brother lived in Tientsin, and First Sister and others were dead.

I wondered whether my presence here might endanger my in-laws, but when I invited them to dinner in a private room at the Peking Hotel they accepted without hesitation. The food was better than that of the hotel dining room, and it should have been, because it cost about $300 for the seven of us. My relatives were astounded. "What a waste," Fifth Sister said, "that you have spent so much money on us."

A few days later Second Brother's youngest son came to the hotel with a formal invitation from his father. It was written in the classical language, expressing his unworthiness to be my host at a family dinner in my honor at Fifth Sister's house. The afternoon of the dinner I shopped for gifts in the Peking Hotel and finally bought Western cigarettes and soap, imagining that these might be useful luxuries unattainable to my family. At the last minute, I bought a big bagful of English hard candies and was later to be especially thankful that I had.

When I arrived by taxi for the dinner, Second Brother and Fifth Sister were waiting for me at the curb. After smiles and handshakes they led me down a dark, narrow alley to the entrance to Fifth Sister's compound, which I recognized as the house I had stayed in just before leaving Peking.

Inside the compound, the place was a shambles. Nothing had been painted or repaired since I had last seen it. Laundry on lines, primitive cooking stoves, and piles of rubble filled the courtyard. The room into which I was ushered, through a little kitchen, contained two simple beds on which the bedding was neatly folded, a cupboard, an old foot-operated sewing machine, a portrait of Chou En-lai on the wall, some cheap metal chairs, and two tables put together where we were to dine. When I had slept in this room before leaving China, it was carpeted and filled with immense carved rosewood cabinets, porcelains, and paintings from the old mansion.

Most of the furniture had been sold to government buying offices—it would not have fitted into Second Brother's new rooms—and had been paid for by weight. (Antiques and art could be sold only to the government.) A number of bronze Ming dynasty incense burners, sold for the value of their weight

in copper, were melted down to make objects of more utilitarian value. A Chinese friend who lived in West China's Ch'ing-hai Province near a munitions factory had already told me about the daily truckloads of Tibetan gilded-bronze Buddhist images melted down to make ammunition.

More than twenty members of the family, including sons and grandsons, had gathered. To me they were a miracle of survival in the new China. I had already heard the story of the massacre that began in August of 1966 of the residents of old Peking. Through the sweltering heat, young Red Guards murdered Peking's gentle and civilized citizens.

At night, I was told, the screams of the beaten and the dying made sleep impossible. Almost anything, even owning the photograph of a grandfather, could be grounds for being beaten to death. No guns or knives were used. The Red Guards wielded clubs and sticks, and they could prolong the agony as they wished. They could strike to kill on the third blow or postpone the moment of death ten or fifteen minutes. It is said that as many as a half million people were slaughtered. The dead lay in piles so high that they could not be burned fast enough in the huge new crematorium, to the west of the city, that then was and today is the last destination of those who live and die here.

I did not talk of these things with my Chinese family, or of the hardships I knew they had undergone. Instead I enjoyed with them an extraordinary meal that they had prepared in my honor, as close to a feast of old as was possible in the new China, since many ingredients no longer could be found. At the end of the meal, the grandchildren, who had eaten in the kitchen, were brought in to be formally presented. Each child came before me, bowed, and said, "Grandfather." I should have given each of them a gold sovereign, like an aged patriarch, but instead gave them the candy that I had brought. I gave the Dunhill cigarettes and the cakes of lavender soap to their parents, who thanked me, leaving them untouched on the table, where they still lay in the light of the bare overhead bulb when the room fell suddenly silent and Ninth Sister came in with a large box in her hands. "This is for you," she said, putting the box in front of me on the table. "It's nothing special." The family watched as I lifted the lid and found inside a pair of brand-new cloisonné vases, which must have cost several months' salary. Suddenly the cigarettes and soap seemed almost an insult, and I desperately wondered how to repay them or make them understand that they should not have sacrificed so much for me without, at the same time, my appearing ungrateful.

And then I saw that they were smiling at my discomfiture, and it was I who suddenly understood. They were reminding me that they were still cultivated people who knew how to behave and, furthermore, were insisting that this reunion was no ordinary affair and that they were pleased I had come to visit them after so many years and from so far. I accepted the vases with gratitude and some humility.

During those first days in Peking, seeing the gray, mind-numbing, overcrowded drabness in which people lived (even in poverty there had been color), I thought that the strength of China was this: the ability to survive under any circumstance. But I came to recognize that, on the contrary, many of the elegant, the educated, and the cultured had not survived; that those who could think had been beaten to death or sent to work camps and jails, while those who did survive had done so by becoming less than human, by turning off the ability to feel and to suffer. Though they still functioned, these survivors seemed to care about nothing.

Everyone I met told me that Mao Tse-tung had gone completely mad, and although the government publicly blamed the Gang of Four for the Cultural Revolution and its ten years of unrelenting destruction, the Chinese people blamed Mao Tse-tung. He had become a megalomaniac, a madman who wanted history to begin with himself and, worse, some said, China to die with him.

Fortunately, he did not quite succeed. I was grateful that so many of Peking's old monuments still stood but found visiting them to be almost painful. Only inside the Forbidden City could I imagine that the city around it still lay, lingering in splendor. For six hundred years each succeeding emperor of China had reigned from here. Seated in state on his elevated throne, the emperor faced due south along the central axis of Peking. The main hall of this vast complex of buildings arched over a series of monumental gates that, when opened, created an unobstructed passage some three miles in length. Through this sacrosanct meridian, imperial power reached out to all of China and to the world. Fifteen years ago the authorities seriously considered dismantling the Forbidden City and replacing it with modern government buildings. Still, it stands, thanks to the indulgence of

Upper floor of the North Gate, above, in 1948, where the author lived. Below, the same quarters, in 1981.

DAVID KIDD

China's new rulers, although memories of emperors and gods have been moved aside to house people's museums, souvenir shops, junk curio stores, public toilets, and, for foreigners only, Coca-Cola vending machines.

From the Forbidden City's Gate of Heavenly Peace, in the south, to its northernmost gate it is a walk of a mile or so, and I was overwhelmed, as of old, by its oceanic majesty and an illusion of supernatural space and time. Nothing old, except palaces and temples open to tourists, had been repaired since I left. I became aware that almost no person or object in Peking, with the possible exception of some furniture in the palace and the images in one or two protected temples, is in the same place it was thirty years ago. Everything and everyone, it seems, has been moved, not just once, but frequently.

It was raining a few days later when we visited the Summer Palace. The crowds of wet people filling the long galleries were more than I could bear. We stopped in a lakeside pavilion with what seemed like several hundred other people and sat on a balustrade looking out at the gray lake in the falling rain. Its level had sunk several feet, and the marble piers stood in mud.

A neglected building, with the roof line of old Peking, contrasts with modern construction in new Peking, below.

This lake and all the ornamental lakes and moats of Peking had been fed by a spring of sparkling, clear water originating at the Jade Fountain, a few miles to the west of the Summer Palace. The new factories built in and around Peking, however, have polluted the air and used up the underground water; the Jade Fountain had gone dry. The muddy river water that now serves Peking's needs is not even enough to fill the lake.

Too much rain and too many people kept me from climbing the Hill of Ten Thousand Years by the usual way, though I could see the rooftop of the Sea of Wisdom at its summit. We retraced our steps to the main entrance and had ourselves driven to the old North Gate, where I could revisit my rooms above and also approach the hill from another side.

After buying tickets, we passed through the North Gate, climbed the stairway to the second story, and stepped through an open doorway into my old home. The rooms were awash in trash. All of the furniture was gone; through lines of laundry I saw paint cans, straw-covered boards on trestles (used as beds), rusty tools, broken doors and windows, and otherwise unidentifiable refuse. All the silk paintings high up in the transoms between the rooms had been torn out, while hanging in shreds on the latticed windows was the same paper the director had put up for me more than thirty years before. (Morimoto made several photographs before an old man on one bed came to life and stopped him.)

I went back down the stairs and looked from the gate into the palace grounds and at the thin film of mud covering the marble bridge that I knew led to a less-used path up the back of the Hill of Ten Thousand Years. I asked a woman gatekeeper standing nearby whether the Sea of Wisdom was open. It was closed, she told me. I then inquired about the Buddhas, doubting that she would know about them, but she asked, "Three big gold Buddhas? Oh," she said, "those Buddhas were destroyed by the Red Guards more than ten years ago," presumably melted down like the Ming incense burners and Tibetan images.

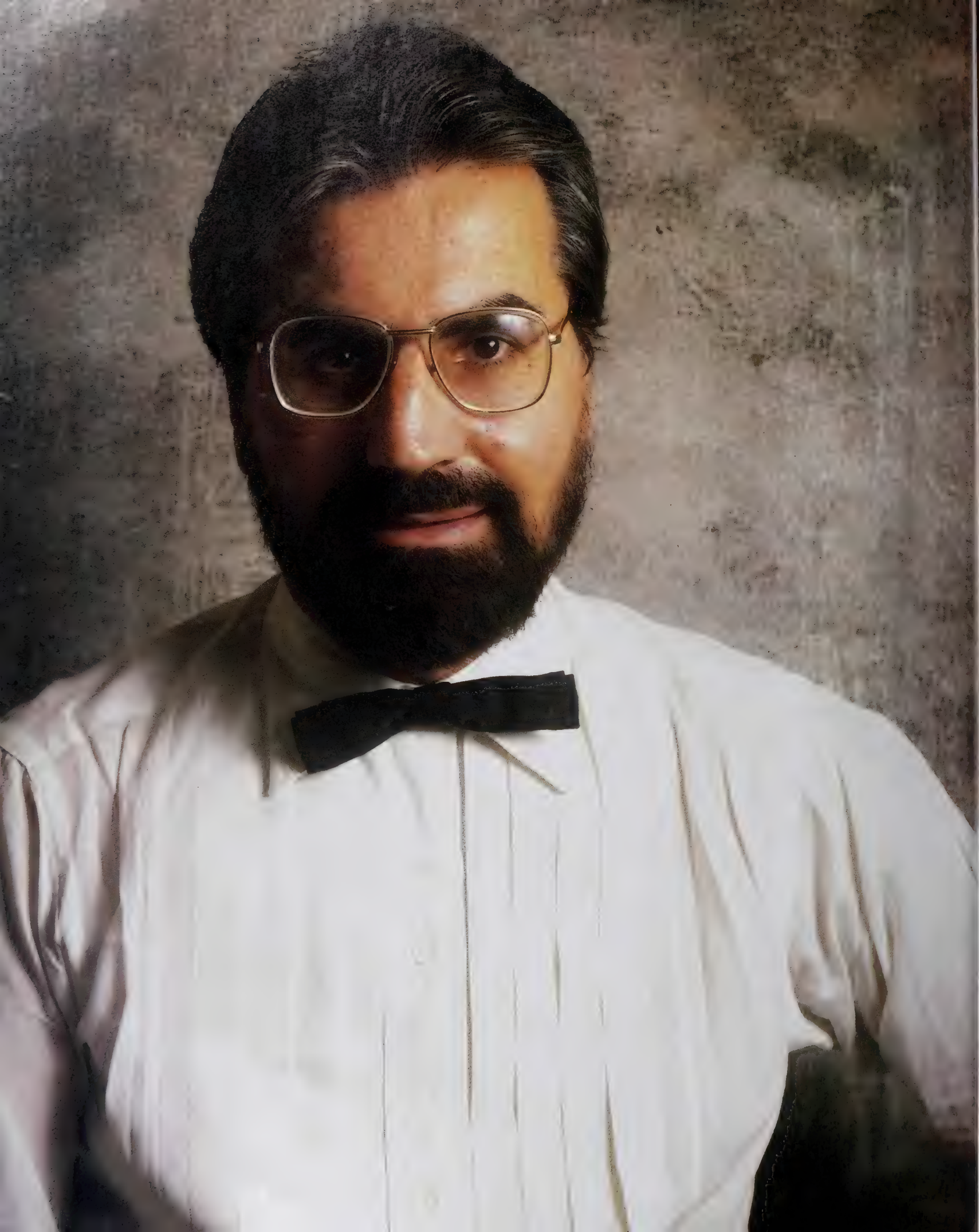
Back home in Japan, I am still trying to make sense out of what I experienced in China. All that I saw was not bad, any more than all of the old was good. Old China had carried the burden of some five thousand years of uninterrupted culture into the twentieth century. A professor of mine once compared Chinese civilization to the world's oldest shop. The wonder, he said, is that the shop is still there, under the same management on the same corner, still in business today. He said that in 1945. Today the shop appears to be shuttered, yet if one looks closely, one sees that its elderly proprietors are still behind the counter.

All Chinese culture, an art historian told me, is preserved on microfilm in the humidity-controlled, air-conditioned libraries and museums of America. I suppose this means that we need not mourn the destruction of so much art and beauty or the razing of the old walls of Peking. After all, we know to the inch their height and breadth and the exact composition of the bricks used to build them.

Such knowledge is poor consolation. The almost total destruction of this ancient culture, and not by external force, is one of the most extraordinary events of modern times. Nothing quite like it has occurred anywhere else in history. Perhaps it is because what has happened in China is without precedent that we find it so hard to understand. For me, the empty Sea of Wisdom symbolized the end of my long love affair with China. I was ready to go home. □

Posters carried political slogans during the Cultural Revolution; now they contain messages of general interest.

的歪风！
政主任叶松盛！
实政策的绊hou石



Classical Revival

PIERGIORGIO SCIARANDIS/BLACK STAR

The Cooking in Florence classes demystify the secrets of Tuscan food.

The indefatigable Bugialli leads students into the thickets of Italy's historic regional cuisine

By Corby Kummer

Now that Italian food is popular, Giuliano Bugialli wants it to be authentic. He is a scholar and teacher who passionately wants cooks in both America, his adopted country, and Italy, his native one, to learn what historic Italian food is and how to cook it. Classic Italian cuisine, he says, is based on fresh ingredients, combined with just enough contrasting flavors to bring out their essential taste. It is as subtle and varied as French cuisine and has its own, distinct technique. Bugialli tries to convert as many people as he can, through books—*The Fine Art of Italian Cooking* (Times Books, 1977) and *Classic Techniques of Italian Cooking* (Simon and Schuster, 1982)—and, now, a television series, which is being shown in Italy and on Italian cable stations here. His exuberant personality and freewheeling teaching style can make students forget that he is a careful scholar who wants to teach more than the secret of a fresh tomato sauce.

The cuisine Bugialli fights for is threatened by the recent arrival of an Italian version of nouvelle cuisine called *nuova cucina*. "There's nothing *nuova* about it," he says. "Fruit sauces are from the Renaissance. Everything has been done before." The trouble with the new dishes, which call for the deliberate undercooking of vegetables and incongruous combinations of ingredients, is that they aren't *Italian*. "We have a huge variety of dishes," he says. "But restaurants in Italy make only pasta and veal cutlets—things that are easy. They're run by business people who don't want to take chances on the kind of complicated dishes that [illegible] only in homes now. They won't [illegible] dishes worth reviving." Some of [illegible] dishes are, for instance, fresh [illegible] wide in a sauce flavored with hare; an enormous pie with three squab, a chicken, a dozen quail, and homemade tortelli; or a rice loaf baked with several cheeses. "We don't impress people sufficiently with the complexity of Italian food."

Bugialli searches for the few restaurants that still serve classic dishes of their own region and commissions them to prepare banquets for groups of visiting students, most of them American, who come to take cooking lessons with him in Florence during the summer and early fall. A recent tour, "Four Regions of Italy," began in Piedmont, on the French border, and went on to Liguria, on the coast called the Italian Riviera, to Tuscany, in the center of [illegible] region once ruled by Venice. I was one of [illegible]

[illegible] Atlantic.

long airplane trip at the first grand lunch of the course. Because we hadn't been warned, we polished off the three appetizers and the *vitello tonnato,* ate all of the roasted peppers in *bagna cauda* (a warm oil sauce), and dug into the ravioli. Then a plate of three kinds of boiled meat and polenta arrived, and we admitted defeat.

Piedmont meals, Bugialli conceded as soon as our bus pulled away from the third and last (a sixteen-course affair), are a "species of torture." Waiters bring on plates and clear them in a relentless and, in the end, terrifying succession. The first night's meal lasted four hours and featured twelve courses. Some of them were extraordinary—potato gnocchi, for instance, in a golden sauce of cream and melted fontina, with generous shavings of the white truffles for which Piedmont is famous. We soon developed a reflex born of fear that never really left us for the ten days of the tour: we would take one forkful and send back the rest of the plate. We were tasting machines, living in fear of not being able to savor and remember the next course on our printed menus.

On the bus, Bugialli critiques meals or describes the history of a dish and links its ingredients to the region. He is a genial tour guide, willing to share his extensive knowledge of the history of each area, and always able to tell students where to get the best buys on food tnat can be carried home. We were happy (and relieved) to try the grilled fish and pesto of Liguria, and the pastas, seafood, and meat specialties of the Veneto—and even happier to sightsee around Lake Garda, in and around Verona, and in the medieval city of Bergamo. But for all the good food we had outside Florence, we had to agree with Bugialli that Tuscan food, his great love, seemed the most varied and worthwhile.

We spent four days in Florence learning to make dishes from each of the regions, and the results were the best food of the tour. The students, who had been cordial strangers, came to know each other while grinding basil and walnuts with a mortar and pestle or cleaning and butchering a rabbit or conspiring to disobey Bugialli's command to add more salt. (Salt-free cooking, or anything approaching it, has not caught on in Italy.) The school is well lighted and well designed, with equipment from Italy, France, and America.

Students gather each morning at nine-thirty to hear Bugialli lecture on the day's lunch menu, recipes for which are photocopied. He demonstrates basic techniques such as boning meat, starting sauces, tying veal roasts, stirring polenta, and kneading pasta. He shows how to clean squid, fillet sole, and bread eggplant, making jokes and keeping up a historical commentary. Then he lets loose the students, who

Bugialli doesn't want to teach anyone new tricks—just old ones.

begin work at one of the eight marble tables where ingredients for the day's lunch are waiting. Although one or two students usually take charge of a dish, everyone moves from cooking station to cooking station, lending a hand to anyone who needs one. And because Bugialli seldom approves of using food processors or electric mixers, students making a zabaione or trying to chop onions fine enough for a dish to serve thirty—the usual number of students and guests at lunch—need all the help they can get.

For three hours, Bugialli is everywhere, seasoning a sauce, deciding how much red pepper should go into the bean paste, making emergency repairs on a piece of osso bucco that came untied. "Do you hate your pasta?" he asks one student who is kneading too vigorously. And to another (me), worried about overkneading bread, he keeps repeating, "Is not enough." (Bugialli, who has lived in America for ten years and is an expert lin-

Bugialli believes in doing most things by hand, especially kneading pasta dough, a technique students practice daily.

PIERGIORGIO SCIARANDI'S BLACK STAR

guist, hangs on to a charming roughness of phrase and a heavy accent.) The sessions are cheerful free-for-alls in which some students busily join in every preparation while others find quiet stations where they can pit olives at their leisure and work on the glasses of wine served at noon on the dot. A more serious cooking class might not have as its goal an entire meal that the students get to eat; but it is the pleasure of eating so much good food, and the fun of being scolded and lectured at by Bugialli, that makes people decide to spend their vacation money on Cooking in Florence (see box).

Bugialli's ebullience masks his fundamental seriousness about food, which began when he was twelve with a curiosity about the chemical reactions of various ingredients. His scientific interest turned historical, and at sixteen he was trying to duplicate dishes he had read about in fifteenth- and sixteenth-century manuscripts. It wasn't easy, because recipes as such didn't exist: Bugialli matched accounts of meals served with shopping accounts for the same day, trying to work out the right combination and quantity of ingredients to find the taste he imagined to be authentic.

His mother, a fashion journalist from 1919 to 1971 who never learned to cook, dismissed her son's interest as a phase. (A family joke is that whenever one of the five children tastes something really awful, he turns to the others and says, "Just like Mama used to make!") His father, a wine maker with a refined palate, might have been more sympathetic. But cooking was not suitable for a son. "I wanted to be a surgeon; he wanted me to go into business. He was a very tough, old-style father."

The two compromised: Bugialli studied business in Florence and then language in Rome. Instead of business, he went into teaching, continuing his researches into food at the same time. He would give his American students end-of-term parties and instruct them in Tuscan food. One frequent guest was Audrey Berman, the cousin of a friend, who suggested that Bugialli actually teach cooking, not just Italian, to his students. She placed a small advertisement in *Gourmet* in September 1970, and in July of the next year, Bugialli taught a one-week course to fifteen Americans in the refectory of a monastery.

Another chance meeting and suggestion led to Bugialli's moving to New York to teach Italian at the Dalton School while still living and teaching in Florence in the summer. Yet another friend of a friend told Bugialli he should write a book,

Students get a sense of how Italian dishes taste—*hard to learn from books.* PIERGIORGIO SCIARANDIS/BLACK STAR

MASTERING THE ART

Spending a good part of a European vacation over a hot stove is appealing enough for many students to return to Giuliano Bugialli's Cooking in Florence programs as often as they can afford to. This summer, Bugialli is giving seven week-long courses in Italy. Five are in Florence, one is at the nearby spa of Montecatini Terme, and one is the tour described in this article. The week of June 21–27 ($1,250) is planned around holiday meals—the festival of San Giovanni, and its soccer game in medieval costume, takes place during the course. Two weeks in July (July 1–8 and July 8–15; $1,500 each) are in-depth introductions to Italian food, with trips to food centers of Tuscany. For the first time, Bugialli is offering a week for professionals, with enrollment limited to twelve (the average number of students is eighteen), July 15–22, at $2,000. The Montecatini classes will be held September 2–8 ($1,500). The "Four Regions" tour will be September 16–26, for $2,450; and there will be a last week, from September 30 to October 7, for $1,500.

Prices include accommodation at a first-class hotel in Florence and most meals, ordered in advance by Bugialli at the restaurants he deems most authentic. Classes occupy the morning and early afternoon. Students can shop and sightsee from four until eight, when stores are open but few museums are. There is a $150–$300 supplement for single rooms, and many students traveling alone share with others. It is easier to fly to Milan than to Rome, because flights are less crowded; Pan Am plans to begin service to Milan's Malpensa airport in May. For more information on the Italian programs, call or write Mrs. Audrey Berman at Cooking in Florence, 2830 Gordon Street, Allentown, PA 18104; (215) 435-2451.

Bugialli teaches two four-week courses in the winter, at the Culinary Center of New York, in Greenwich Village. The cost is $240 for four lessons, each ending with a meal. Enrollment is limited to twelve. For those who find traveling to Italy or New York inconvenient, Bugialli offers week-long series of classes all over America from March until May. Regular stops include Washington, Chicago, Houston, Dallas, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. Most classes are participatory, although a few are demonstrations. There are usually six or eight classes offered at each stop, which can be taken individually or together. Prices average $60 to $75 per class— [illegible]

F.G.
500

Florentines still strive for the lightest, healthiest, most elegantly simple cooking.

which he did in seven months. By this time, in 1976, Bugialli had opened a cooking school in New York; students would come to his apartment for evening classes. When the book was published, in 1977, Bugialli quit Dalton to concentrate on writing about and teaching cooking.

The Fine Art of Italian Cooking begins with a warning shot directed at the few authors of books about Tuscan cooking: "I hope my colleagues will forgive me if I now say, as a native Tuscan and Florentine, that for the most part their Tuscan recipes are unrecognizable to me." Step by step, precedent by precedent, Bugialli gives the reader a sense of the history of Tuscan cuisine, the influences that created each dish and how the dishes in turn affected the cuisines of other countries. He stresses the Italian origins of French haute cuisine; it seems that the formulas for almost anything one can think of as being classically French—puff pastry, béchamel, crêpes, soufflés, forcemeats, galantines—went from Florence to France in 1533, in the trunks of Catherine de' Medici. Bugialli even refuses to credit the Chinese with pasta, which he says is documented in Genoese manuscripts before Marco Polo brought some home. The book reproduces Renaissance manuscripts and goes into detail about how dishes have changed over the centuries. "In the sixteenth century the Florentines started their search for the lightest possible, the most healthy, the most elegantly simple cooking—a search that has continued to the present day," Bugialli writes. He calls the attitude "a classic simplification in approach to herbs and spices; and an abhorrence of heaviness, overrichness, and excessive use of fat."

In his classes, too, Bugialli never puts history aside. "I want to give people a cultural idea of food," he says. "I don't want to teach technique alone." The television series of necessity concentrates on the practical, since each segment lasts only fifteen minutes. Bugialli's greatest hope for the program, which Citterio, a producer of pork in Italy and America, has renewed for two more years—an English version is in the works—is that it will show both Italians and Americans that Italian food has its own technique. At the end of each show, Bugialli asks viewers to write in requesting or offering recipes for long-ignored dishes. "We cannot forget our cuisine," he says. "We cannot afford to lose our native culture and make just plates of spaghetti."

Meals in Italy are often based on what looks best during morning marketing.

WILLIAM COUPON

Green-pepper pasta with red-pepper sauce, a classically simple dish.

Bugialli has reason to think that people will listen. He says that a food revival has begun in Italy. The Second World War "physically and morally destroyed" food in his native country, he says. "We ate American white bread and forgot our traditions. For fifteen or sixteen years, everything was paralyzed." The mothers of young brides today never learned classic cuisine, Bugialli says—and because women have learned to cook from their mothers, the gap "must be made up." Cookbooks on historic cuisine are only starting to become popular in Italy, he says, and newspapers are just beginning to print articles about food and restaurants. "Italians know that they have a historic cuisine, and they want to learn more about it," he says. "Americans are looking to see if they have one."

The current American search for regional food is a search for a time when life was simpler and more coherent, Bugialli thinks; one of the reasons Italian food is so popular here, he claims, is that Americans are attracted to the emphasis Italians place on family meals. A problem with American enthusiasm about mastering a new cuisine, he says, is that people go overboard. "Food is not to impress but to share. Stop trying to serve so many Italian dishes at one time."

Bugialli intends his new book, *Giuliano Bugialli's The Food of Italy*, to be published in the fall by Stewart, Tabori & Chang, to reinforce the sense of history that he wants to be a part of thinking about food. It will include essays as well as new recipes. He hopes, too, that the television series will influence the way Italians cook and will change the American view of Italian food. He doesn't want to teach anyone new tricks—just old ones. "I want variety because we have it and don't use it," he says. "Just do what was always done." Doing what Italians always did takes skill, ingenuity, and hard work, but Bugialli thinks it's worth it. The reward, as he points out, is in the tasting. □

JAN MICHAEL

The Sun Queen

Lillian Williams's shops turn merchandising into fantasy

By Steven Winn
Photographs by Steve Smith

To the stranger on San Francisco's Sutter Street, an upmarket shopping district where the carefully orchestrated merchandise of such sleek stores as Pierre Deux (fabrics) and Williams-Sonoma (kitchenware) sets the tone, La Ville du Soleil must seem a brassy intruder. It might be an amalgam of the most inspired ideas of P. T. Barnum, Stanley Marcus, and Verdi, yet it is one of the phenomenal merchandising successes of the last five years—a shop devoted to its owner's idiosyncratic interpretation of the "French country look" in housewares, accessories, and clothing. Like some exasperating, voluble street character, it charms and wins you even as you wonder why you stop and listen.

The first thing that draws many people toward the shop is the sound of opera music gushing from overhead sidewalk speakers day and (often) night. Lillian Williams, whose voluminous personality is expressed throughout this place, is a lifelong opera lover. With her husband, Teddy, and her Cavalier King Charles spaniel Manon Lescaut, she spends much of her spare time haunting opera houses all over the world.

If the music doesn't work on the passerby, the windows generally will. On the right, crowded on a hillocky mat of artificial grass, might be the Teddy Bears' Picnic—dozens of bears Williams has collected over the years, dressed in tiny sweaters and poised over hampers, seated in swings, one pitched drunkenly into a wheelbarrow, another suspended in balloon flight; or, on the left, two large, sheepish animals (some think them more like camels) that Williams designed and made of unprocessed wool roving. Like most creatures inside the shop, the sheep wear neckerchiefs or straw hats and are surrounded by wheat sheaves, perhaps baskets of yarn, or straw wreaths.

Nothing in the windows is for sale, and there is little indication aside from the sign above the door that this is a store at all, rather than some whimsical indulgence run amok—a confusion cherished by Williams, who likes to refer to her life as "an extension of my dreams." More than a few puzzled customers, encountering a cow with a pottery head, dressed in a flowered smock and presiding upright over a ten-foot-long table of carefully deployed place settings inside the front door, have inquired whether La Ville du Soleil is a restaurant or a museum or some new form of enterprise altogether.

Lillian Williams rarely sets foot in her store during the day, when it's open, but at night pours hectic hours into arranging her fantastic mise-en-scènes. "I'm a purveyor of the past," she explains, "but not with anything important or anything of value. I've rescued all this out of the debris boxes, just as I'm rescuing myself from the hideously unrefined world of today."

Though the store's surfeit and its owner's rhetorical flourishes

"She has an uncanny ability to zero in on a dustheap of such junk that no one else would take that second look."

might suggest otherwise, La Ville du Soleil is anything but the product of a heedless mind. From the careful but unobtrusive concept of the 4,500-square-foot space as a midnineteenth-century French village, complete with *boulangerie, boucherie,* and bistro, to the whimsically abundant detailing of the displays—garlands, silk flowers, excelsior, a fluted classical column echoing the chimney of a marble-topped stove on which three pitchers are displayed—Williams's store is a genuine rarity: a total environment meticulously designed to awaken the customer's sense of playfulness and extravagant possibilities.

Though French country merchandise has been widely touted in this country for well over a decade, Lillian Williams's flair for handling it was so entrancing to a large national department store that it proposed a series of syndicated Soleil shops across the country. Williams turned the offer down, explaining that it would never do to have her work "edited by commercial interests. They want to put fifteen dishes on one table. I believe in using fifteen tables for one dish, if that's what it takes."

La Ville du Soleil impresses even Peter Glen, the sometimes caustic national consultant in the retail field. "I hate everything that takes itself seriously," he says. "With its sheer overcrowding and sense of fantasy, this store avoids that. It's overdone, it isn't really serious merchandise, and the treatment of it is just right. The store is so nice, it almost couldn't be French."

Literal fidelity to the purity of French origins or to any external guiding principle, for that matter, is the farthest thing from Lillian Williams's mind. Throughout the store, domestic goods harmonize with the French-provincial treasures and oddities, many of which La Ville du Soleil carries exclusively, in a kind of crazily concordant and internally consistent environment. One little corner may draw together Irish wool sweaters, a cashmere-and-yak scarf from Maine, Italian bed jackets, and French silk butterfly bloomers. And one whimsical stroke, a cradle full of dozing French *bébés,* stuffed with corn husk and finished with real human hair—by "this very strange hulking man who lives by himself in a village," as Williams explains—makes it all come off, as if the *bébés* had dreamed up this scene in their reveries.

Spectacle and illusion are everywhere. Perforated Dacron lampshades are treated as if they were hats, ranged along the shelf of an armoire. Marble fruit is packed into straw-filled baskets. Plastic bread, cheese, and pastries suggest uses for the crockery and cutting boards. An entire French bistro is devoted to the display of glassware behind the bar. The repeated use of trompe l'oeil painting in the decor, from the marbleized countertops and pine paneling, which Williams does herself, to an entire closet with an opened door—the setting for a single real sweater—

carries the fancy of merchandising right off the floor space and onto the walls. "It's all out of whack, all faked and exaggerated," says Williams, in one of her more earthbound self-assessments. "It wouldn't have charm in France."

But, oh, does it ever in San Francisco. While Williams claims to be innocent of such matters as volume or profitability ("I work from inspiration, not ambition"), the impact on the public of La Ville du Soleil—and of La Remise du Soleil, her Jackson Square antiques store, and Pierrot, the tiny cornucopia of children's clothing in Ghirardelli Square—is unmistakable. Customers don't shop purposefully or even browse idly as they do in other places; they are drawn wide-eyed into someone else's fantasy.

And yet, for all her claim to business naïveté, she and her husband have built up a multimillion-dollar inventory of antiques and three profitable businesses without a bankroll, thanks entirely—so she says—to hard work and savvy. Strict followers of the Protestant work ethic, Lillian and Teddy themselves do virtually all the furniture refinishing, carpentry, painting, and display work, as well as such hands-on chores as affixing silk flowers to a shipment of Italian straw hats. And while her European trips are in part sheer theater (spiriting her spaniel into opera houses), they are also devoted to maintaining contact with dozens of suppliers, provincial artisans, and crafts people she has cultivated over the years. The interior designer and renovator Diane Burn Eden, who has watched Williams on her European buying expeditions, remarks on her uncanny ability to zero in on the single item of worth in a "dustheap of such junk that almost no one else would take that second look."

Little wonder that Lillian Williams, the daughter of a rural Oregon dentist who has refashioned herself into a globetrotting opera fiend and an obsessed collector of eighteenth-century garments, should exhibit the very charms, excesses, and paradoxes of her stores. Now in her forties, Williams remembers herself as a child "uninterested in the restrictions imposed by reality." Longing for a glimpse of the world beyond the small-town Northwest, she took off, as a folk singer, on a steamer across the Pacific in her early twenties. She traces her collector's impulse back to her father's love of hunting, but her mother was a doll collector, and Joan Kron, whose *Home-Psych: The Social Psychology of Home and Decoration* touches on Williams's career, believes that breaking one of her mother's dolls was even more crucial. "Lillian is the kind of collector who wants to save things," observes Kron. "She needs to prove she can rescue them from oblivion."

At Reed College, she met her husband, Teddy, a native of Seattle, Washington (his real name is Robert, but, like much else in her orbit, he has a second identity). The couple moved to Montana after graduation, where Teddy clerked for the state's Supreme Court and Lillian settled down in the role of lawyer's decorator-wife. Unmoved by the fine points of lampshades and curtain rods, she began buying copper bathtubs and stuffed ostriches and finally—the key to her oft-narrated and probably somewhat apocryphal breakthrough—a doorknob.

It came from an outhouse; she bought it for a dollar and sold it for five, the price of an old barber's chair she'd been eyeing. The chair was eventually sold to the lawyer Melvin Belli, and on the profit from that transaction Williams bought a round-trip ticket to Paris, a place, an aunt had once told her, where "everything is an object of beauty."

Characteristically, she avoided the museums and other general attractions, drawn instead to the all-night flea market. At first she traded more or less conventionally in armoires, tin pitchers, and towel racks, sold for enough profit to finance the next trip. But soon Williams began buying store fixtures, mercury glass mirrors, shop facades, and an entire marble and glass bakery—floors, ceilings, and all—and with them filling a derelict train station in Sausalito to which she and Teddy had moved. Her

"Lillian is the kind of collector who saves things. She needs to prove that she can rescue them from oblivion."

Dream Environments

For Lillian Williams, a sense of what elements to combine in what environment stems from some internal necessity. Her Sausalito house, with its thirty-one rooms given over to operatic motifs (an Italian baroque *Rigoletto* ballroom, an airy *La Traviata* sun porch), is a semiserious tribute to her passion for opera. But at the same time, it's jumbled up with a herd of wooden-headed sheep from La Ville du Soleil, a bathroom done in false bamboo, a rarely used second kitchen decorated with dried herbs. From the street the house is unprepossessing, almost invisible. The couple rarely entertain here, and when they do, it is likely to be a candle-lit dinner party.

In their apartments in Paris, Florence, and New York, by contrast, space is limited to about 350 square feet in each, and a single effect is achieved. Tramping over the Ile Saint-Louis four years ago, Lillian and Teddy spotted a small apartment for sale in a house dating from 1640 and saw the possibilities for a low-maintenance pied-à-terre that they could, through their own efforts, transform into the Paris of their imagination. Plaster was stripped to expose original beams; carved medallions were found for the walls. Strong details focused the space: a chandelier, an eighteenth-century mannequin, part of a faience chimney. "There is practically no indication," Williams exults, "of being in the twentieth century."

A more recent and "more austere" find is a sixth-floor walk-up apartment on the Arno with a sweeping view of Florence. Here, cinquecento furniture, a tapestry, and a baroque stone angel take their place with bare brick and exposed beams. "It's not all that comfortable," she laughs, "but we're living with things of the past, things we love. By serving as custodians of the past, we breathe life into them."

In New York, on East Seventy-fifth Street, still a third environment is taking shape. In two L-shaped rooms that will not be reduced to the usual bed-and-living-room configuration, Williams is creating an eighteenth-century salon with a canopied bed as the focus. Furniture, musical instruments, and many of the humble everyday objects of the period she has collected will be important to it. Vowing to wear period costume herself when in the salon, to complete it, Williams says, "There was grace and elegance that had nothing to do with court life. In fact, the only object from the eighteenth century I've seen that isn't beautiful is a guillotine blade."

All three apartments have cost "embarrassingly little," she says. "We did a lot of the restoration work ourselves, and for us, in this business, furnishing has cost a lot less than if we'd gone out and tried to do something contemporary."

Above: A pad on the Arno. Below: The Paris of Lillian Williams's imagination, with live spaniel and mannequin.

JAN MICHAEL

"I've rescued all this from debris boxes, as I'm rescuing myself from the hideously unrefined world of today."

growing clientele were no doubt safe in assuming that if it was an all-iron baby carriage or a French cemetery pot they were after, Lillian Williams was probably the only dealer who could readily meet their needs. Meanwhile, with her impulsive and profuse purchases and the nickname she had given herself—"Quatorze," after King Louis—she was developing a reputation around Paris and the French countryside as well as at home in California. Today, many of the unlikely items she picked up without really contemplating their future have been incorporated into the world of La Ville du Soleil, where a huge charcuterie sign looms over a display of plain white dishes and a three-basin hairdresser's sink is loaded with soaps and sponges.

In 1974, the Williamses opened La Remise du Soleil, a cavernous, 10,000-square-foot space given over to the furniture, farm implements, and other objects that had been overcrowding the train station and several warehouses. Another shop, Pierrot, was opened when a dockworkers' strike delayed shipment on her heavy purchases. She began carting baby clothes home from Europe in her own suitcases and required an outlet for them.

Determined never to imitate herself, Williams is now planning her fourth and perhaps most totally [illegible] store. Somewhere in New York, prob[illegible] she says, Les Incroyables will open as a [illegible] passion.

the ephemera of the eighteenth century. For several years she has been gathering cotton servants' bonnets, stockings, children's costumes, dispatch cases, wigs and wig stands, fans, ribbons, and shoes. According to Edward Maeder, curator of textiles and costumes at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art and organizer of the exhibition "An Elegant Art: Fashion and Fantasy in the Eighteenth Century" (to which Williams loaned a wig), the budding new collection will some day be important.

"Lillian seems to buy everything," he says, "and as frequently as not the things are good. She has an incredible sense about the eighteenth century, a feeling about proportion and ornamentation that's the making of a fine collector in this field. She's enthusiastic, she absorbs information, and that's what collecting's all about: educating good instincts."

While Williams talks of establishing a private museum at some point (she also talks of disencumbering herself of all possessions and retiring to the south of France), her energies seem to focus, without her having to think about it, on creating fantastic environments that both reflect and transform her interests. She thinks of herself, she says, not as a merchant but as a theatrical set designer. "I was born in a void and have filled it effusively." □

Steven Winn is a theater critic for the San Francisco Chronicle.

PERFECT

IMPRESSIONS

PRINTING ART BOOKS, TOO, CAN BE A FINE ART

BY TOMAS GRAVES PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOR EIGELAND

"I like to open a book like a fine wine, appreciate the aroma of the paper, the relief of an illustration."

Albert Ferrer is a publisher in the comprehensive, medieval sense of the term. Operating amid the modern and mechanized chaos of Barcelona, he manufactures books by hand, performing all the functions involved, from setting the lead type and printing to binding and arranging for distribution. His art books for bibliophiles, or *livres d'artiste*, are superbly produced, and they are rare; Ferrer seldom makes more than seventy-five of each.

He works not only with medieval intensity but also in the surroundings of a bygone age. If you leave the busy Ramblas and slip into the quiet Gothic quarter, you come to the tree-lined Plaza de la Villa de Madrid. In the center is an ancient Roman cemetery; on one corner stands the majestic statue of Ateneo, torchbearer of Catalan culture throughout Franco's dictatorship. Opposite, at Number 15 Calle Canuda, enter a newsstand in the small doorway, then climb a dark flight of stairs to Ferrer's *taller* (the all-encompassing Spanish word for a workshop is equivalent to the French *atelier*).

Ferrer works in a large nineteenth-century apartment, with plenty of space and light, high ceilings, a balcony overlooking the square, and no interior doors. Furniture and equipment are kept to a minimum—two type cabinets, a proofing press, an etching press, a bookbinder's press, a few working tables, and a bookcase. The silence is broken only by the sibilants as Ferrer corrects the type for some poems under his breath.

"Like every bibliophile, what I enjoy in a book is a distinct personality," Ferrer says. "I like to open it like a fine wine, appreciate the aroma of the paper, the touch of a good impression, the relief of an illustration, a pleasing balance of black and white in the typography; I like to hold it in my hands, read its curriculum vitae in the colophon. I try to give such a personality to the books I publish—searching for the right paper, typeface, and binding materials to harmonize with the text and illustrations."

Ferrer's soft-spoken enthusiasm conceals his strict discipline in all matters typographical. Personality abounds in his books, thanks to a combination of his meticulous craftsmanship and the gifts of such collaborators as Tàpies, Tamayo, and the late Joan Miró. One of his latest offerings, for instance, entitled *Faunes de Picasso*, is a portfolio of masks by the Catalan artist Guillén, inspired by Picasso's fauns. On the cover, a three-dimensional mask of papier-mâché stands out in relief, leering at the reader. Inside, a series of mask images on handmade paper combine print and collage, although one can hardly tell where one ends and the other begins. The images are face-size and partly cut out, so that they can be bent into real masks, although no book collector would actually attempt to wear them. It took Ferrer three months to print the text for an edition of sixty copies of the book; the cover's centerpiece alone, reproduced with a plaster mold, required one week of delicate labor and hand painting for each copy.

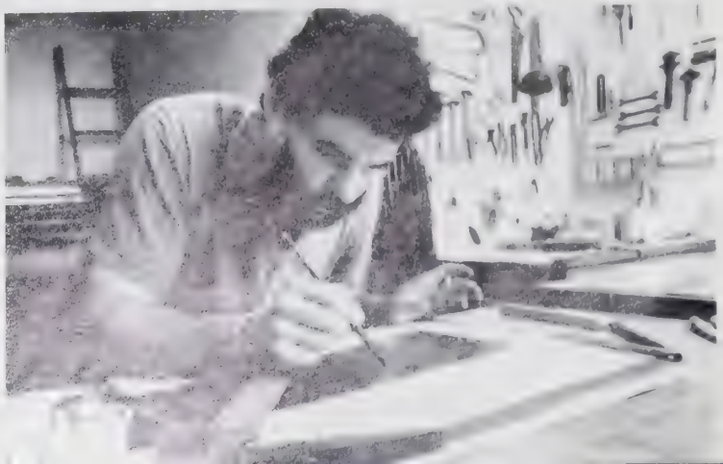
The telephone rings and the perfectionist lumbers off, muttering, "Must get an answering service; it always rings when my hands are covered in ink." The call is from a distraught young artist, whom he has to reassure: "Look, just use the technique you feel the most inspired with, the most comfortable with, and we'll find a way to reproduce it." Almost all his projects so far have involved artists living and working in Spain.

"A good working relationship begins when an artist accepts the artisan's suggestions; after all, until the nineteenth century they were one and the same person. Now the artist is almost a demigod, but he has lost his craftsmanship. Still, some of the artists I work with are so experienced in these techniques that there is no room for disagreement; at the moment, for instance, I'm working with Antoni Tàpies on a project for an illustrated edition of Jacinto Verdaguer's *L'Atlántida* [a classic Catalan version of the Atlantis legend]. The work is split between my shop and himself, who is very expert in engraving and etching. In the same way, I could collaborate with Miró without his having to leave his studio in Mallorca; other artists—Pijoan, Guinovart, Chillida, Saura—also have their own workshops."

Ferrer is only thirty-four years old, yet nearly everyone in this field in Spain has learned something from him, and colleagues are constantly dropping by for advice. By the age of nineteen, having put in three years of ardent apprenticeship, he set up his own printshop but was unable to stay in business. He then worked for five years at an advertising agency, coordinating design and production, and went on to jobs in Italy, Germany, and France. Back in Spain in 1974, he met up with the master printmaker Pere Puiggròs, and together they set up Taller '74. Ferrer's typographic experience and Puiggròs's mastery of the intaglio processes—etching and engraving—brought them all the work they could handle from the large art publishers. "It was marvelous to be paid for the privilege and experience of working with artists like Tamayo and Miró, and to learn to use the expensive materials and techniques they're accustomed to."

After the print boom of the 1970s, the market began to stagnate, and they decided to close shop while the going was good. A client invited Ferrer to the city of Granada to set up workshops and facilities for artists in the area. One of the books he produced there, *The Trees of Granada*, dedicated to the composer Manuel de Falla, is an enormous boxed set of

Facing page: The low-relief covers for Faunes de Picasso *were each painted by hand, ensuring that no two copies are alike. Below: Ferrer prepares an engraving plate for the press.*



Letterpress printing is obsolete, but it blends ink and paper far more thoroughly than modern methods do.

photoengravings, illustrating poems by Gerardo Diego and bound in aluminum and wood. The plates are made to enhance the original photographs by means of a pine-resin technique; opaque ink is overprinted with a transparent ink, with a bark-like texture as the result. "Yes, you're supposed to touch it," says Ferrer. "No one can resist doing so." The edition of 150 copies sold out briskly at 60,000 pesetas a copy (then about $1,000).

"If only I could get my hands on a Ferrer!" laments one eminent collector.

Two years in the Andalusian sun fired Ferrer's sense of color, and he experimented with all sorts of techniques—seriography, lithography, and others. He finally decided to return to Barcelona and set up his own *taller*, specializing in intaglio, woodcuts, and letterpress printing (lead type)—techniques where there is direct contact between the image, the ink, and the paper, and where the ink becomes part of the paper rather than resting on top of it. "I passionately believe in applying medieval skills to the possibilities that modern technology offers—using photography, for instance. The lines of an eighteenth-century Bodoni type can harmonize beautifully with those of a contemporary artist. And I find it perfectly justified to use good aluminum or perspex in the binding as long as it's a noble material and not imitative. At first my bindings were sewn with cotton, until I realized that the bibliophile likes to undo the book—not merely to remove the plates and frame them, but also because he wants to hold a page up to the light. Essentially, he wants to play with it, so now I leave the pages loose."

To illustrate the point, he unties a ribbon to unfold a long concertina of rich paper, a book in which Julio Juste's etchings illustrate poems by Antonio Medina. "As you can see, the binding here is minimal, yet it's almost a chocolates box! I made only thirty-five copies. It's called *Zócalo Descifrado* [Deciphered Wainscoting]"—a title as obscure in Spanish as it seems in English.

Ferrer works alone in order to keep costs down and maintain his independence. To make ends meet, he teaches typography at the Eina School of Design and occasionally undertakes commissions from large commercial publishers. "Like most craftsmen, I don't take on too many projects at a time; I like to start a book and finish it without lengthy interruptions. If necessary, I call in another craftsman to help me on a project and pay him in books or in kind; we like to refrain as much as possible from handling money. I try to keep the whole production process, from setting the type to binding the book, in this one space; otherwise a book can lose its identity."

The process is particularly slow because Ferrer refuses to take shortcuts. Apart from planning every detail of a book with the collaborating writers and artists—a stage that includes making a full-scale proof dummy—he insists on working with old, hand-driven presses instead of motorized ones, and on printing his editions entirely on a painfully slow proofing press, achieving a higher quality of type resolution than with swifter models. "Ideally, I'd like to print by pressing with my bare hands," he says while straining at the machine's handle, which offers as much

Tomás Graves is a journalist and typographer who runs the newly recommissioned Seizin Press, in his home in Majorca.

resistance as the helm of a galleon, "but the next-best thing is to feel in my arms what the paper is going through."

When Ferrer found this old apartment, it was a wreck, and while stripping off the wallpaper, he came upon some strange signs underneath. A neighbor explained that a tarot-card reader had once lived there before being evicted as a witch. "Maybe that explains the magical aura of this place," he muses. Nor is it entirely accidental that both presses are oriented north and south. "I'm not sure why I've done this, but I always sleep with my head pointing north, too. In any case, all *talleres* have their goblins who get up to all sorts of mischief, and you must learn to use them to your advantage. Always expect the unexpected, especially when using natural pigments."

The dull-colored powders in jars on the shelf come to life when Ferrer starts to mix them with linseed oil and other substances to make his inks. "This is closer to alchemy than to chemistry; if I'm printing *à la poupé* [dabbing different inks onto the same plate] I don't always know how the different pigments will react with each other, or with the metal plate. Time and humidity are other factors; and when handmade paper is soaked in Barcelona water, the results are equally unpredictable. Then, of course, there is the human element. I value all these variables immensely, because I'm not interested in making identical reproductions but, rather, a series of original copies. This is really what limits an edition, quite apart from the technical and commercial considerations. Of course, my clients appreciate this. Some of them drop by the studio every few months to see what I'm up to, and say, 'Oh, I'd like to have a couple of copies of that book when it's ready . . .' So I normally have ten percent of the edition accounted for by the time it's on sale. Another ten percent I keep as an investment, and thirty percent is payment to the artist. I don't cover costs until half the edition is sold."

For the time being, Ferrer's work is less difficult to do in Spain than in most other places. A number of mills still make paper by hand to custom specifications as a matter of course, and some type foundries have not streamlined the original, classic typefaces yet. Even in Spain, however, the old crafts are rapidly becoming obsolete, and Ferrer spends much of his spare time traveling in the Third World, investigating natural pigments in India, papermakers in Morocco, and printing techniques wherever a medieval way of life still exists.

He also pays regular visits to the industrialized countries, placing his wares with bookstores and galleries—at Rizzoli in New York, for instance, *Faunes de Picasso* recently fetched $750—and drumming up commissions. The success last year of his Wagner-centenary book for Germany, a large volume published in an edition of forty-five copies, helped launch his current series of print portfolios by young artists for clients in Düsseldorf. Another of his ventures that has caught on particularly well with collectors and museums outside Spain is the newly started series *Papers d'Art*, a collection of twelve booklets available through subscription whose first installment, just out, combines prose ruminations by Joan Brossa with plates by Tàpies.

Ferrer's esoteric editions range from Brown Line *(above), a series of engravings by Pere Puiggròs, to* Fragments, *a fanciful portfolio of photoengravings of statue parts from Versailles like the one below.*

Naturally, Ferrer commits his books to various galleries in Barcelona as well, but his editions are so limited that they can be as difficult to find in his hometown as in London or New York ("If only I could get my hands on a Ferrer!" as the president of Christie's, David Bathurst, lamented recently). Still, the fastidious publisher puts a special effort into marrying off his books happily.

"There is no language barrier for bibliophiles," he says, "but you have to invest a lot of time finding them. The price we paid for the Industrial Revolution is that all too often we no longer know whom we are working for. One's best clients become friends and propose projects, so that one's books reach people who read them as well as lock them away in their cabinets of rare books." The thought of such an old-fashioned process pleases him enormously, and one senses that if printing is to become obsolete in the near future, Ferrer will probably be the last to go. □

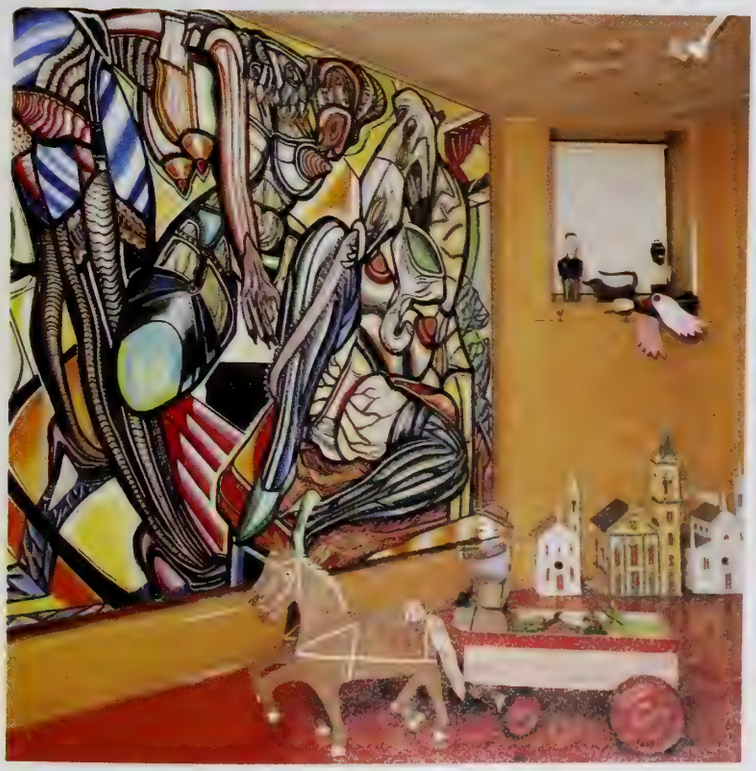
"I PASSIONATELY BELIEVE IN COMBINING MEDIEVAL SKILLS AND MODERN TECHNOLOGY."

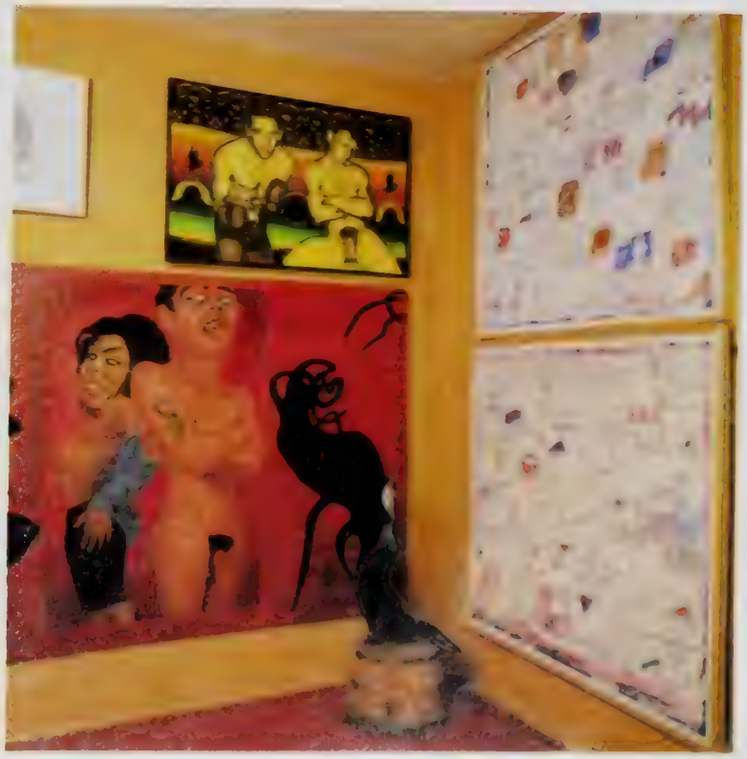
THE INSIDER

HERE IS ONE CRITIC WHO REALLY PUTS HIS NECK ON THE LINE

BY KENNETH BAKER PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK HAUSER

Opposite: Dennis Adrian gloomily surveys his collection —behind him, an Ed Paschke. Below, some views of his jam-packed apartment and its contents: top left, painting by Philip Hanson; lower left, painting by Paul LaMantia, and a lawn object by Richard Klaveren; top right, painting by Christina Ramberg; lower right, paintings by Ed Paschke, Susanne Doremus, and Mark Jackson.





When it comes to contemporary art, Chicago doesn't pretend to compete with New York. It pretends that there is no New York. The very topography bolsters this attitude. Chicago looks at its inland sea, Lake Michigan, and at its isolating sea of grass, the prairie. It has its own East Coast—locals call it the Gold Coast—and its own world-class institutions. Through them and a host of wealthy, chauvinistic collectors, Chicago has put its contemporary artists on the map. In recent years, the term "Chicago school" has slipped into

art-world nomenclature alongside "New York school." A lot of artists grouped under this rubric happened to attend the School of the Art Institute of Chicago, but that's not what "Chicago school" means. It is shorthand for the boast that Chicago has originated its own, distinctive brand of modern (or possibly postmodern) art.

Of all the city's major collectors, perhaps none has worked more energetically to celebrate the Chicago sensibility than the critic Dennis Adrian. A short, stout, pale man, forty-six years old, he is widely known for his own collection of early "Chicago Imagist" art, which might seem to raise a nice question of professional ethics: Should a critic write about and indeed promote the work he collects? Adrian has considered the alternatives and decided the answer is no. He will not sell anything he owns, thus giving the lie to any suspicion that he collects in order to turn a profit. In fact, when he was extremely ill, in the midsixties, he could easily have paid the heavy bills by selling some early-twentieth-century prints and drawings he had worked hard to acquire. Rather than part with them, however, Adrian gave them all to the Art Institute of Chicago. That way, he says, "They could remain works of art for me. I didn't like them turning into money, as badly as I needed it."

He acknowledges, of course, that some critics try to use their art-world positions to traffic in works of art. "If you want to deal, deal," he says, "I don't have the temperament for it." A collector who is a critic, on the other hand, is the rarest of birds—a person who can talk of his possessions not only with passion but with historical perspective and breadth as well. If he sometimes becomes a little overintellectual, well, that's rare enough, too.

For the past twelve years, Adrian has lived in a rambling, unrenovated apartment on the North Side of Chicago, not far from Wrigley Field. It is a big place, but too small for his collection. The walls and, in some rooms, the floors and furniture are blanketed with fantastic, visually overloaded art. He began collecting Chicago Imagists in earnest in 1967, when he took the job of assistant curator of prints and drawings at the Art Institute of Chicago, following ten years as director of the Allan Frumkin Gallery, in New York. From 1974 until 1978, he served as an art critic for the Chicago *Daily News*. In that post, he became the major voice touting the art that had begun to develop in Chicago.

Adrian, painted by Paul Georges (1965).

As he sees it, Chicago "is involved in high-emotional-level internal experience and fantasy and imagination," a thought that describes the art, if not the city. He knows both well. Though born in rural Oregon, he came to the University of Chicago at the tender age of fifteen, in 1952, and had a brilliant academic career. He did graduate work, in Chicago and at New York University, under such eminent art historians as Walter Friedlander and Robert Goldwater. In the past decade, he has taught at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago, the Illinois Institute of Technology, De Paul University, and elsewhere, but never on a full-time basis. "They always end up getting rid of me," he says, "because I don't fit into any of the institutional structures. What I do with my life, what it's about—there's no such occupation." Consequently, Adrian has always lived by his considerable wits: "I've always felt I'm a complete outsider," but when he buys art his training and experience make him an insider.

The irregularity of his income has influenced his collecting habits. He nearly always buys on the installment plan—he is constantly in debt to artists, dealers, and framers—and considers $2,000 about the top price he can pay for an individual work. His collection is strong on the early works of Chicago Imagists mainly because, as their prices have risen, it has been harder for him to afford their newest work. Occasionally an artist will offer to give him something, but he much prefers to buy if he can: "Artists are the only people who are in a position to give you art, but they can least afford it."

Adrian numbers his collection at "something more than 500 pieces"—small by Chicago standards, though to the unprepared visitor his holdings seem countless. And to be truthful, one such visitor recently found it all a bit overwhelming. Not only their quantity but their styles, their density, and their oddity of detail make the works in Adrian's collection hard to take in. In the central parlor, for instance, the eye jumps from a lifesize male nude against a background of William Morris wallpaper, painted by Sylvia Sleigh, down to the baseboard, where half a dozen small, mugging self-portraits in oil by Richard Willenbrink are leaning, up into the agoraphobic fantasy space of a Roger Brown canvas, then up a stepped triptych entitled *Lola La Lure*, emblematically abstracted in color paintings, by Christina Ramberg. The eye reels; the mind boggles.

Adrian is far from confused. He knows exactly what he's looking for—once he sees it. "I think pictures should grab you by the lapels and shake you up as you go by," he explains. "If you can figure them out all at once, what can they tell you? If my reaction to something is 'What the hell's *that*?,' that's much more interesting to me than 'Oh yes, another Kenneth Noland,' or whoever, where you get it all right away." As a collector, Adrian thinks like a critic. "I always try to ask what is the artist trying to do, how well is it done, and do I think it was worth doing. And I'm drawn to things that are complex, have a high incidence of formal event—a lot going per object—with imagistic and formal qualities working together in all kinds of surprising ways. I've always liked things I considered high-voltage."

One of the artist friends most important to him was the late H. C. (for Horace Clifford) Westermann, a high-voltage type who lived from 1922 to 1981 and who was perhaps the most influential Chicago artist of his generation. Westermann was virtually untrained in art, though he entered the School of the Art Institute in the late 1940s and again in the

1950s. Eventually he taught himself enough carpentry to get work and to begin producing highly refined, quizzical art objects that have affinities with Joseph Cornell's boxes. Like Cornell's works, Westermann's tend to be filled with little surprises. His famous *Walnut Box*, for instance, is filled with walnuts as well as being made of walnut.

A prize piece is a handsome dovetail-joined wooden box on which Westermann inlaid the title *Ensor's Mother*. Anyone who knows Westermann's fondness for wordplay will expect provocative connections between the box's contents and a title so prominent and allusive. The surprise is that, when its hinged cover is tipped up, the box delivers precisely and only what it promises: a portrait of his mother by the maverick fantasist James Ensor. It is an ethereal silverpoint drawing on a small wood panel, signed, and dated 1887. Part of the importance of this piece to the Adrian collection is that it contains a fragment of the art-historical ancestry of the Chicago sensibility—the symbolist, Dadaist, surrealist strain in modern European art.

Ensor's Mother was a purchase, but many of Adrian's richest Westermanns came to him as illustrated correspondence during the years after the artist moved from Chicago to Connecticut. Intimate in tone and completely freewheeling in graphic technique, the illustrated letters are fascinating extensions of the zany, menaced vision of the world Westermann put forth in works intended for exhibition. One letter, for example, commemorates a San Quentin inmate's suicide, a kind of grim joke about death as a means of escape from prison. Throughout his career as an artist, Westermann often tempered the violent imagery of his works—often used as metaphors for society's madness—with precisely this kind of gallows humor.

Westermann's works are typical of the Chicago school in that they are idiosyncratic, rely on vernacular imagery, and emphasize the work of art as an object, a presence. They are also "difficult," which

Above: Large painting by Suellen Rocca. Below: Nude portrait by Sylvia Sleigh; Skyscraper, by Roger Brown; self-portraits by Richard Willenbrink.

Adrian believes is a good thing. "Some works of art can kind of toughen you up for experience. If you can gain kinds of experience through works of art that it would be difficult to confront *in vivo*, so to speak, well, so much the better. I really think works of art can change what people who live with them are able to process psychically and accept as part of the world. To be able to look at a bunch of objects and know from them something of what the world is like—that's a kind of ultimate perception of art."

Shoe painting by Ed Paschke; object on table by Theodore Halkin.

A large number of pieces in Adrian's collection are not, strictly speaking, works of art at all. For example, he owns six handmade birdhouses, each in the form of an Italian cathedral, the work of a retired ice-cream-parlor owner, now deceased, named Aldobrando Piacenza. Piacenza was the discovery of the Chicago Imagist artists, a group that gladly concedes it has long found formal and emotional inspiration in naive, or "outsider," art. Most of these Chicagoans, like Adrian, will accept a provocative image or a suggestive object pretty much anywhere they find it. The Adrian collection contains several paintings by Lee Godie, who is literally a bag lady living in the streets of Chicago. Adrian has no trouble accepting, as legitimate expressive objects, things made by people with no pretense to being artists in the art-world sense. "Among all the things that are considered to be works of art," he comments, "only a small proportion were made as works of art by people who thought they were artists, or who even had that word in their vocabulary. So, I don't see any point in making the distinction."

He is equally untroubled by what visitors may see as surprising inconsistencies in his taste for art. After leaving a room that is completely dominated by a large Paul LaMantia canvas full of grotesquely stylized female figures in bizarre erotic postures, one may come upon a small steel sculpture by Paul Slepak, so abstract and severe as to look like minimal art. Relatively cool, abstract paintings by Frank Piatek and Dan Ramirez give the same impression of being anomalously matter-of-fact in the flamboyant context. Adrian seems to have acquired these works partly to develop perceptual and imaginative tensions among works of art. These tensions, he believes, are part of what people miss when they neither collect nor spend much time with art.

"Works of art," he says, "are about developing and refining one's own perceptions—of all kinds. So, I like objects that keep giving things up the more you look at them, though other people may find them difficult to live with. Some of those same people will go into the Philadelphia Museum and look at that grisly Rogier van der Weyden *Crucifixion* and say, 'Isn't that just lovely?' But whatever it is, it isn't 'just lovely.' They're not really looking at what's going on in a picture."

Adrian's ambitions as a collector grow with his acquisitions, and they overlap his ambitions as an exhibition curator. The art historian in him emerges when he speaks of shows he would like to do, and works from earlier times he would like to own. "If I could be J. Paul Getty alive," he jokes, "I could do heavy damage in the eighteenth century. I could get Fragonard and Ed Paschke going together like you wouldn't believe." That would be akin to pairing Ingres's portraits with Andy Warhol's. He would also relish putting together a historical survey of famous artists' "academy drawings" from the sixteenth century through Matisse and Picasso, to reveal the formal ideals held by influential artists early in their careers.

More realistically, he hopes someday to assemble a thorough retrospective of the work of Robert Barnes, a painter he collects and regards as an unsung genius. Barnes has exhibited for years, achieving sporadic recognition, and works quietly in Bloomington, Indiana, where he teaches. He studied in Chicago, but his painting shows more obvious ties to tradition than does the work of most of the younger Chicago artists Adrian collects. Barnes's work has a richness of surface quality and a density of literary allusion that make it really stand out in the Adrian collection.

By Chicago standards, Adrian's collection is typically advanced and atypically modest. "People here say, 'Well, if it's interesting, let's get the biggest, meanest one we can find,'" Adrian notes. Clearly, he gets a great deal out of collecting, perhaps more than other people do—the possible conflict of interest be damned. Dennis Adrian therefore continues to channel his meager resources into works of art that he has little room to store, much less hang, as he pursues a dozen or so projects that will enable him to chip away at the debts that result. There's no way he doesn't think it's worth the struggle. □

Kenneth Baker, art critic of the Boston Phoenix, *admits to collecting works of the emerging "Boston school."*

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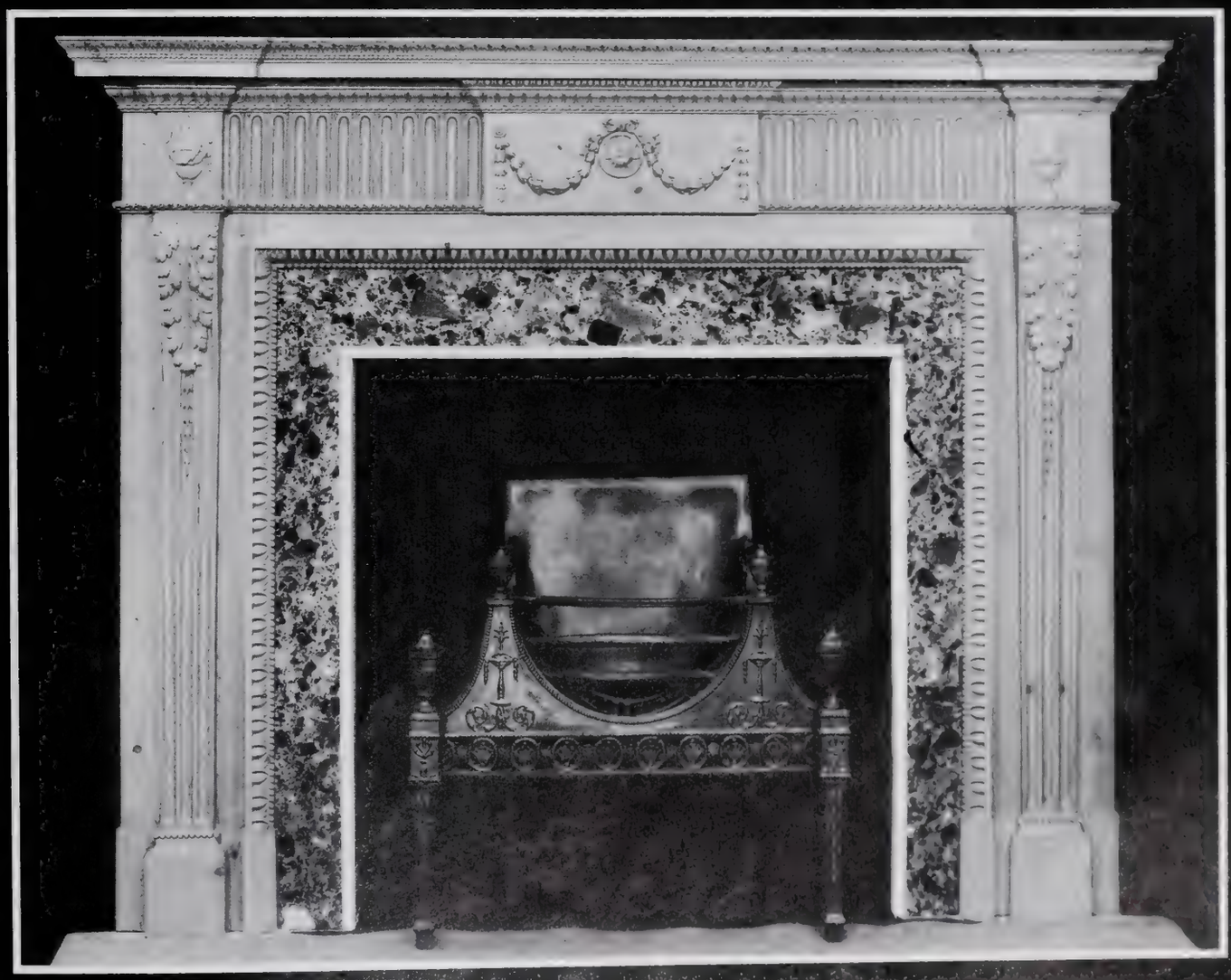


A VERY FINELY CARVED 18th CENTURY PINEWOOD CHIMNEYPIECE. ENGLISH CIRCA 1775.

LENGTH OF SHELF	6' 4½"
TOTAL HEIGHT	5' 1"
OPENING WIDTH	4' 0"
OPENING HEIGHT	3' 9½"

NOBLE ESSENCES

Rich, sweet Sauternes, which Jefferson thought "the best white wine of France," is back from long oblivion.

By Alexis Bespaloff

Château d'Yquem, where the greatest of all Sauternes is made, is really a fortified farm dominating the Sauternais plain.

There are fashions in wine, as there are in clothes and art: what was prized yesterday may be scorned and neglected today. During the nineteenth century, the sweet, luscious white wines of Sauternes were the most expensive and sought after of any Bordeaux—not just the legendary Château d'Yquem, which even today is more expensive than Lafite-Rothschild, but wines of all the top Sauternes vineyards. When the famous classification of the best vineyards of Bordeaux was drawn up, in 1855, the list of Grands Crus Classés included sixty from the Médoc district, only one from Graves, none from Saint-Emilion and Pomerol—but twenty-four from Sauternes. Today's wine drinkers may think that an astonishing proportion of Sauternes vineyards, but it would not have surprised Thomas Jefferson. Writing in 1792 about the wines of Bordeaux, where he had been a visitor five years earlier, he described Sauternes as "the best white wine of France."

In this century, Sauternes went into a long decline due partly to a shift toward less elaborate meals, into which it was difficult to insinuate a sweet wine, and partly to the usurpation in some countries, including the United States, of the name "Sauterne"—usually spelled without the final *s*—to label any cheap sweet wine. In the past decade, however, true Sauternes has made something of a comeback in France, and is becoming much better known in this country. American consumers, willing to try less familiar wines, have begun to discover the particular virtues of fine Sauternes. It is a sweet wine, to be sure, but not simply sweet. It has a distinctive, complex, and honeyed taste that is the result of the unusual and demanding way it is made.

The village of Sauternes, which gives its name to the region and its wines, is situated about twenty-five miles southeast of the city of Bordeaux. The 4,700 acres of vineyards whose wines are entitled to be sold as Sauternes are situated in five adjoining communes; one of them, Barsac, is so well known that its wines may be sold as either Sauternes or Barsac.

When the owners of vineyards that produce red wines or dry white wines have already picked their grapes, the critical time has just begun for those who make Sauternes and Barsac. The proprietors hope not only that their grapes will ripen fully but also that they will be attacked by a beneficial mold called *Botrytis cinerea*, more commonly known as *pourriture noble*, or "noble rot." The morning fog that rises from the Ciron River, separating Barsac from the rest of the Sauternes region, provides the moisture needed to start the noble rot. As mold

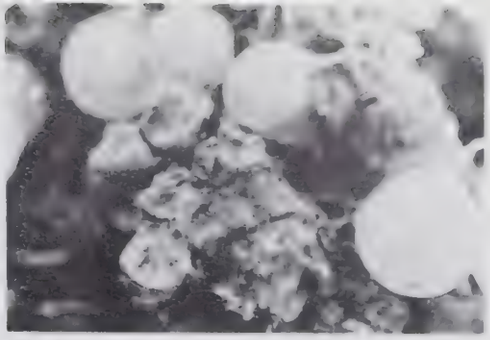
Alexis Bespaloff is author of The New Signet Book of Wine, *a paperback guide.*

covers the grapes, they gradually shrivel and turn brown; as water evaporates from the pulp, the remaining juice becomes sweeter. When the grapes are pressed and the juice is fermented, not all the sugar in it becomes alcohol. The wine from these grapes is rich and sweet.

Sauternes from a good vintage usually contains 7 to 8.5 percent of residual sugar, although 10 percent is not uncommon in the finest years. But the noble rot does more than simply increase the proportion of sugar in the grapes; it transforms the flavor of the juice as well. The resulting wine has a more intense aroma, a richer, more complex taste, and a more viscous texture than one that is merely sweet.

Most vineyards in Sauternes are planted with about 80 percent Sémillon grapes and 20 percent Sauvignon Blanc. The Sémillon grape is most fully transformed by botrytis; the Sauvignon Blanc is usually picked earlier. Pierre Meslier, the *régisseur* at Château d'Yquem, explains why. "Botrytis attacks the skin of the grape, and it is the skin that contains the aroma. Sémillon doesn't have much aroma to begin with, but Sauvignon Blanc is very aromatic. So we pick Sauvignon Blanc when it's ripe, but before it loses its distinctive aroma." Pierre Pascaud, the wine maker at Château Suduiraut, adds, "Sauvignon Blanc brings character, aroma, and finesse to the wine."

Although Sauternes can be made only when the right combination occurs—ripe grapes, alternating humidity and sunshine, and no rain or frost in the fall—the finest Sauternes requires even more care and risk. The vineyards must be harvested carefully so that only the "rotted," fully botrytised grapes are picked; the rest are left to continue their transformation



The luscious secret of Sauternes is in the "noble rot" that transforms the grapes.

by the noble rot. This means that the pickers must go through the vineyards not once but several times. It also means leaving part of the crop on the vines until late October or mid-November, in the hope that by then all the grapes will have been fully affected by the noble rot. Waiting those extra weeks involves risk, and sending harvesters through a vineyard six or eight times is expensive, so in practice much of the Sauternes region is harvested in only two or three pickings during late September or early October. As a result, many wines produced in the region are

As they age, the wines lose sweetness, deepen in color, take on richer nuances.

not much more than agreeable sweet white wines that lack the intensity and concentration of the best Sauternes. Many are blended and bottled by Bordeaux firms to be sold simply as "Sauternes" or "Barsac"; such regional bottlings almost invariably lack the character for which these names are famous. The finest Sauternes and Barsacs available here are château-bottled wines from about a dozen properties.

The amount of wine produced in Sauternes is limited, the average yield amounting to about a third of that produced in even the finest red-wine vineyards. What's more, in poor years some producers sell off their wines in bulk and bottle nothing, or very little, under the château name. Yquem, for example, bottled no wine in 1964, 1972, and 1974, and very little in 1978; Suduiraut did not bottle in 1973, 1974, and 1977, and very little in 1972; de Malle and Rieussec, among others, did not market a 1977.

Because producing Sauternes is such a risky endeavor, a number of properties now make a dry white wine in addition to a Sauternes. The dry wines are harvested first, so that even if rain in October or November spoils a Sauternes vintage, the proprietors still have wine to sell. The dry wines made in the region are labeled simply "Bordeaux Blanc."

There are, of course, other wine regions that produce sweet wines from grapes affected by botrytis. Examples include the Beerenauslese and Trockenbeerenauslese wines produced along the Rhine and Mosel rivers in Germany, primarily from the Riesling grape; late-harvest Rieslings from California; and Tokay, from Hungary. One difference between those wines and Sauternes is the grape variety; another is the amount of wine produced. Although the average production of Sauternes and Barsac—about 450,000 cases a year—accounts for less than one percent of all the wines made in Bordeaux, it is substantial compared to the amount of botrytised wine made elsewhere. In Germany, a top estate produces only 500 or 1,000 bottles of Beerenauslese or Trockenbeerenauslese, compared to the 50,000 to 100,000 bottles produced by the top Sauternes vineyards. What's more, whereas very poor Sauternes vintages occur in

In the morning fog that breeds the pourriture noble, *pickers head for the vineyards.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN E. PITE

only about three years out of ten, no top-quality botrytised wines have been made in Germany since 1976.

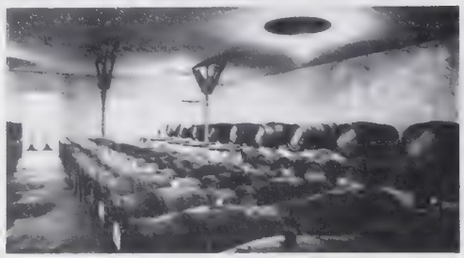
When buying Sauternes, the first thing to remember is that the vintages do not correspond to those for red Bordeaux. Thus, 1962 was better in Sauternes than 1961, and 1967 better than 1966. Both 1970 and 1971 were very good, as were 1975 and the slightly richer, longer-lived 1976. As for more recent vintages now on retail shelves, 1977 was generally poor; 1978, though widely available, is not a fine vintage because there was virtually no botrytis, so most of the wines lack concentration; 1979 was much more successful; 1980 is considered good, but perhaps a bit lighter than 1979.

The most famous and most expensive Sauternes is Château d'Yquem, and recent vintages cost $60 to $125 a bottle. Excellent—and more accessible—wines are produced by such châteaux as Suduiraut, Lafaurie-Peyraguey, Rieussec, Guiraud, Sigalas-Rabaud, Filhot, Nairac, Coutet, and Climens.

Unlike dry white wines, Sauternes and Barsacs last for many years (sugar, like alcohol, acts as a preservative), and drinking a fine, well-stored 1962 or 1967 can still be a wonderful experience. As they grow older, the wines lose some of their initial sweetness, deepen in color, take on richer, more complex nuances, and become even more concentrated and intense.

Once a fine Sauternes from a good vintage has been chosen, the question remains, What is the best way to serve this wine? "Sauternes is a *grand seigneur*," says Pierre de Bournazel, of Château de Malle, "so it's at ease in all company. *Il résiste à tout* {it stands up to anything} except a very sweet dessert." Alexandre de Lur-Saluces, the proprietor of Yquem, adds, "I disapprove completely of the term 'dessert wine' to describe Sauternes." And many Sauternais will tell you, with only slight exaggeration, that Sauternes goes with everything *except* dessert. What they mean is that the sweetness of most desserts robs the wine of its own sweetness and richness and makes it taste thin. If you do serve Sauternes with dessert, choose something simple like pound cake, poached fruit, or ripe melon. Acid fruits like strawberries or blackberries will diminish the acidity in the wine, making it taste even sweeter, perhaps cloying. Sauternes can also be served on its own, instead of dessert. Because it is sipped, not quaffed, a bottle is enough for six or eight at the end of a meal. Many Sauternes, for that matter, are available in half bottles.

A young, light Sauternes can be served before dinner as an aperitif. In Bordeaux, a meal may sometimes begin with Sauternes and foie gras—a rich food complementing a rich wine. Another felicitous combination is Sauternes and Roquefort—the salty tang of the cheese (which overwhelms most reds) providing a foil to the sweet wine. However it is served, Sauternes adds an element of richness and surprise to a good dinner. □



Modest, old-fashioned cellars at Yquem.

TOP SAUTERNES

The classic, and most expensive, example of Sauternes is Château d'Yquem, especially in such vintages as 1976, 1975, 1971, and 1970; expect to pay $60 to $125, and up to $200 for the legendary 1967. Sauternes from other fine châteaux are much less expensive. Some of the best examples currently available in well-stocked shops include such 1979s as Suduiraut, Lafaurie-Peyraguey, Climens, Rieussec, and Doisy-Daëne; such 1976s as Coutet and Suduiraut; such 1975s as Coutet, Filhot, Suduiraut, Doisy-Dubroca, and Nairac; Coutet 1971; and Climens 1970. Generally speaking, most of these wines will cost $15 to $20, although some examples can be found at $10 to $15. Because only in the past five years have Sauternes prices increased, it may be possible—though hardly likely—to find a 1971 that costs no more than a 1979.

Ancient hydraulic presses (some staves are recent replacements) indicate the small scale of Yquem's precious harvest.

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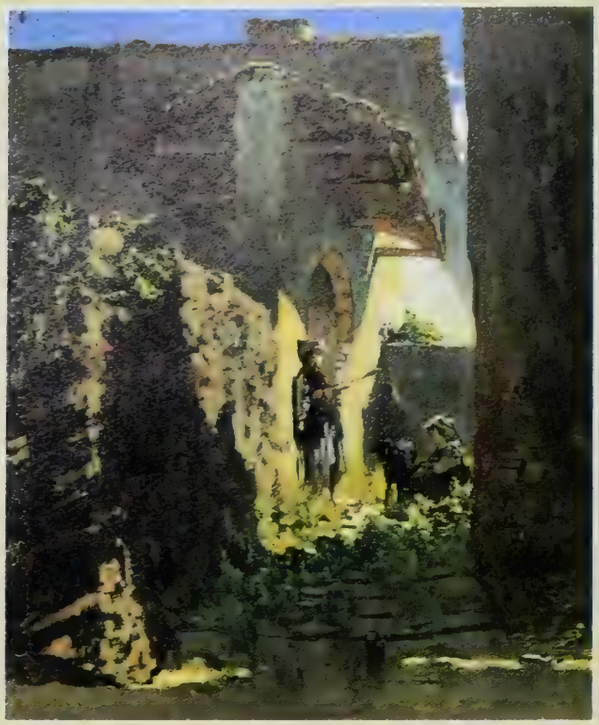
The Macchiaioli
Tuscan Painters of Sunlight



Telemaco SIGNORINI (1835-1901) *Bigheriniai.* Oil on panel, 14 x 9½ inches (35.5 x 24 cm.). Signed left: T. Signorini

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The Macchiaioli in Paris

Federico ZANDOMENEGHI (1841-1917) *Bimba che Legge.* Pastel on paper, 15 x 18½ inches (38 x 47 cm.). Signed lower left: Zandomeneghi

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THE AMBASSADOR'S CATCH

Here's a heartwarming case of coals to Newcastle. Walter Annenberg, former United States ambassador to the Court of Saint James's, has bought some stunning new Impressionists and Postimpressionists for his superb collection (*Connoisseur*, May 1983). Stars among the hundred new treasures: the superb *Odalisque*, of Matisse, and *The Cracked House*, a particularly magnetic example of Cézanne's late style. How did Annenberg acquire them without any fanfare? Well, his sister, Enid Haupt, sold them to him to keep things in the family. But when Sunnylands, his desert estate in Rancho Mirage, California, turns into a public museum, as is planned, everybody will be able to take a good look.

COMING HOME

For years, the American mezzo soprano Frederica von Stade's principal engagements have been in Europe. Now "Flicka" is back home, turning up in all the nation's most glamorous showcases, receiving a hero's welcome.

Does she deserve it? Yes and no. Her voice has by nature what Marilyn Horne and others have called a "tear" in it (especially at the top; at the bottom it can swell into a sob). The weeping quality makes her singing sound heartfelt no matter what else is going on. But it's a mixed blessing. It can push a sensitive reading (and von Stade is nothing if not sensitive) over the line into affectation. The unusual timbre underscores the droopiness when—as was the case at Carnegie Hall last fall all through her tremulous, listless account of the lush *Nuits d'Eté*, with Seiji Ozawa and the Boston Symphony Orchestra—she sings a shade below true pitch. Besides, though she is projecting her sound more forcefully than she used to, her voice is too small to carry naturally through the vast halls where (as befits her star status) she usually appears.

So, you take your chances. A few weeks after the Berlioz, as the street-singing heroine in a semistaged concert performance of Jacques Offenbach's *La Périchole*, she was enchanting. The famous tear in her voice lent the gaiety of the songs a sweet glint of tenderness.

La Périchole was the first in a Carnegie Hall series of *opéras comiques* mounted around von Stade. In the second, Jules Massenet's forgotten *Chérubin*, she revisited a favorite character: the heart-stealing page from Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro*, who in this French sequel has grown up to be a heart-stealing young officer. Still to come is Ambroise Thomas's marginally more familiar *Mignon* (April 8), a farrago of weltschmerz after Goethe's novel *Wilhelm Meister*. The title role—a long-lost noblewoman masquerading as a youth and languishing for a man who for romantic purposes does not know she exists—may well bring on the panoply of von Stade's most tryingly "exquisite" effects. But she clearly can surprise you.

BAD MANAGEMENT

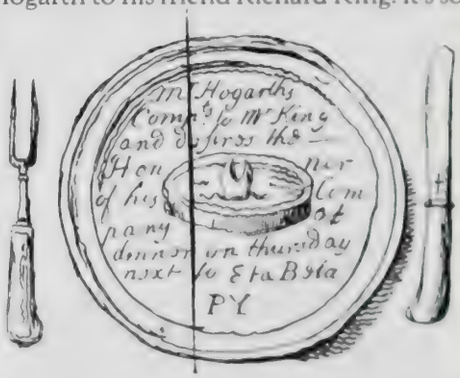
A friend just back from China says that if the architect I. M. Pei could see his pace-setting hotel at Fragrant Hill today, he would die. We don't think so: he saw the trouble coming even before the establishment opened. "A hotel survives on management, not on design," he told us. "Maintenance is key. Frankly, I have severe doubts they can manage it."

After only a year, Fragrant Hill is shut down for repairs. Cracks mar the white concrete façade. The floors are grimy, the windows spattered. The austerity of the Chinese dining room is mocked by a tossed dishrag, a forgotten beer carton, an abandoned mop. There are rumors that the defacement results from sabotage, but slovenliness plagues hotels through China, so indifference is a likelier cause.

To see how well the Chinese staff can do their work when their hearts are in it, one need only look out Fragrant Hill's old-style plum- and lozenge-shaped windows. The gardens are meticulously tended. To a nostalgic eye, they might recall Suzhou, the ancestral home of Pei's own family. If he could see the hotel gardens today, our friend believes, Pei would be very pleased—just as long as he ignored the architecture.

[illegible]

In a discreet place on his living-room wall, George Lang, the noted restaurateur, wit, and bon vivant, has hung this rare engraved dinner invitation from William Hogarth to his friend Richard King. It's so



small that we had to slip on our reading glasses to examine it. But the hand that drew *The Rake's Progress* is unmistakable. No artist of the eighteenth century was more expert at packing a sharp, witty image into a tiny space, even in what he must have thought of as a throwaway. Expanding the abbreviations and translating the Greekish whimsy, we read: "Mr. Hogarth's compliments to Mr. King, and desires the honor of his company at dinner on Thursday next to eat a bit of pie." What kind of pie? Even Lang doesn't know for sure.

NOW YOU SEE IT

It was Alexandre Eiffel who wound up having to engineer the thing, so maybe it

Bust of Apollo Belvedere

The magnificent Apollo Belvedere, on loan from the Vatican, is being currently displayed for the first time in the United States as part of the exhibit, "The Vatican Collections."

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Bust of Diana (in the Louvre)

PRIVATE LINE

was he who spotted the problem. As first envisioned by Frédéric Auguste Bartholdi, *La Liberté* (mounted below on her descendant's pedestal) was structurally unsound. The great French maker of civic monuments completed this signed maquette before 1870. Its light, unfettered poise certainly suits the subject. But scaled

up from fifty-three inches to full height, 152 feet, as the torchbearer of New York harbor, she would have caved in at her shapely ankle even before they dismantled the scaffold. By 1875, Bartholdi had evolved the sturdy final design, and in 1886, the Statue of Liberty was unveiled.

In 1982, Daniel Wildenstein, of the Daniel Wildenstein Gallery, stumbled across the unpublished and ignored original in storage in France, picked her up for a song, and brought her to America. While she was in the Roman Bronze Works foundry having her patina evened out, word circulated to the likeliest buyers. Officials were quietly trying to arrange a government purchase when an anonymous private collector plunged in and seized the prize. Liberty is out of sight again.

THE REALLY GOOD STUFF

Very limited quantities of William Grant & Sons' twenty-five-year-old single-malt scotch, Glenfiddich, are now available on the American market. That may seem incidental to you, but there is a growing cult of glen-whisky fans who would give their eyeteeth for some.

To understand the yen, you should try some other respectable specimen of that amazing class of intensely flavored and infinitely various brews, say, William Grant's regular single malt, the Glenfiddich aged twelve to fifteen years. In the glass, it shows a light, amber color. Its aroma is rich with overtones of peat and wood and vanilla. The flavor, too, is warm and gently peaty, with a slight, pleasing smokiness at the finish. Very satisfying.

The twenty-five-year-old Glenfiddich is another, altogether more fabulous potation. Slightly darker from its longer rest in burnt-oak barrels, it heightens all the virtues of its younger sibling. The aroma is more concordant. Its weight and feel on the tongue are light and silken, its taste more delicate and warming. All its components—the medley of grain and peat and wood and alcohol—are completely in balance. Yet its finish is exceptionally long, allowing the concert of flavors to linger luxuriously on the palate. Perhaps the best word for it is *ethereal*, and the best comparison, for those who have no idea what single malts can be, is with a superb cognac, say, Hennessy X. O.

William Grant opens just one barrel a year of this special Glenfiddich, producing approximately one hundred bottles. It's priced at a cool $2,100 a fifth, establishing the merely twelve-year-old stuff, which retails at about $25, as a very sound beginner's investment.

PERMISSION GRANTED

Whew. After three years' work, the artist R. O. Blechman was putting the finishing touches on his animated film of Igor Stravinsky's popular fable with music, *The Soldier's Tale*. He had taped the voices of Max von Sydow as the Devil, Dusan Makavejev as the Soldier, who sells him his soul (in the form of a violin), and André Gregory as the subtle Narrator. The cartoonist's own sharp wit, tempered with gentle sentiment, had captured exactly the cosmopolite's homesickness that haunts Stravinsky's original. Three cheers for Blechman!

Just one thing was lacking: an indispensable permission. At last, though, the letter from the composer's son Souleima did arrive, authorizing "Dear Mr. Belchman" (*sic*) to use his father's score. Three cheers for the Stravinsky estate! You can see *The Soldier's Tale* March 19 on the stations of PBS.

IN THE YEAR OF THE BEAR

They know him from his book. Schoolchildren come by the busload to pay their respects. And he gazes out at them inscrutably from his glass box.

Chairman Mao? No, Winnie-the-Pooh. Years ago, the toys on which A. A. Milne modeled his storybooks were entrusted to the care of his American publisher, E. P. Dutton. In seasons past, Pooh's keeper and social secretary, Elliott Graham, used to take him on the road from library to library all over the country. Nowadays, the fabled bear's social schedule has been curtailed to a single sedate personal appearance a year. Many gilt-edged invitations are declined.

His golden-curled coat (never washed, a little the worse for wear) and his trim, compact build scarcely resemble his image in Milne's books, so he can easily travel incognito; and most often his outings are discreet affairs, as when he flew to London on the Concorde to take tea with the cartoonist Gahan Wilson at the Savoy. Though his conversation is slight, he is accounted, by all who have met him, a charming guest.

As to who will have the pleasure of his company in 1984, Graham tells us Pooh's social calendar is still wide open. But he is always at home to visitors at Dutton.

WRONG ON CUE

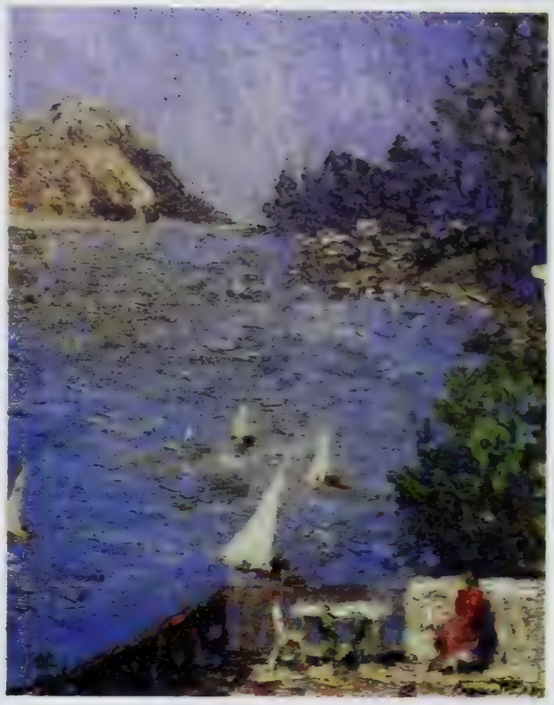
We were charmed and a little abashed to hear from our favorite Wagnerian soprano, to this effect:

Dear *Connoisseur*,

I very much enjoyed reading the article "Hojotoho!" in your December issue. I would just like to point out that if a Brünnhilde raises the roof in the first act of *Die Walküre*, she had better be doing it in her dressing room, as Wagner calls for her entrance only in act 2.

Hildegard Behrens

Contributors: Thomas Hoving, Joan Jacobson, Tom Maresca
Edited by Matthew Gurewitsch



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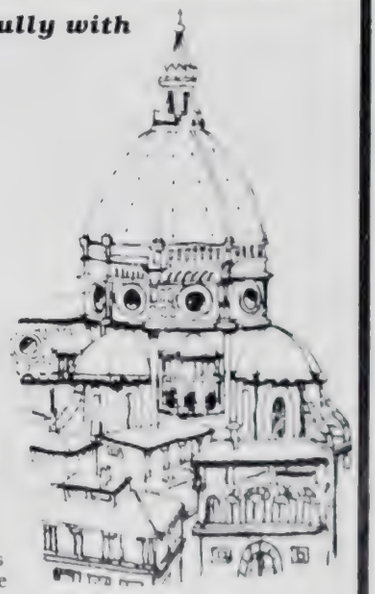

Quant'è bella giovinezza...

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SINNERS AND CIGARS

The great Benvenuto Cellini hardly believed in creative collaborations, but there are many benefits to two heads working on one project. Some evidence appears below in the marvelous ivory carving on this sumptuous cigar box.

Shown here: Envy, Sloth, Anger, Pride, Lust, Covetousness, Gluttony.

The box is the work of the famed *orefice* Oscar Rulli, of Florence, who made the silver-and-gold exterior, of Jill Burkee, thirty, and of Giancarlo Biagi, thirty-one, who did the intricate ivory carving. The latter two have together put in twenty years' worth of labor on lively and imaginative ivory objects—from simple Zodiac boxes to detailed chessmen—many for the venerable firm of Buccellati. "We'd been wanting to do something with the Seven Deadly Sins for a long time," says Jill. When asked to make a cigar box—a symbol of luxury—they could not resist applying the theme, depicting a community of sinners.

Biagi, who is most comfortable sculpting life-size bronzes, started this project by casting a clay model, about thirty times the size of the final frieze. Then Burkee made the detailed working drawing shown above. Though she has been carving in miniature for more than eighteen years, she finds continuing challenge in ivory. "Ivory has so much movement, it makes me feel competitive to work with it. When I'm scraping along a line, I can feel where the grain crosses another and alters direction. It's like sailing—you keep veering the boat when the wind changes."

About one-third of the way into the carving, just as the characters began to emerge, Biagi stepped in once again, advising on such details as a head that didn't have the right tilt, or a face the right feeling. "Sometimes," says the sculptor, "I had to bring out the drawings to show the contours of the skeletons."

The cedar-lined box measures 8 inches by 4 3/4 inches by 1 1/2 inches, plenty large enough to hold an after-dinner selection of fine Hoyo de Monterrey cigars. Given the lavish materials, the meticulous attention to details, and the seven months it took to complete, the $15,000 price tag is hardly staggering. "There's no way around the time we have to put in," says Biagi. "We love to spend long hours on each piece, like the Renaissance artists." Indeed, the same dedication and craftsmanship show up in the result. Even Cellini might be pleased. —*Joyce Pendola*

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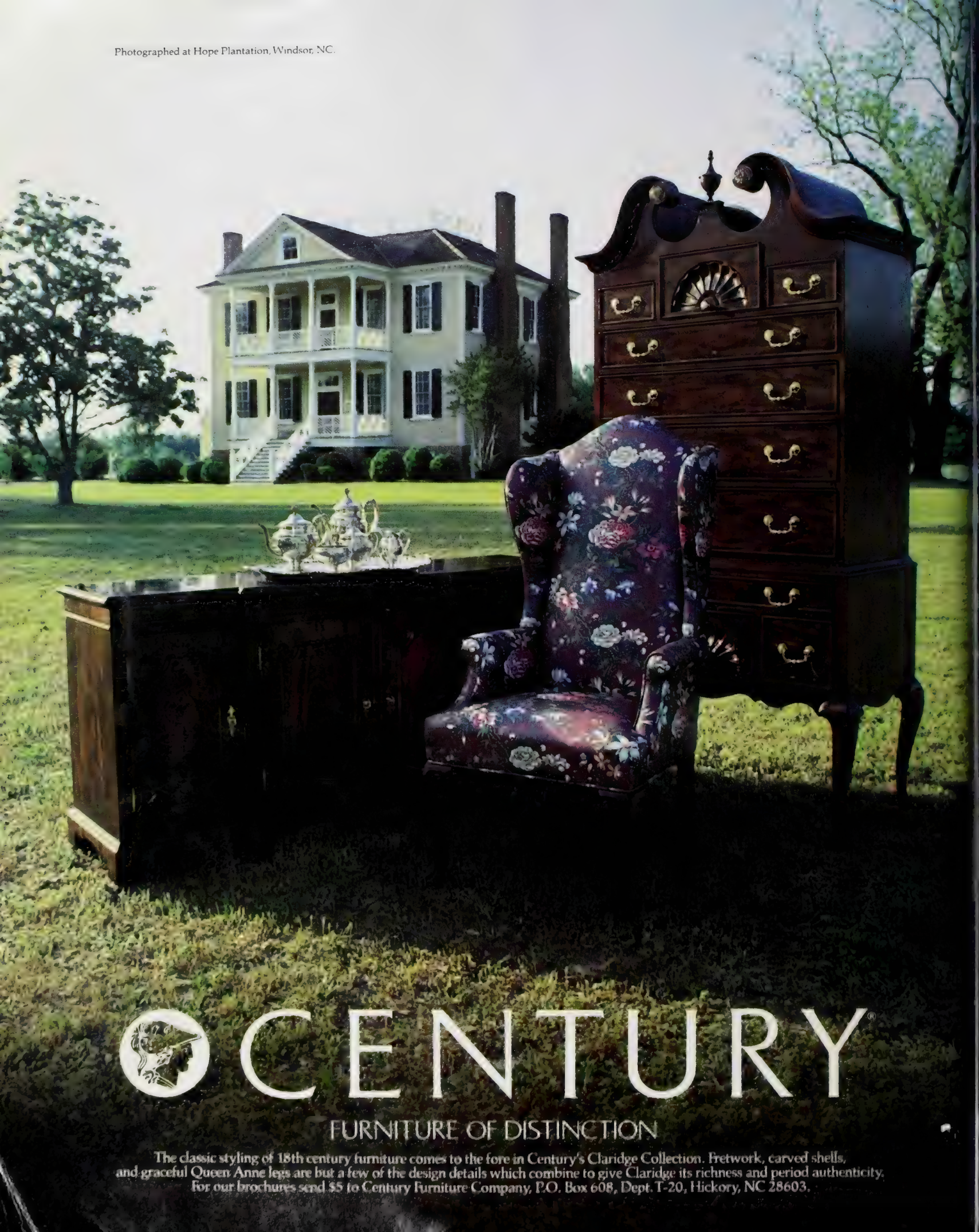

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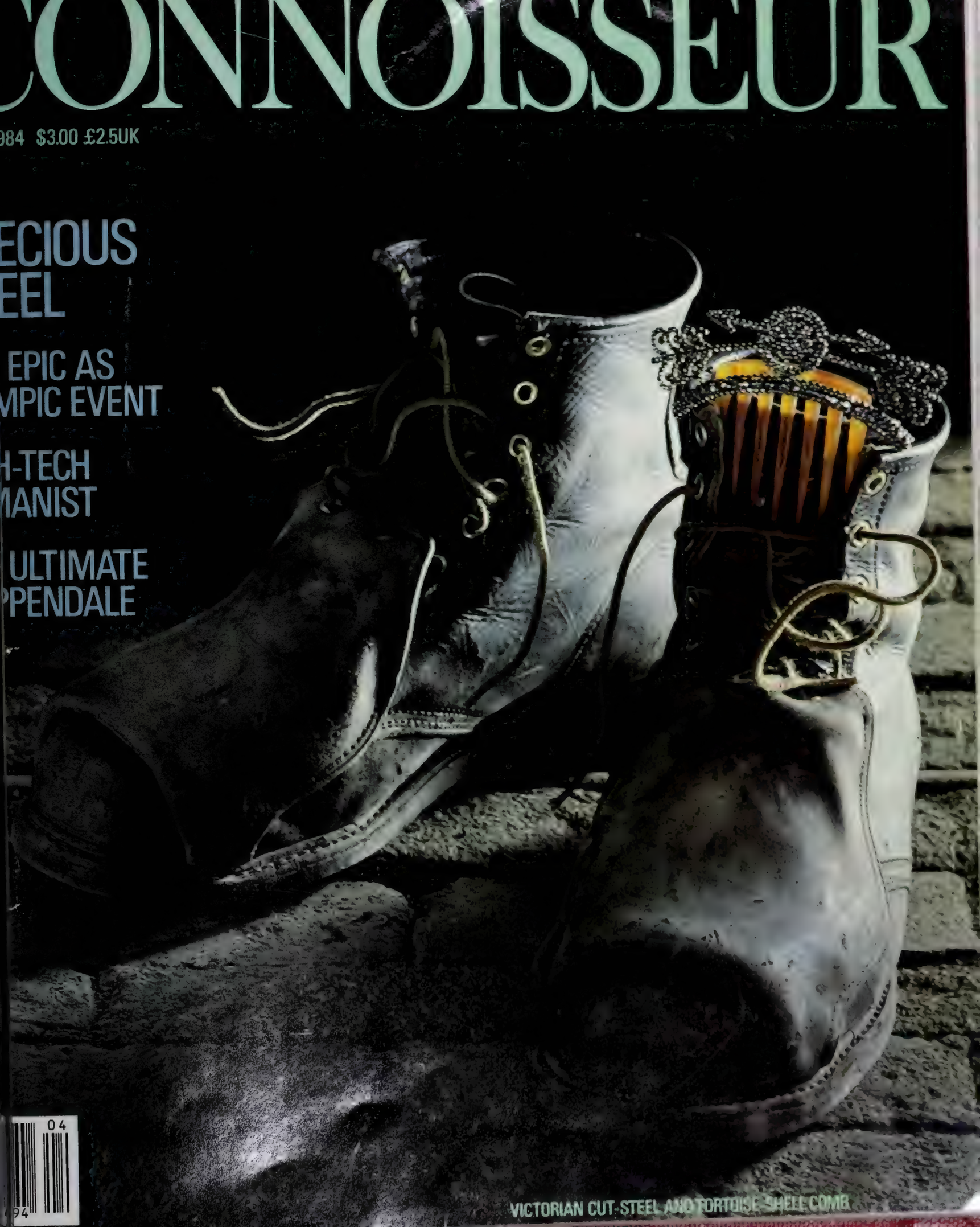

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CONNOISSEUR

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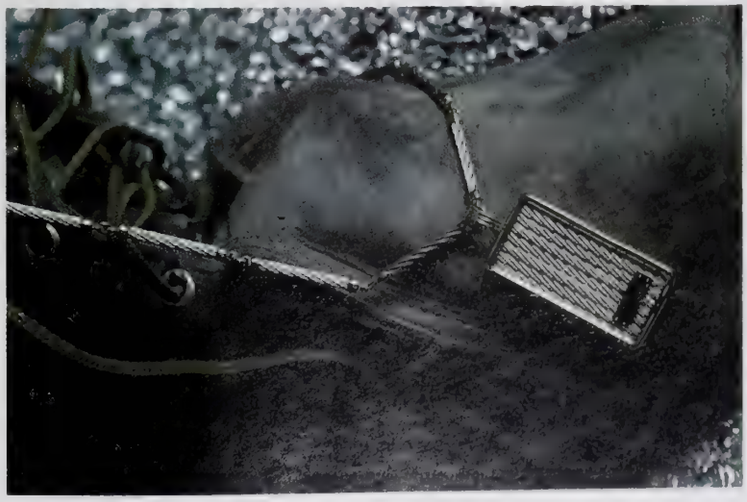

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Phyfe-Style Dining Table. *This mahogany dining table was adapted from a Duncan Phyfe card table. The sweeping legs with carved leaves and beads were popularized by Duncan Phyfe in the early nineteenth century. The card table may be seen in the Phyfe Room.*

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CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

MY EYE by Thomas Hoving

INNOVATION

This month *Connoisseur* begins its third year of publication in the United States, and I am delighted to report that the magazine is flourishing. Circulation, originally less than 20,000, continues to grow every month, and we now reach over 200,000 readers from the top echelons of education and achievement. Renewals are high and increasing; advertisers of excellent products grace our pages. But numbers aren't what defines our challenge. Our mission is to be arbiters of taste—to discover the finest quality in the world and to communicate why and how it is the finest. While quality is by no means disappearing from the face of the earth, a lot of drivel and aesthetic garbage, persuasively packaged as "great," surrounds it, making the search for beauty ever more difficult.

The magazine will therefore continue to serve as a scout for contemporary connoisseurs. And this month, accordingly, we have undertaken the real test of connoisseurship—recognizing quality in what is new. Lending this issue special coherence is the theme of innovation. We present a series of stories on subjects that are on the cutting edge of their diverse fields.

How does innovation fit into a magazine that deals with things of enduring value? One answer comes in a definition of today's connoisseur. The term has taken on a new meaning in the last decade. A connoisseur in these complex, fractious times is far more than a specialist devoted to one area of the fine arts. Today, as in the Renaissance, connoisseurship reflects a whole outlook on life, an attitude that places the utmost value on recognizing quality in a wide variety of fields. The contemporary connoisseur is expert enough to spot the best of the new.

MARC ROSENTHAL

That sounds daunting, I know, but, as many of our articles show, the new is not the unprecedented. On page 112, you will meet a woman who is emerging as one of America's most promising painters. Her work is unique, but it fits into a tradition that stretches directly back to van Gogh and further. Another story, on page 134, concerns a young Swiss architect who creates houses that at first glance look like chunks of Emmentaler, but that really reflect the influences of Palladio and Le Corbusier. Even in our piece on a brilliant computer whiz who is developing brand-new concepts in programming technology to unravel the secrets of the senses (page 118), you will discover that the inventor's work is based on a tradition as old as civilization—humanism.

If one mark of today's connoisseur is to discern how the old is used to create the new—and how successful the result may be—another is to remain openminded. The connoisseur's passion is not blind. It is an eagerness to see and experience, balanced by common sense. You will find other innovators in this issue, some of whom break venerable traditions. One of them is a man whose unique imagination has led him to making a marvelous museum of trees on Long Island. In the same vein, there are stories on fascinating jewelry—both antique and strikingly modern—made out of steel, and on the talents and promise of England's younger sculptors, who to some seem impossibly outlandish.

Besides our articles on expanding visions, we present others praising traditional quality: the pleasures of a long, luxurious weekend in Paris; ten of the most beautiful coins in history; the intricacies of a splendid Chippendale breakfront worth over a million dollars; and, in harmony with the season, the story of the elaborate golden roses that the pope blesses at Eastertime. All are of connoisseur quality. □

THE TRIUMPH OF THE OTHER NINETEENTH CENTURY

Everyone who loves Paris was cheered a few years ago when President Mitterrand confirmed that the city is to have a spectacular new museum housed in the shell of its most elegant railway station, the Belle Epoque Gare d'Orsay. The project fulfills two vital purposes: it preserves the skyline along the Seine at the very heart of Paris, across the river from the Louvre and the Tuileries, and it provides a quantum jump in museum space—507,600 square feet—for the resurgent mainstream arts of the latter nineteenth century, long something of a stepchild in the Louvre.

Now nearing completion, the Musée d'Orsay will itself be one of its greatest exhibits.

Now that the Musée d'Orsay is beginning to take shape, it is clear that its inauguration, in 1986, will mean a complete redistricting of the art map of Paris. Manet's *Olympia,* for example, will no longer occupy her accustomed place in the Jeu de Paume, nor will the rest of the Cézannes, Monets, van Goghs, and so on that the Louvre now crowds into its Postimpressionist annex. They are all to be moved across the river and into the refurbished railway station, whose soaring glass and steel arches will provide a perfect backdrop for these pictures.

The new museum's main brief, though, is to illustrate all aspects of the great flowering of the arts that took place between 1848 and 1914, between Delacroix and Picasso. For the first time, the Impressionists and Postimpressionists will be joined by their academic rivals of the beaux arts tradition, now ready for a major comeback. There will be rooms full of Chassériau, Gérôme, Cabanel, Puvis de Chavannes, and the like and a vast sculpture hall for Rude, Baryé, Préault, Pradier, and Carpeaux. Some of the hundreds of Salon pictures bought by the French government a century ago will at last come out of hiding, to illuminate what has come to be called "The Other Nineteenth Century."

Not only pictures and sculpture but also the whole gamut of métiers is to be shown: furniture, ceramics, glassware, weapons, architectural drawings, illustrated books, photographs. For some years the museum has pursued an aggressive policy of acquisitions, and as a result its "starter set" of the state-owned masterpieces has already been swelled by such items as ornamental hardware by Hector Guimard, who designed the art nouveau Métro entrances; Daumier sculptures, literally by the dozen; Bugatti animals; Pérault's wet T-shirt *Ophélie;* and Troubetzkoy's faintly ridiculous Robert de Montesquieu. What many connoisseurs are most eager to see are the 529 paintings, pastels, and drawings by Odilon Redon that were left to the museum in 1982 by the artist's daughter-in-law. One also looks forward impatiently to our first glimpse of the fabled *machines*—the big prizewinning Salon pictures that few museums of our century have had the room or inclination to exhibit. Question: When is a piece of kitsch no longer a piece of kitsch? Answer: When it is put on display at the Musée d'Orsay, the world's greatest museum of nineteenth-century art.

The very existence of the Musée d'Orsay will give nineteenth-century painting a tremendous boost: already the Paris dealers are laying in stocks of once-despised academicians. But the building itself may well be the museum's finest work of art. Built in 1900, it was designed by Victor Laloux, then fifty years old and one of the great architects of the Eiffel Tower epoch. It replaced the ruins of the old Cour des Comptes, destroyed by fire during the Paris Commune. Manet's friend Antonin Proust wanted to rebuild a Paris version of the Victoria and Albert Museum on the site, but in the end it was the Paris-Orléans railroad that acquired the property. For nearly forty years the Gare d'Orsay accommodated 150 to 200 trains a day.

With electrification, however, trains became progressively longer, and the short platforms of the Gare d'Orsay made it obsolete by 1939, when its main-line services were transferred to the Gare d'Austerlitz. After the war the deserted station was put to sundry uses as a movie set, a theater, and an auction center. During the 1960s the city fathers actually approved a plan to raze the building and build a modern hotel on the site: it was to have a vast, waffle-iron façade and would have murdered the cityscape between the Pont de la Concorde and the Pont du Carrousel.

The outcry over the fate of Les Halles—a fairy-tale palace of iron and glass that was demolished to make room for a sort of concrete rabbit warren—finally brought the authorities to their senses and made them realize what they had in their moldering Gare d'Orsay. So the head and heart of Paris came to an agreement and the *Etablissement Public du Musée d'Orsay* saved the day for beauty. Its administrative council is drawn from the top layers of the French academic and governmental bureaucracy; its *conservateur en chef,* Michel Laclotte, is currently the chief curator of paintings at the Louvre but is expected to relinquish one of these two

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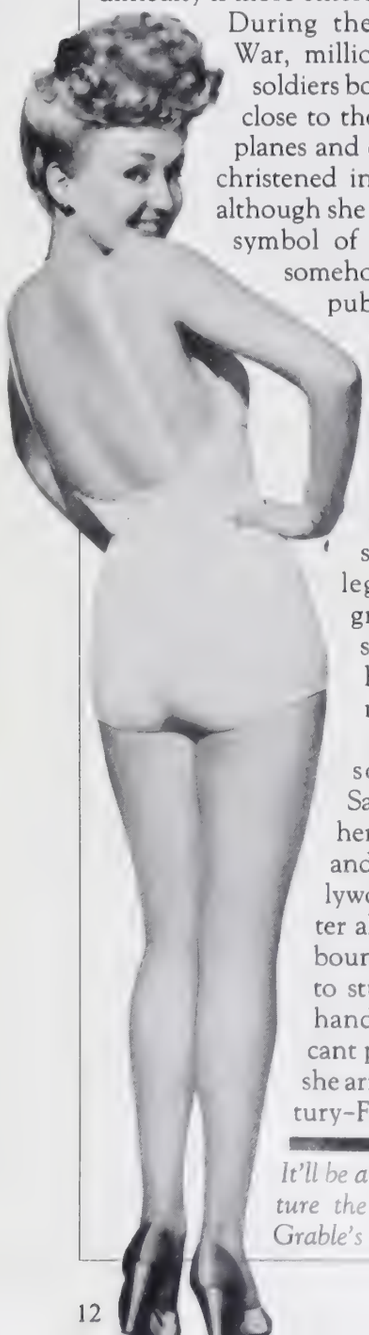
posts when the Musée opens. Stay tuned for further developments in this heartwarming story of nineteenth-century virtue triumphant. A sculptor like Mercié or Dalou could have made a wonderful allegorical figure on this theme, a lissome nude with flaring nostrils trampling a waffle iron underfoot—*L'art conquérant le commerce.* —A. M. O'Sullivan

OVER HER SHOULDER

When Suzanne Somers, the former star of the TV sitcom *Three's Company,* tentatively agreed to star in CBS's upcoming *Pin-up: The Betty Grable Story,* she knew her task would be formidable. The problem is not that Grable was the celluloid goddess of the 1940s—to the contrary, that is the reason for the new film. No, the difficulty is more ethereal.

During the Second World War, millions of American soldiers bore Grable's image close to their hearts. Fighter planes and even bombs were christened in her name. And although she was the major sex symbol of the day, Grable somehow figured in the public mind as the quintessential good American girl. The famous swimsuit pinup, with a rear view of Grable looking back over her shoulder—the legendary legs in great evidence—is still testimony to her tantalizing innocence.

Grable, a Missouri girl from Saint Louis, began her career as a hoofer and showgirl in Hollywood musicals. After almost ten years of bouncing from studio to studio, with only a handful of insignificant parts to her credit, she arrived at 20th Century-Fox, where she was soon cast in *Down Argentine Way,* replacing the blond musical superstar Alice Faye, who had become ill just before the movie went into production. Faye had held sway over the affections of the public for a decade. After the film was released, in 1940, however, her position as number one on the Fox lot—if not her overall stardom—became history. Grable had arrived.



It'll be a tough job to recapture the elusive quality of Grable's mystique.

Grable's numerous hits for Fox seem silly by contemporary standards. They were constructed as vehicles, mounted with the sole intention of featuring the star's singing and dancing. The plots rarely varied. Girl aspiring to stardom meets boy also aspiring to stardom (but really preferring to be the only star in the family). By the last reel, both stars were in their firmament, and everybody was happy—especially the audience, who wanted such froth to help them escape from the realities of war. And along the way, there had been at least five musical extravaganzas featuring the dazzling platinum, pink, and white cupcake of Grable's Technicolor persona.

Grable never rebelled against the old studio system. As a contract player she collected a weekly paycheck, which, although generous, bore no resemblance to the astronomical amounts paid to her successors. By 1953, when she costarred with Marilyn Monroe and Lauren Bacall in Fox's *How to Marry a Millionaire,* she realized that her long reign at the box office was coming to an end. Legend has it that one afternoon on the set Grable pulled the very nervous Monroe into a corner and told her, "Look, kid, I've had it all for a long time. Now it's your turn. Go and get it!"

Shortly afterwards, Grable retired gracefully from the screen. She resurfaced in the sixties, still lovely and fresh. She returned not to Hollywood, which had changed beyond recognition since her salad days, but to Broadway, in David Merrick's *Hello, Dolly!* The public embraced her as a unique and sentimental reminder of the war years. The balance of her career was spent on the stage, her pace slowing down only toward the very end of her life.

But it is in glorious Technicolor, pink and white and lovely in her Fox movies, that she is still the most nonthreatening sex symbol of them all, even on the "Late Show." All this seems to bode ill for Suzanne Somers. Times have changed. The over-the-shoulder look represents a bygone dream that only Betty Grable was able to personify. —*Robert Charles Sherman*

HERE COME THE ROUX

There was a time when, if you wanted a good meal in England, you had to have it delivered from France. Not so anymore. These days London is an international-class city when it comes to cuisine, and much of the credit belongs to a pair of brothers who came to the U.K. from France in the sixties. Albert and Michel Roux had been chefs in Parisian households and embassies when in 1967 they opened their first London restaurant, Gavroche, which went on to become Michelin's first three-star restaurant in England. Today that's where you find Albert, the older of the two, a short, stocky man with dark hair and half glasses that are continually sliding down his nose. Michel, taller, with light hair, holds court at the Waterside Inn, a Michelin two-star restaurant in the village of Bray, about half an hour outside London.

ANTHONY BLAKE

Why are these two cooks smiling?

Together the brothers have built a culinary empire. They also run three other London restaurants (Gavvers, Le Poulbot, and Le Gamin), a patisserie, a charcuterie, a butchery, and one of London's most exclusive hotels (at 47 Park Street, near Gavroche). No sign on the door says "hotel." There is a minimum stay of four days, and Gavroche makes your breakfast and room-service meals.

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(Continued on page 42)

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Wednesday 2nd May (Part 1 & Part 2) and Thursday 3 May (Part 3 & Part 4)
at 11 am and 2 pm each day

A field hospital by Heyde. Estimate: £1,500 - £2,000 ($2,100 - $2,800).
An extremely rare Charterhouse Sand Bag Encampment boxed set, comprising Britain's figures of Highlanders and Zulus.
Estimate: £1,500 - £2,000 ($2,100 - $2,800).

Viewing: Monday 9 am - 5 pm, Tuesday 9 am - 5 pm, Wednesday 9 am - 5 pm (part 3 & 4 only), Thursday 9am - 2 pm (part 4 only).
Illustrated Catalogue: £5.50 by post ($11 by overseas post). Enquiries: Andrew Hilton 01-629 6602 Ext 333.

London. Good Furniture, Carpets and Works of Art.

Tuesday 10 April at 11 am

A pair of early George III serpentine stools. Estimate: £1,000 - £1,500 ($1,400 - $2,100).
A George III kettle stand. Estimate: £800 - £1,200 ($1,120 - $1,680).

Viewing: Friday 9 am - 4 pm, Saturday 9 am - 12 noon.
Illustrated Catalogue: £2.50 by post ($7 by overseas post). Enquiries: Michael Cowley 01-629 6602 Ext 321.

London. Good Furniture, Carpets and Works of Art.

Tuesday 10 April at 11 am

A Sheraton period satinwood and inlaid 'Bonheur du Jour'. Estimate: £2,000 - £3,000 ($2,800 - $4,200)

A pair of Sheraton carved mahogany and inlaid elbow chairs. Estimate

Viewing: Friday 9 am - 4 pm, Saturday 9 am - 12 noon.

Illustrated Catalogue: £2.50 by post ($7 by overseas post).

Enquiries: Michael Cowley 01-629 6602 Ext 321.

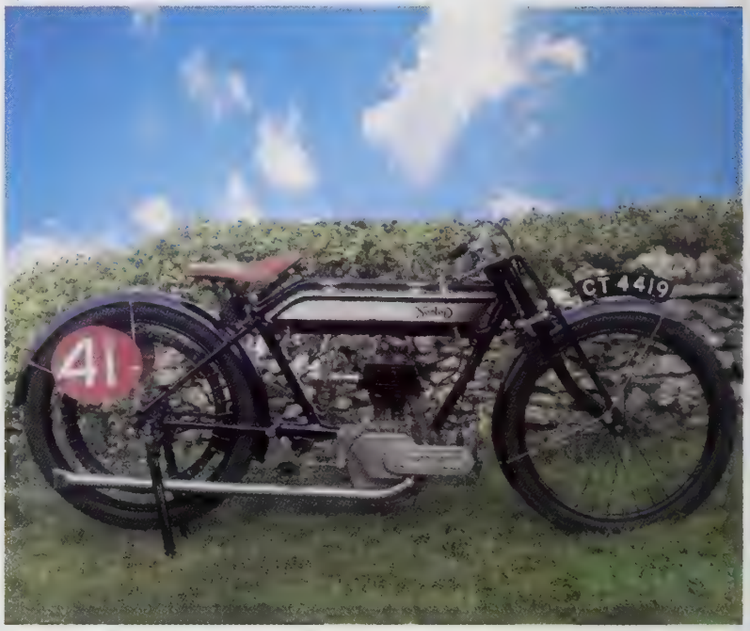
Phillips

FINE ART AUCTIONEERS & VALUERS SINCE 1796

London West 2. The Bill Fruin Collection of Veteran Vintage and Classic Motorcycles.

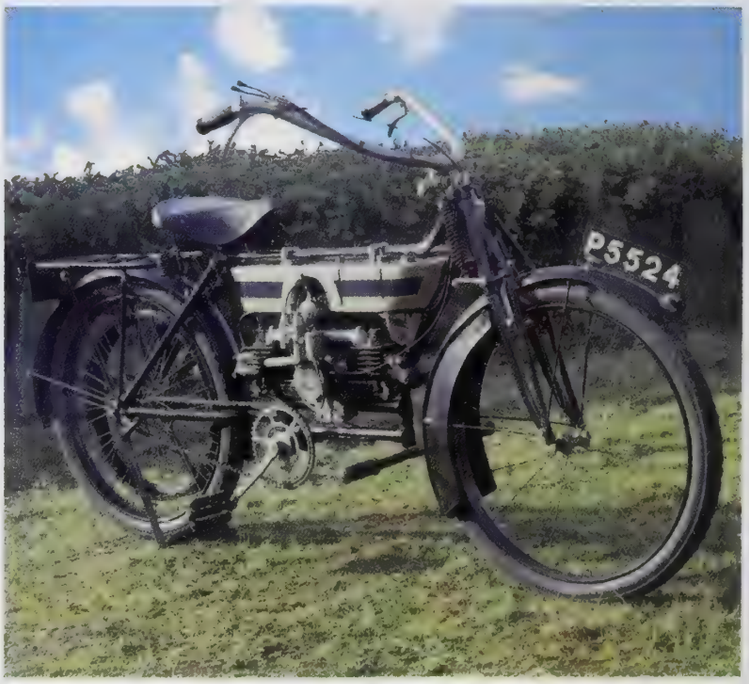
Thursday 19 April at 11 am

An early 1930's classic Norton International with fantail exhaust.



A model 9TT Brooklands Special, an Isle of Man winner of the early 20's.

An historic early Singer Combination entered byBill and Winifred Fruin in VMCC events up until 1983.



An early 20's Douglas.

Included in the sale will be a Brooklands Norton sidecar outfit, 3 vintage Norton TT machines, a 1903 Clement Garrard, a 1908 Motosacoche, a rare pre 1913 Norton, vintage Douglas, Triumph and other machines.
Included with a quantity of spares area number of Douglas, Triumph, Norton, BSA, Levis, Chater-Lea and Minerva engines, gearboxes and tanks, also a partially complete Excelsior 'Manxman'.

Viewing: Two days prior and morning of sale (Wednesday until 7 pm). Illustrated Catalogue: £4.00 by post ($8 by overseas post).
Enquiries: William Quayle 01-221 5303, Jeremy P Collins 01-629 6602 Ext 322, Andrea MacDonald 01-629 6602 Ext 234.

Phillips

Bath. Oil Paintings, Watercolours and Prints.

Monday 9 April at 2 pm

"A Stormy Day." Signed and dated 1874, with scratching out, 38.5 x 56 cms. Titled in pencil to reverse. Estimate: £600 - £1,000 ($840 - $1,400).

"Men of War off Spithead." Signed and dated 1877, heightened with white and with scratching out, 38.5 x 56 cms. Titled in pencil to reverse. Estimate: £1,200 - £1,800 ($1,680 - $2,520).

A collection of three watercolours by John Callow O.W.S.

Viewing: Friday 6th April 10 am - 6 pm. Saturday 7th April 10 am - 12 noon.

Illustrated Catalogue: £1.20 by post ($4 by overseas post).

Enquiries: Christopher Overton (0225) 310609.

Phillips

FINE ART AUCTIONEERS & VALUERS SINCE 1796

New York. Fine Antique and Modern Jewellery.

Tuesday 3 April at 1 pm

An assortment of Art Deco jewellery by Lalique and other makers, highlighted by a Citröen Commemorative brooch.

Viewing: Three days prior. Illustrated Catalogue: $10 by overseas post.
Enquiries: Joyce Jonas 212 570 4665.

New York.
20th Century Furniture, Decorative Arts and Illustrations.

Wednesday 18 April at 6 pm

A selection of 20th century ceramics, including works by Natzer, Scheier, Prieto and Varnum Poor.

Viewing: Three days prior. Illustrated Catalogue: $7 by overseas post.
Enquiries: Andrew Shapiro 212 570 4653.

Phillips

FINE ART AUCTIONEERS & VALUERS SINCE 1796

New York. European and American Paintings and Prints.

Wednesday 16 May at 2 pm

Theodore Robinson (American 1852 - 1896). "Sunshine and Shadows, Arconville". Signed, oil on canvas, 18¼" x 24". Estimate: $40,000 - $60,000.

Viewing: Three days prior. Illustrated Catalogue: $10 by overseas post.

Enquiries: Deborah Ahern 212 570 4848.

New York. English and Continental Furniture and Decorations.

Wednesday 11 April at 11 am

A North German marquetry inlaid oak marriage chest, late 17th century. Inlaid with scenes after Hendrick Goltzius. Estimate: $20,000 - $25,000

Viewing: Four days prior. Illustrated Catalogue: $10 by overseas post.

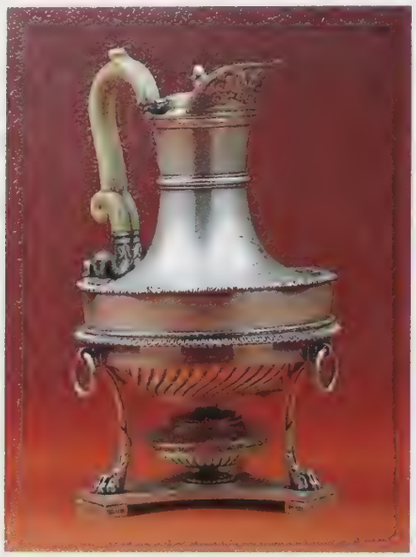
Enquiries: Kenneth Leabman 212 570 4849.

Phillips

FINE ART AUCTIONEERS & VALUERS SINCE 1796

New York. Fine Silver, Objects of Vertu, Russian Works of Art and Judaica.

Thursday 12 April at 12 noon.



A George III Paul Storr silver hot water jug on stand, London 1818. Estimate: $4,000 - $6,000.

A German silver Torah crown and pair of Torah finials, early 20th century.Estimates: $2,000 - $3,000 and $1,000 - $1,500 respectively.

New York. Collectors' Items.

Thursday 12 April at 11 am

A selection of 19th Century corkscrews. Estimates: $80 - $100/$400 - $500 each.

Viewing for both sales: Four days prior. Illustrated Catalogue covering both sales $9 by overseas post.

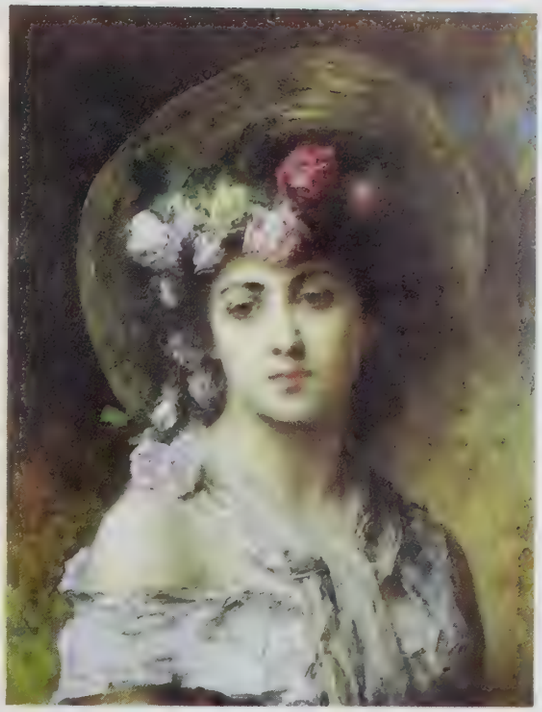
Enquiries: Christopher Hartop 010 1 212 570 4838.

The department is currently accepting items for its June sale of wine-related collectibles.

Phillips

Edinburgh. Fine Oil Paintings.

Friday 4 May at 11am



Alexei Alexeiewitsch Harlamoff "The Rose Garland", signed, oil on canvas, 63 x 48.5 cms. Estimate: £3,000 - £4,000 ($4,000 - $5,000).

Edward Atkinson Hornell "Three Little Maids", signed and dated 1921, oil on canvas, 127 x 100 cms. Estimate: £5,000 - £8,000 ($7,000 - $11,000).

Viewing: two days prior. Illustrated Catalogue: £2.00 by post ($4 by overseas post).

Enquiries: Nick Curnow 031-225 2266.

Glasgow. Collectors' Items.

Thursday 12 April at 11am

Hornby series modelled miniatures, set No. 21, Hornby Train Set in original box. Estimate: £40 - £70 ($60 - $100).

Dinky toys set No. 43 RAC Hut, Motorcycle Patrol and Guides and set No 44: AA Hut, Motorcycle Patrol and Guides. Both in original boxes. Estimate: £70 - £100 ($100 - $150) each.

Part of a collection to be included in the sale.

Viewing: two days prior and morning of sale. Illustrated Catalogue: £2.30 by post ($5 by overseas post).

Enquiries: David Hall 041-322 3386.

Phillips

FINE ART AUCTIONEERS & VALUERS SINCE 1796

Leeds. Antique & Modern Silver & Jewels.

Wednesday 11 April at 11 am

Caddy Spoons, latterly on view at Cannon Hall Museum, Cawthorne, Barnsley, from the Collection of the late Max Krakauer, Esq.

Viewing: Day prior. 10 am - 4 pm. Illustrated Catalogue available.
Enquiries: Simon Mitchell (0532) 448011.

Leeds. Fine English & Continental Pictures.

Wednesday 16th May at 11 am

Pompeo Massani. "The Artist's Studio". Oil on canvas, signed, 74 x 59 cms. Estimate: £1,500 - £2,000 ($2,000 - $3,000).

Viewing: Day prior 10 am - 4 pm and morning of sale. Illustrated Catalogue available.
Enquiries: Victoria Ferrand (0532) 448011.
Entries for this sale can be accepted until April 18th.

Phillips

FINE ART AUCTIONEERS & VALUERS SINCE 1796

cantay

The Removers & Shippers

Nuneham Park

NSPCC Charity Auction Appeal

1984 marks the centenary of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. To celebrate this event, a charity auction sale of antiques and fine art is to be held at Nuneham Park, a fine 18th century house in extensive grounds bordering the River Thames 5 miles south of Oxford, on Friday 7 September 1984. It is to be organised by Phillips, International Fine Art Auctioneers, in conjunction with Cantay the removers and shippers.

We wish to enlist your help by asking you to make as generous a donation as you can to this auction — furniture, ceramics, silver, jewellery, paintings, collectors' items, etc.

For more details, please contact:

Michael Welch, Phillips Inc. Brooks, 39 Park End Street, Oxford OX1 1JD. Telephone: Oxford 723524.

or

David Trotter, Cantay Limited, 36 Park End Street, Oxford OX1 1JE. Telephone: Telephone Oxford 245992.

Phillips

FINE ART AUCTIONEERS & VALUERS SINCE 1796

Chester. Antique Furniture and Oriental Rugs.

Friday 18 May at 11.30 am

Ashfar Rug, the inscription dated 1904, 161 x 138 cms. Estimate: £400 - £600 ($550 - $850).

Viewing: Day prior or by arrangement.
Illustrated Catalogue: £2.00 by post ($5 by overseas post).
Enquiries: Robert G Gowland (0244) 313936.

Phillips International Service

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FINE ART AUCTIONEERS & VALUERS SINCE 1796

FORTHCOMING SALES AT PHILLIPS
April and May 1984

Monday 2 April
Antique Furniture and Rugs, Ceramics, Glass & Objects (LONDON)
Fine Decorative Prints (LONDON)
Antique Furniture (BATH)

Tuesday 3 April
Antique English and Continental Furniture, Eastern Carpets & Rugs, Bronzes and Works of Art (LONDON)
Jewellery (LONDON)
Antique & Modern Jewellery (NEW YORK)
Victoriana & Household Effects (SHERBORNE)

Wednesday 4 April
Orienta Ceramics and Works of Art (LONDON)
Automobilia (LONDON)
Ethnographica (LONDON)
Silver, Plate and Jewellery (KNOWLE)

Thursday 5 April
Antique & Modern Furniture and Works of Art (LONDON)
Scientific Instruments (LONDON)
Postage Stamps: World (LONDON)
English and Oriental Ceramics (LEEDS)

Friday 6 April
Antique & Modern Silver and Plate (LONDON)
Antique & Modern Furniture, Ceramics and Objects, followed by Pictures (MARYLEBONE)
Oil Paintings (EDINBURGH)
Antique Furniture and Works of Art (OXFORD)

Monday 9 April
Antique Furniture and Rugs, Ceramics, Glass & Objects (LONDON)
Silver and Jewellery (BATH)
Pictures (BATH)

Tuesday 10 April
Good Antique English & Continental Furniture, Eastern Carpets and Rugs, Bronzes and Works of Art (LONDON)
Jewellery (LONDON)
Routine Old Masters (LONDON)
Victoriana and General (OXFORD)

Wednesday 11 April
English and Continental Porcelain, Pottery and Glass (LONDON)
Furniture & Decorations with Silver & Judaica (NEW YORK)
Silver and Jewellery (including coins & medals) (LEEDS)
Victoriana (KNOWLE)

Thursday 12 April
Antique & Modern Furniture and Works of Art (WEST 2)
Lace, Textiles and Fans (LONDON)
Stamps: Great Britain (LONDON)
Books, Maps and Manuscripts (LONDON)
Collectors' Items, Militaria, Sporting Goods (GLASGOW)
Victoriana (EXETER)

Friday 13 April
Antique & Modern Silver and Plate (LONDON)
Antique & Modern Furniture, Ceramics and Objects, followed by Pictures (MARYLEBONE)
Oriental Ceramics and Works of Art (EDINBURGH)
Antique Furniture and Works of Art (CHESTER)
Militaria (CHESTER)

Monday 16 April
Antique Furniture and Rugs, Ceramics, Glass & Objects (LONDON)
Victoriana (BATH)

Tuesday 17 April
Antique English and Continental Furniture, Eastern Carpets and Rugs, Bronzes and Works of Art (LONDON)
Pewter (LONDON)
Routine English Oils (LONDON)
Silver, Plate and Jewellery (SHERBORNE)

Wednesday 18 April
Oriental Ceramics & Works of Art (LONDON)
Art Nouveau and Art Deco (NEW YORK)
Books, Postcards and Maps (EDINBURGH)
Furniture (including Oriental Carpets and Rugs Arms and Armour) (LEEDS)
Pottery, Porcelain and Glassware (KNOWLE)

Thursday 19 April
Firemarks and Fire Memorabilia (LONDON)
Motorcycles (WEST 2)
Stamps (LONDON)
Jewellery, Silver and Plate (GLASGOW)
Art Nouveau, Pottery & Porcelain (GLASGOW)
Paintings, Watercolours & Prints (GLASGOW)
Antique Furniture (GLASGOW)
Antique Furniture and Carpets (EXETER)

Tuesday 24 April
Routine Oils (LONDON)

Wednesday 25 April
English and Continental Porcelain, Pottery and Glass (LONDON)
Potlids, Fairings, Goss, Commemorative China, Baxter Prints and Stevengraphs (LONDON)
Arms and Armour (LONDON)
Furniture and Decorations with Paintings (NEW YORK)
Jewellery (EDINBURGH)
Paintings, Watercolours and Prints (KNOWLE)

Thursday 26 April
Antique & Modern Furniture and Works of Art (WEST 2)
Postage Stamps: World (LONDON)
Sporting and Collectors' Items (EXETER)

Friday 27 April
Antique & Modern Silver & Plate (LONDON)
Antique & Modern Furniture, Ceramics and Objects, followed by Pictures (MARYLEBONE)
Furniture, Rugs, Clocks, Musical Instruments and Works of Art (EDINBURGH)

Monday 30 April
Antique Furniture and Rugs, Ceramics, Glass and Objects (LONDON)
Fine Watercolours and Drawings (LONDON)
Antique Furniture (BATH)

Tuesday 1 May
Antique English and Continental Furniture, Eastern Carpets and Rugs, Bronzes and Works of Art (LONDON)
Jewellery (LONDON)
Victoriana and General (OXFORD)
Victoriana & Household Effects (SHERBORNE)

Wednesday 2 May
Oriental Ceramics & Works of Art (LONDON)
Lead Soldiers (LONDON)
Silver & Gold Boxes & Miniatures (LONDON)
Antique & Modern Jewellery (NEW YORK)
Fine Furniture & Works of Art (KNOWLE)

Thursday 3 May
Lead Soldiers (LONDON)
Antique & Modern Furniture and Works of Art (WEST 2)
Furs (LONDON)
Fine rare and unusual Stamps and Covers (LONDON)

Friday 4 May
Antique & Modern Silver & Plate (LONDON)
Antique & Modern Furniture, Ceramics and Objects, followed by Pictures (MARYLEBONE)
[illegible]

Tuesday 8 May
[illegible]

Wednesday 9 May
English and Continental Porcelain, Pottery and Glass (LONDON)
Furniture and Decorations with Books (NEW YORK)
Silver and Jewellery (LEEDS)

Thursday 10 May
Antique & Modern Furniture and Works of Art (WEST 2)
Musical Instruments (LONDON)
Stamps: British Commonwealth (LONDON)

Friday 11 May
Antique & Modern Silver & Plate (LONDON)
Antique & Modern Furniture, Ceramics and Objects, followed by Pictures (MARYLEBONE)
European Ceramics and Glass (EDINBURGH)

Monday 14 May
Antique Furniture and Rugs, Ceramics, Glass and Objects (LONDON)
Ceramics (BATH)

Tuesday 15 May
Antique English and Continental Furniture, Eastern Carpets and Rugs, Bronzes and Works of Art (LONDON)
Jewellery (LONDON)
Fine Old Masters (LONDON)
Fine Jewels, Watches and Silver (GENEVA)
Antique Furniture and Works of Art (SHERBORNE)

Wednesday 16 May
Oriental Ceramics & Works of Art (LONDON)
Toys, Railways and Diecasts (LONDON)
European and American Paintings and Prints (NEW YORK)
Pictures (LEEDS)
Victoriana (KNOWLE)

Thursday 17 May
Antique & Modern Furniture and Works of Art (WEST 2)
Art Nouveau, Decorative Art & Studio Ceramics (LONDON)
Postage Stamps: World (LONDON)
Books, Maps and Manuscripts (LONDON)
Victoriana (EXETER)

Friday 18 May
Antique & Modern Silver & Plate (LONDON)
Antique & Modern Furniture, Ceramics and Objects, followed by Pictures (MARYLEBONE)
Scottish Silver & Plate (EDINBURGH)
Antique Furniture & Works of Art (CHESTER)
Oriental Carpets and Rugs (CHESTER)
Silver and Jewellery (OXFORD)

Monday 21 may
Antique Furniture and Rugs, Ceramics, Glass & Objects (LONDON)
Victoriana (BATH)

Tuesday 22 May
Antique English and Continental Furniture, Eastern Carpets and Rugs, Bronzes and Work of Art (LONDON)
Clocks and Watches (LONDON)
Fine English Oils (LONDON)
Victoriana and General (OXFORD)

Wednesday 23 May
English and Continental Porcelain, Pottery and Glass (LONDON)
Sporting Items (LONDON)
Coins and Medals (EDINBURGH)
[illegible] (LEEDS)
Collectors' Items (NOWICH)

Thursday 24 may
[illegible]

Friday 25 May
[illegible]
Furniture, Rugs, Clocks, Musical Instruments & Works of Art (EDINBURGH)
[illegible]

Tuesday 29 May
[illegible]

Wednesday 30 May
Oriental Ceramics & Works of Art (LONDON)
[illegible]
Ephemera etc (LONDON)

Thursday 31 May
Antique & Modern Furniture and Works of Art (WEST 2)
Lace, Textiles and Fans (LONDON)
[illegible]
Antique Furniture and Oriental Carpets and Silver and Jewellery (EXETER)

Valuation Days

Phillips hold regular Valuation Days in their salerooms in London, Exeter, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Leeds, Chester, Oxford, Bath and Birmingham, as well as in equivalent locations in other regional centres

These are often conducted in conjunction with a charity for which a small charge is made, and members of the public are invited to bring antiques and works of art to these events for a verbal assessment and valuation

There is no obligation to leave items for sale but when we are so instructed we can arrange for free transportation to the Phillips saleroom that will achieve the best price for the client.

For further information please contact Richard Cambell Connolly, Phillips London. Tel: 01-629 6602 Ext 316

Forthcoming Valuation Days

Thursday 5 April
[illegible]

Monday 9 April
[illegible]

Monday 9 - Friday 23 April
[illegible]

Wednesday 11 April
[illegible]

Monday 16 April
[illegible]

Tuesday 17 April
[illegible]

Wednesday 25 April
[illegible]

Monday 7 May
Aberdeen

Thursday 17 May
[illegible]

Sunday 20 May
[illegible]

Wednesday 23 May
[illegible]

Thursday 24 May
The Museum Hall, Lymington, Hampshire

Esto[illegible] the dollar conversion is shown at approximately $1.4 to the £1 sterling.

By Order of the Executor of The late The Rt Hon Lady Evans

The contents of

Hungershall Lodge, Hungershall Park, Royal Tunbridge Wells.

For sale by auction on the premises on

Wednesday 18 April at 10.30 am

To include fine English furniture, modern British pictures (works by Duncan Grant, Vanessa Bell, Glyn Philpot, David Jones and John Piper), books, ceramics and glass, works of art, silver and plate.

A late George III satinwood and marquetry Bonheur du Jour, 95 cms wide.
Estimate: £8,000 - £12,000 ($11,000 - $17,000).

John Martin, London: A fine William and Mary walnut and marquetry longcase clock. Formerly the property of Queen Adelaide and removed from Windsor Castle in 1837.
Estimate: £5,000 - £8,000 ($7,000 - $11,000).

A pair of good quality Edwardian satinwood and marquetry side cabinet, one stamped Edwards & Roberts. 89 cms wide.
Estimate: £4,000 - £6,000 ($5,500 - $8,500).

A George III satinwood dwarf side cabinet, 144 cms wide.
Estimate: £3,000 - £4,000 ($4,000 - $5,500).

Duncan Grant. Seats and Boats, Twickenham, oil on canvas, signed and dated '28. 51 x 61 cms.
Provenance: Her Grace, the Duchess of Wellington.
Estimate: £1,200 - £1,500 ($1,700 - $2,000).

Viewing: Saturday 14th, Sunday 15th and Monday 16th, 10 am - 4 pm. (N.B. No viewing Tuesday or morning of sale).
Illustrated Catalogue: £4.50 by post ($9 by overseas post). Admission by catalogue only (admits two).
Enquiries: Paul Viney 01-629 6602 Ext 231, or Roger Hollest (Bath) 0225 310609 or 310709.

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CHANEL N°5

INTRODUCING THE NEW DELUXE SPRAYS. SUPERBLY SLEEK.

(Continued from page 12)
write their own cookbook. Until recently they'd refused, but last fall *The Roux Brothers' New Classic Cuisine* finally came out in England (published by Macdonald). It still is being treated by press and public as something of a major event. The book contains not only original recipes from the master chefs of Gavroche and Waterside Inn but also their philosophy of the kitchen. The much-touted "nouvelle cuisine," they say, doesn't actually exist. According to the Roux, that style of cooking should be referred to as "new fashion" or "today's fashion," but it's not something that will still be important twenty years from now. So, instead of simply being fashionable, the book establishes their own version of a great cooking tradition. It contains 150 recipes, which center on basic culinary skills and become a foundation for a rounded understanding of classic French cooking. Pictures illustrate techniques used in the more complicated recipes (such as for the Soufflé Suissesse, which must be turned over in the middle of the cooking), and the authors take time to explain the whys and wherefores behind each dish. For example, in Papillotes de Saumon Fumé Claudine, "The aspic is not absolutely essential but is worth the preparation time. It is important in the mousse as it aids in the absorption of the cream which lightens the mousse. It also gives a beautiful shine to the color of the smoked salmon."

While the book was not intended for beginners, the Roux lead their intermediate and advanced followers back to the often-forgotten first principles of cooking. When shopping, they remind us, "You are buying the very foundation of the meal and its success depends upon your purchases. . . . Remember that products like caviar, foie gras or truffles must always be of the finest quality and never, ever replaced by ersatz imitations. Either use an extravagant ingredient lavishly or do not use it at all!"

The Roux conquest of England now seems complete. The book is due out in the United States this year, and that might well signal the beginning of the brothers' next invasion. —*Jeffrey Robinson*

ERIC FEINBLATT

ERIC FEINBLATT

Pierre Chaumet (inset) personally oversaw the creation of Chaumet's Connoisseur *necklace. The bronze antelope-head centerpiece, encrusted with gold and finished with a permanent black sheen, has sapphire eyes, a 2.05-carat emerald on its forehead, and diamond-studded antlers that twirl back along the neck ring, which is fashioned of eighteen-karat gold. The necklace can be seen by arrangement with Chaumet in New York, at (212) 371-3943.*

L'EPOQUE CHAUMET

"Why—you must ask—are we using so many animal motifs in our jewelry these days?" exclaims Pierre Chaumet with a gleam of mischief in his eye. "Because," he continues poignantly, "civilization goes through different periods, and now we are in what might be called an *époque animalière*!"

Chaumet, the fifty-five-year-old senior partner in the august Parisian *joaillerie* on the Place Vendôme that bears his name, can't explain precisely why this should be so, but no matter. Ever since the 1790s, when the firm's founder happened to help a certain General Bonaparte avoid an unseemly carriage accident and went on to become the imperial jeweler, the house has kept its place at the top of the trade thanks to a family knack for capturing the mood of an era in unusual jewelry designs. Chaumet's motifs have ranged from floral and maritime to religious and even what seems to be molecular—as in a recent edition of diamond necklaces and other pieces whose clustered stones remind one of swarming atoms.

Not that the house shuns more conventional patterns or belabors only one line at a time. Half the princely heads in Europe carry Chaumet crowns and tiaras designed within classical coronal traditions; and the vast variety of jewels and

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ROMA GENEVE MONTE CARLO PARIS

objets de vertu in the Place Vendôme showrooms includes exquisitely simple montages of gems as well as motif pieces.

The current Chaumet bestiary of golden lion statuettes, mother-of-pearl butterfly brooches, and sundry other precious animals mounted in noble metals and studded with gems is one more success in the family's interpretive tradition. What next? "We are presently working on a large crystal table piece with a male torso of gold molded around its contours," confides Jean-Baptiste Chaumet, son of Pierre's brother Jacques, and the designated head of the firm's new showroom on Fifty-seventh Street, in New York City, which will open this fall. "But it is too soon to say what will come of it." Perhaps it heralds the beginning of what his uncle might call a new *époque humaniste.*

SAINTLY LENDERS

Pretty soon the ladies of Rome will start consigning their minks to storage for the torrid summer months in an ingenious yearly ritual that probably exists nowhere else in the world. They will entrust their furs to one of the safest repositories in the Eternal City: the Monte di Pietà, or central pawnbrokerage, in a huge Renaissance palazzo not far from the Piazza Farnese. The Monte is a revered institution famed for its discretion as well as for its impregnable strong room, which conveniently includes a refrigerated fur vault. You pawn your coat for as much as possible and redeem it within seven months and a day for the same amount plus interest, which ranges from 7 to 22½ percent per annum—amounting to a mere fraction of commercial storage fees.

Founded in 1539 by Pope Paul III, who entrusted its management to the Franciscans, the Monte di Pietà is a fascinating ecclesiastico-financial hybrid. What other banking organization in the world can boast bylaws written by a saint (Carlo Borromeo)? His primary intention was to provide interest-free loans to the needy (and to lure borrowers away from the seventy independent brokers who operated in the Roman ghetto). Archives reveal that the average loan in those days was six scudi (equivalent to about sixty dollars today), usually made against humble household goods and used clothing.

As the years passed, however, the Monte began to exact interest and to upgrade its clientele, which came to include English and Swedish royalty, Spanish grandees, and even the Romanoffs. The Monte eventually became such choice property that during the nineteenth century the Rothschild empire tried unsuccessfully to buy a piece of the action. In 1937, Mussolini, by decree, had the Monte incorporated as part of the Cassa di Risparmio di Roma, the local savings bank that owns it to this day.

Transacting 95 percent of its business in precious stones and jewels, the Monte holds daily auctions of unredeemed pledges and effects more than 1,300,000 transactions a year. Yet it still honors its original, philanthropic mandate. According to the director, Giovanni Fiermonte, half of its profits go to charities, "which must be public health- or culture-oriented institutions. Recently, for example, we donated 2,000 million lira [about $1,200,000] to the institute of medical pathology at Rome University."

The Monte is as discreet as its façade.

Indeed, the seamy side of moneylending is nowhere in evidence at the Monte di Pietà, even though its vast Renaissance headquarters once belonged, ironically enough, to Caravaggio's miserly patron Monsignor Fantini, known as "Monsignor Insalata" because of the meager diet he inflicted on the artist. Not long after the Monte purchased the building, it was restructured in 1625 by Carlo Maderno, one of the architects of Saint Peter's, who designed the elegant arcaded courtyard and a splendid chapel. (The chapel is closed to the general public but can be seen by special arrangement with the director's office.)

Fiermonte allows that innumerable sob stories have been connected with the

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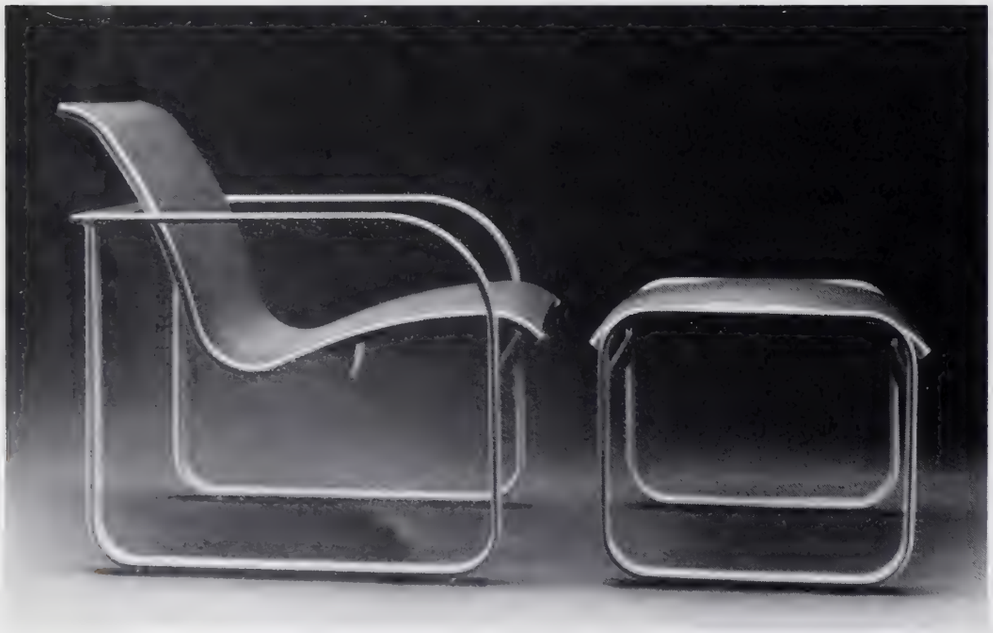

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Monte, but they are "either too sad or too licentious to repeat." He also admits, however, that occasionally he has consented to waive certain pledges. "I never feel sorry for a retailer who wants more time. But a woman unable to redeem a cherished trinket . . . well, that's another matter entirely." —*Patricia Corbett*

Pancho Villa Rides Again

Not since the Trojan Horse has a gift been so unpopular. The gift, actually, was very impressive: a handsome, fourteen-foot-high bronze equestrian statue, originally commissioned by President José López Portillo of Mexico, and donated a couple of years ago as a goodwill gesture to the city of Tucson, Arizona. The seven-ton, $240,000 statue was cast in Mexico City and transported by flatbed truck, drawing large and enthusiastic crowds at every stop along its 2,000-mile trip northward.

But cheers turned to outrage upon the statue's arrival in Tucson, topped off by a lawsuit filed against the mayor and city council for improper use of public property in their providing the bronze a home in a public park. The reason for all the furor and ill will? The statue is of the notorious Pancho Villa. Belatedly designated as a hero of the 1910 revolution by the government of Mexico, Villa is still considered a cold-blooded murderer and bandit by many on this side of the Rio Grande. In 1916 he raided Columbus, New Mexico, leaving sixteen Americans dead. Also, many Mexican-Americans in Arizona have family ties in Sonora, Mexico, where Villa's marauding forces once brutally killed seventy villagers.

THOMAS IVES

Villa in Tucson: no hero's welcome.

In spite of the lawsuit, which at the time

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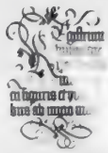
heightening, on beige paper
12¼" × 7" (31 × 17.8 cm)
Ex coll: André Romanet



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of writing hasn't been settled yet, Villa's statue was installed in Tucson with a minimum of ceremony; a number of civic leaders discovered they had previous engagements. In the event that the courts order the statue to be removed, Villa will have little problem finding a new home; several southwestern cities have reportedly offered a location. To date, however, such a request does not appear to have been received from the Pancho Villa State Park, which, paradoxically enough, is in Columbus, N.M. —*Justin F. Gleichauf*

Two Men in a Boat

When Yannik Piel, a young producer at Gaumont Films, wakes up in the morning, he has a unique, snail's-eye view of the Eiffel Tower. When he moves, his house moves with him. Piel is one of a vanishing breed, a Parisian who lives in a barge on the Seine. For years the mayor of Paris, Jacques Chirac, has battled these free spirits, who have lived rent-free and paid no taxes on their homes. Chirac and the river squatters made a truce three years ago, with the city giving out short-term moor-

CLAUDE VAUJANY

The stately head on the Orion, *one of the most enviable bachelor residences in Paris.*

ing contracts. "That was just after I bought the *Orion*," Piel says. "Our future is uncertain."

The *Orion* is an old 120-foot tanker, originally designed to navigate the turbulent Rhône. Piel shares the boat with his brother Eric, a psychiatrist, who holds consultations in the prow. When they moved in, they cleared the decks to create unbroken terrace space and turned the interior into a bachelor haven, with warm oak floors, stately individual quarters, and smart nautical bathrooms. Each man has his own tasks: "Eric navigates when we sail; I take care of the ropes." The brothers

pay eighty dollars a month to the Port Authority of Paris to moor the *Orion* on the Right Bank just opposite the Eiffel Tower, in a spot where the river is wide and that is far from traffic. "Having lived in Sri Lanka, Africa, and a dozen Paris apartments," Yannik says, "we find this space has a soothing atmosphere—it's like living two centuries ago."

The *Orion* is one of some seventy remaining independent barges—as opposed to the Touring Club de France houseboats, docked at the Place de la Concorde, which have no trouble with the municipality—in Paris, strung out from the Ile Saint-Louis to Passy and Auteuil. The owners have their own association and gazette, generate their own DC electricity, and fill their water tanks at a reservoir on the Ile Saint-Louis. The water-fetching trips can be a problem in winter, when the Seine swells up and tumultuous currents turn the river into rapids—as Eric Piel discovered not long ago. The engine was temporarily overpowered by the river and he found himself gunning the boat along at twenty miles per hour, madly steering his house past Notre-Dame.

But for the most part life on the river is peaceful. All you can hear is the gurgle of passing *péniches* bearing freight or tourists, and the cry of the gulls. In the spring, after the floods subside, the Piels take off on pleasure trips, using France's vast network of canals. On the Loire, the Briare canal bridge, designed by Gustave Eiffel, is a favorite destination, as is the yearly barge fest on the Marne, where the Parisian houseboat community gathers for merrymaking and a race—one the *Orion* has often won—to an island called l'Ile d'Amour. For the Piels, the hearts are where the home is. —*Joan Dupont*

More Pillage in Cuzco

When the Spanish arrived in Peru in 1533, the city of Cuzco, perched in an isolated Andean valley more than 11,000 feet above sea level, was the holy capital of the Inca empire, which stretched from modern Colombia to southern Chile. A few years later, after the violent warfare between the Spaniards and the Indians, the splendid Inca capital had been reduced to rubble. Although it was later rebuilt, Cuzco never regained its political preeminence, but it did retain its importance as a religious and artistic center unt

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An anonymous painting of the Cuzco school, whose quality is being increasingly appreciated, even among thieves.

the early eighteenth century and to this day is one of the most beautiful cities in the Western Hemisphere.

The numerous churches of Cuzco and the surrounding area, several of them built on the ruins of the old Inca temples, not only include some of the finest examples of Spanish colonial architecture but also contain hundreds of important colonial period paintings. The Spanish and Italian masters who came to Cuzco to decorate the city's churches produced a large body of work and also trained many local artists, including pure-blooded Indians, who later blended European techniques and subjects with strong elements of native American iconography. Thus, despite the strong European influences apparent in Cuzco painting, it was not merely a provincial school that slavishly imitated its European prototypes. The Cuzco paintings are often distinguished by vigorous renderings, by strong emphasis on flat patterning, and by the invention of unusual iconographic features—such as Christ as the Lord of the Earthquakes, or the Trinity of Three Christs—rooted in Indian mythology.

Poor economic conditions in Peru have made conservation of these works very difficult. At the same time, the increased appreciation of Cuzco painting has brought a corresponding rise in its material value. One result has been a disturbing increase in thefts from churches. Another has been the clear indication of the need to document and conserve what remains.

Enter the International Foundation for Art Research. A nonprofit organization devoted to study and to preventing the circulation of forged and stolen art objects, it recently sent a team of scholars and photographers to catalogue and document paintings in Cuzco and Cuzco Province. The team's work was so successful last summer that the city of Cuzco gratefully conferred the title of honorary citizen upon each of its members for helping to preserve an important part of South America's cultural heritage. For their part, IFAR's leaders pledge that the project will continue and extend in the months to come; they recognize that its tasks are far from complete. —*Clifton Scott*

CHOICE AUCTIONS

It is an article of faith with me that art and investment are discrete areas of human activity, the individual interests of each being best served when kept separate. We saw what happened only a few years ago when the auctioneers forgot this simple maxim and began pandering to Mammon while "investors" flocked to the salerooms seduced by the siren song of supposedly foolproof investments in collectibles. None of these so-called collectibles markets has been the same since the speculators' bubble burst, in 1980–81, and the more traditional non-relationship between art and investment reasserted itself.

Case in point: DeBeers's Central Selling Organization reported that diamond sales slowed yet again in the second half of 1983, and for the year were down some 41 percent from the 1980 high, when the whole world seemed to hang on the value of the one-carat D-flawless stone. Yet in this same period nearly all the major auction houses reported record jewelry sales, particularly in New York, where overall jewelry-sales volume actually was higher than in London and Geneva. The point is that it is the craft, the "art" over and above the breakdown value of the materials, however precious, that justifies extraordinary hammer prices. Just look at what Christie's and Sotheby's are offering in their major jewelry sales this month, and at what estimates.

Above: Blum's Japanese Temple, *at Doyle. Right: A Gould sapphire-and-diamond necklace at Christie's (estimate: $1 million plus).*

New York—Christie's, April 10 and and 11, 1984. Magnificent jewels. Don't be surprised if the exhibition resembles an armed camp, following the brazenly successful armed robbery in broad day-

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light at Christie's London last January, in which two pieces slated for this sale were among the four stolen (good taste, those thieves!). But there is more than enough left in this two-day marathon to set all kinds of records. The stars likely will be from the estate of Florence J. Gould. Florence and her husband, Frank Jay Gould, were long virtually synonymous with the artistic, intellectual, and literary scene on the French Riviera in a marvelously childlike way that Scott Fitzgerald would have relished (it is claimed they single-handedly legitimized "the season" in Cannes).

Their picture collection (to be dispersed later) is a veritable catalogue of French art from the late nineteenth century to almost the present. But the jewelry that Florence Gould assembled from the world's master jewelers—Van Cleef & Arpels, Tiffany, Cartier, Bulgari—or had made to her own fancy truly boggles the imagination. The collection, which no less an authority than the late shah of Iran described as the only rival to his own, for once makes all the ecstatic ballyhoo of the auctioneers seem like understatement.

New York—Sotheby's, April 12, 1984. Magnificent jewels. Headliners will be the stunning pieces from the estate of Blanche Swift Morris, whose pictures were among the stars of the February modern-pictures sale at Sotheby's (ever notice how often the two go together?). The exquisite quality and depth of the sale is suggested by an exquisite Winston diamond ring, which at a hefty 22.34 carats and an estimate of $500,000–$550,000 should make some lucky lady a very good friend indeed!

John E. Ferneley, Sr., is one of many charming sporting painters at Sotheby's.

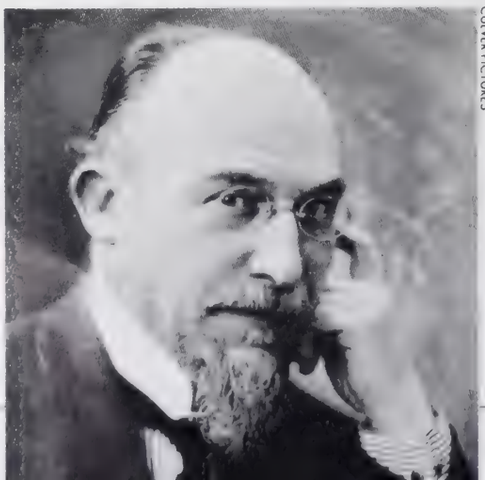
If you're looking for good fun as well as good "merch," don't miss the **Sotheby's second annual British week, April 8–14, 1984.** Last year's confabulation, a by-product of that silly "Britain Salutes New York" affair, was such an enormous blast that everyone's decided to have another go at it. Lest we forget, Anglophilia runneth deep in the U.S. of A., and this series of picture, furniture, silver, and ceramics sales is knee-deep in first-rate properties. It will doubtless be an anxious and proud moment for the Sotheby's English furniture expert, George Read, since this will be his most ambitious effort since succeeding Gerald Bland in January. And don't miss the subtle charms of the really quite good gathering of sporting pictures, such as the John E. Ferneley, Sr., 1816, pictured above, which with a mere $30,000–$40,000 estimate seems almost inconsequential compared with the jewelry.

New York—William Doyle Galleries, April 4, 1984. Important nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings and sculpture. Since part of the pleasure of the auction world is its discoveries, I must mention this sale. There will be many good works by Bricher, Inness, Kensett, et al. But the painting *Japanese Temple* (estimated a bit enthusiastically at $25,000–$35,000), recently reattributed to Robert Blum, a Cincinnatian who traveled to Japan in 1890–92, is worth a special look. —*James R. Lyons*

SATIE'S REVENGE

The beautiful, languid melodies from Erik Satie's *Gymnopédies* and *Gnossiennes*, so popular today as scores for TV commercials and romantic film sequences and ballets, give a deceptive idea of this turn-of-the-century French composer's nutty mind. Born in 1866 in Honfleur, Satie grew up inspired by Bohemian tendencies and emerged as one of the oddest eccentrics of the Belle Epoque, a sort of musical proto-Dadaist who more than anything else enjoyed standing convention on its head. As a starving young solfège teacher and cabaret pianist in Paris, he worked his way into the avant-garde circle clustered around the composer Claude Debussy—but it wasn't avant-garde enough for his taste. Debussy listened to Satie's minimalist music and complained that it lacked form, whereupon Satie returned to the master with a rambling series of melodies for piano called *Three Pieces in the Form of a Pear.*

Satie always radiated mischief, from his gaze as well as from his playful music.



CULVER PICTURES

Eventually Satie himself became the mentor of a new wave of composers known as Les Six, which included Maurice Ravel and Arthur Honegger. Yet punditry never made him complacent. "When I was young I was told, 'You'll see when you're fifty,'" he remarked at the time. "I am fifty, and I haven't seen a thing!" He continued to break musical molds. His score for Massine's 1916 ballet *Parade*, for instance (for which Picasso designed the Cubist sets), called for revolvers, typewriters, and an airplane engine among the other instruments in the orchestra. That strange orchestration has since been emended to suit conven-

hough raised a proper Bostonian, Edwin Lord Weeks was to lead the exotic life of the artist-explorer — adventurer in the best American tradition. aving for the Hunt" reflects one of his strenuous journeys to India, and clearly evidences the particular talents for which Weeks is best known today. Its superb draftsmanship is coupled with his near-magical ability to capture and use light.

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tional ensembles, but some of Satie's lesser pranks still incapacitate musicians today. Last summer, in the Welsh town of Presteigne, a full performance of his organ piece *Vexations* abruptly came to a halt long before the last bar, when the organ overheated: the aptly named composition consists of one short melody repeated 840 times and is supposed to last seventeen hours.

To the end, Erik Satie was brimming with iconoclasms. "I want to compose a piece for a dog," he told his friend Jean Cocteau not long before his death, in 1925. "I already have my decor. The curtain rises on a bone." No doubt he would have laughed at the thought of later generations taking his dada music so seriously. —*Jerold James Gordon*

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Kentshire's owners spend half the year scouring England to maintain their stock.

Kentshire's owners, Robert Israel and Fred Imberman, spend between them a good six months a year in England besides having a full-time representative there. Poking tirelessly through country shops and attending furniture auctions, they are able to acquire thousands of fine and unusual pieces, and turn over their inventory three times a year. Among their recent finds on display are some to whet the appetites of a wide range of collectors. Samples: a majestic burl walnut partners' desk, made ca. 1840 ($65,000); a pair of lion-pawed parcel-gilt Regency armchairs ($15,000); a 159-piece Duesbury-Derby dinner service, ca. 1810, from Drummond Castle in Scotland ($120,000); and a mighty brass corkscrew that clamps to a table for ready access in a bibulous household ($750).

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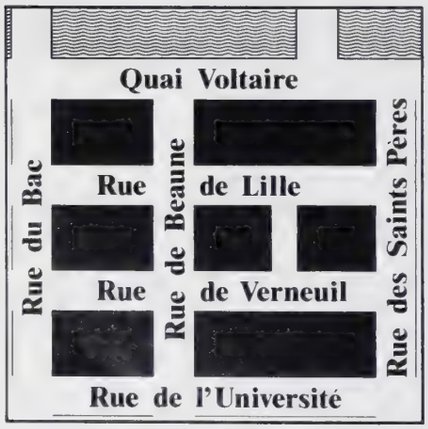

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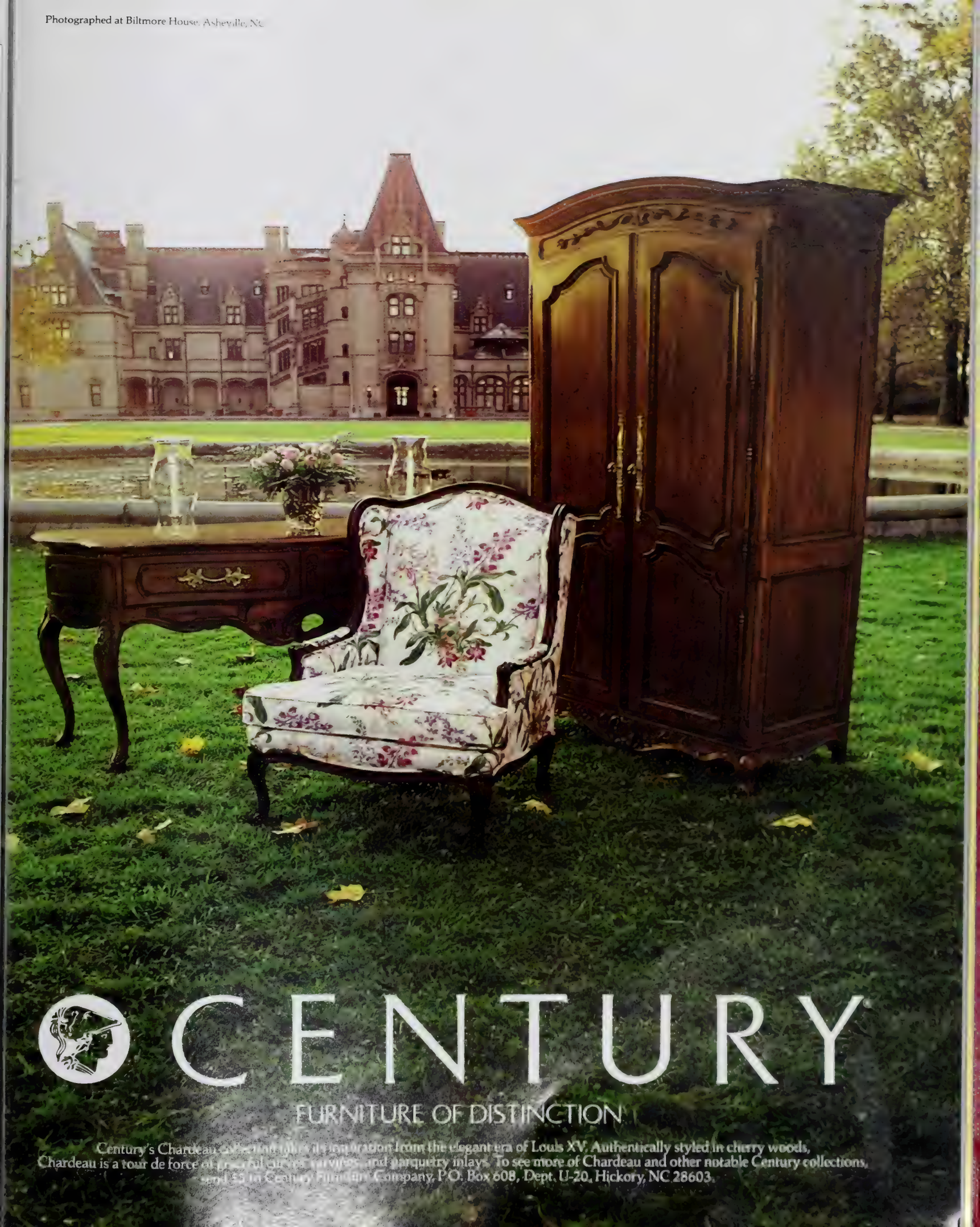

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UPDATE

MYSTERIOUS HERO

Since the discovery of the marble youth of Mozia (*Connoisseur*, February 1983), scholars have had no trouble agreeing on the statue's exceptional significance: it is the only important Greek sculpture of the age of Phidias to have been found in Italy, and is as masterfully executed as the Riace bronzes. But the scholarly consensus ends there. No one can agree on the handsome youth's identity, and Punicists and classicists are engaged in a lively debate over the issue, as much among themselves as with each other.

Mario Torelli, of the University of Perugia, leading light of the classicist faction, speculates that the statue might represent a victorious chariot racer. According to Torelli, the strange bands across the figure's chest would have served as a brace on which to secure the reins (one wonders, though, about the safety of such a device). Another classicist, Enrico Paribeni, of the University of Florence, says that the youth's effeminate posture and full-length robe likely identify him as Hercules, during the period when he was enslaved by the queen of Lydia and forced to carry out womanly tasks.

Taking a different tack, the Punicists at the Superintendency of Antiquities at Palermo, Vincenzo Tusa and Gioacchino Falsone, believe that the sculpture was commissioned by a Phoenician patron from Mozia and portrays a magistrate. But as one commentator has noted, why should the Mozians entrust their affairs to this preening youth? An archaeologist at the superintendency, while scoffing at the "uninformed opinions of the classicists," is not quite sure how to prove his own contention: "I think it must be a divinity of some sort." All the controversy only enhances the statue's interest; it is on display in the Whitaker Museum, near Marsala, in Sicily.

GULP!

In November 1983, a story in Connoisseur's World entitled "The Bookmaster of Chicago" stated that the Grolier Book Shop, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, had been "recently swallowed by a chain." We learn with pleasure that no one has swallowed Grolier's; it remains a sole proprietorship, as it has been ever since it was founded, in 1927. You will find the store at 6 Plympton Street, a stone's throw from Harvard Yard.

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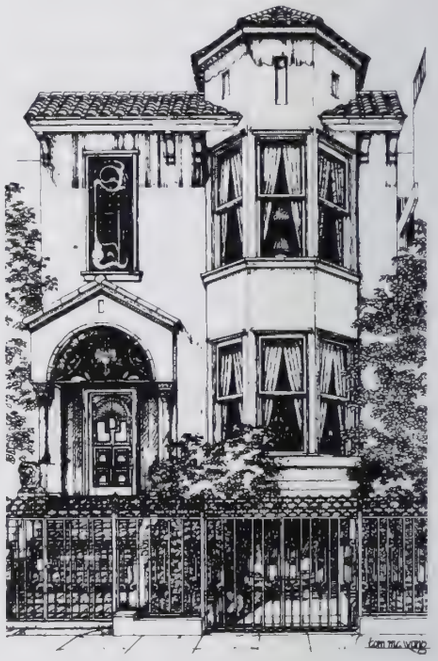

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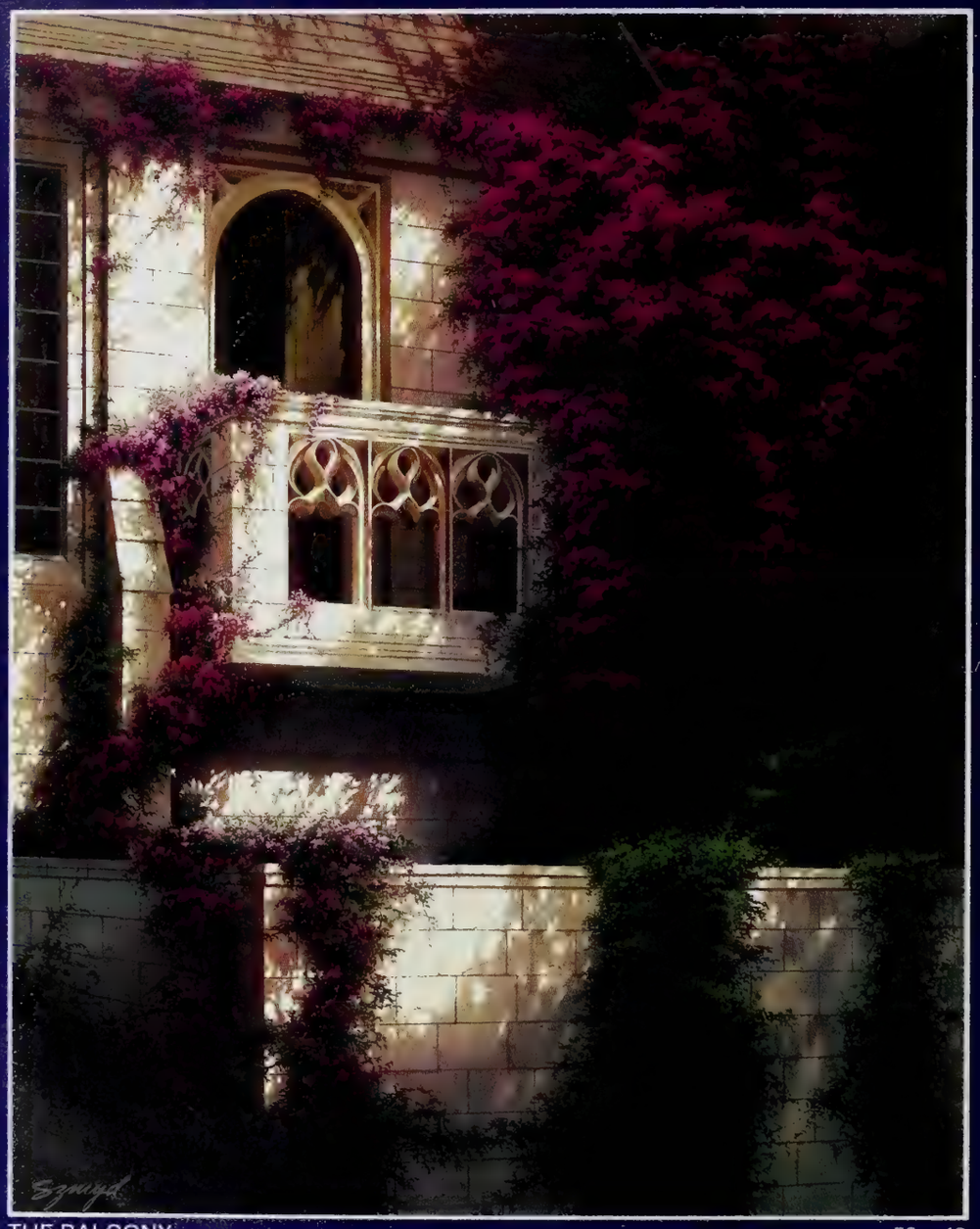

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ONE PERFECT ROSE

For centuries the pope's Easter greeting to powerful men and virtuous women was a rose of pure gold.

By Frederic V. Grunfeld

No one who has been to see *Der Rosenkavalier* will ever forget that magical moment when the young Octavian, all in white and silver, enters the palace of Herr von Faninal, bearing the perfumed symbol of betrothal, the silver rose. To Sophie, for whom it is intended, the rose seems "like heavenly, not earthly, roses; roses from the highest paradise . . . like a message from heaven."

The opera's "Presentation of the Rose" alludes to a custom much older than the rococo gallantry that Richard Strauss and Hugo von Hofmannsthal evoked in *Rosenkavalier*—that is, the pope's ancient custom of giving a golden rose that he had blessed to one or another of the great monarchs and nobles of Christianity as a greeting before Easter. The rose's stem, leaves, buds, and blossoms were wrought of pure gold, sometimes set with rubies and sapphires, and anointed with balsam and musk. During the Middle Ages and Renaissance, even to a king or an emperor, such a dainty object, laden with symbolism, must have seemed a true message from heaven.

It may well be that the idea of the golden rose gave rise to the scarcely less piquant notion of the silver one—Hofmannsthal's "aristocratic custom." In 1727, when the widowed grand duchess of Tuscany, Violante Beatrice, received a golden rose from Benedict XIII, thirteen other widowed noblewomen were presented with silver roses. By then, however, the gift had lost its mystical connotation and had become something of a courtly gesture, a "rose of virtue" conferred on pious queens and princesses.

Originally, the golden rose had not been meant for women at all, but as an annual gift from the popes to the city prefects of Rome. It is first mentioned in papal documents of the year 1049. During the Middle Ages, its bestowal entailed an elaborate series of ceremonies lasting the better part of a day. On the fourth Sunday of Lent—the "Sunday of Rejoicing," also known as "Rose Sunday"—the pontiff, on foot, would carry a crimson-dyed golden rose in solemn procession from the Lateran palace to the fourth-century basilica of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, a distance of about three-quarters of a mile. There he would celebrate the mass and deliver a sermon. It concerned the symbolism of the rose as the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual joy at the coming of Easter, but also as a symbol of sorrow, for red is the color of Christ's passion. Yet its fragrance foretold the splendor of the Resurrection.

GIRAUDON

The golden rose of Cluny, given by Clement V to the cathedral of Basel, ca. 1310.

After the sermon, the pope would return to his palace on horseback, wearing the tiara. At the gates to the Lateran palace he was met by the *praefectus urbis*, in effect the civil governor of Rome, who would accept the golden rose *cum magna humilitate* and then carry it through the streets *cum magna reverentia*, on horseback and accompanied by an escort of cardinals and other dignitaries. Later, the rose was bestowed on visiting kings and princes; they too carried it through the streets in procession, though only sovereigns were escorted by the entire college of cardinals and only they could mount their horses in the inner courtyard of the palace.

While the presentation of the golden rose had begun as a purely Roman custom, cementing the relationship between the city and the clergy, after 1309, when Clement V took the papacy to Avignon, it was bestowed mainly on French and Tuscan personages, or on the churches and monasteries of the region.

The medieval records of the *rosa aurea* give us some idea of its customary design. The treasury of Charles V of France, for instance, contained "a golden rose branch, to hold in his hand, with two round buds," such as "the pope gives to the most noble on the day of mid-Lent." Other inventories mention the cost and weight. Some thirteenth-century examples weighed as little as three ounces; the Avignon records speak of ten- and twelve-ounce roses, while still later the average rose weighed more than twenty troy ounces—worth about $9,000 today. They cost the papacy about 100 florins each. They were usually made by Tuscan goldsmiths and ornamented with precious stones—a twenty-carat sapphire for the prefect of Aix in 1320, three sapphires

Frederic V. Grunfeld is a contributing editor of Connoisseur.

WOLF-CHRISTIAN VON DER MULBE

SCALA/ART RESOURCE

Left, the rose given Duke Albrecht of Bavaria by Nicholas V in 1455; the rose Alexander VII gave to Siena, ca. 1660.

Even to a king, such a dainty object, laden with symbolism, must have seemed a true message from heaven.

for the count of Valentinois in 1325, a sapphire and two red garnets for an emissary of the king of Portugal in 1341. For churches and monasteries such gifts represented an often irresistible temptation when times were hard and roofs in need of repair. The Dominicans of Perugia are known to have sold the *ramo di rose d'oro,* containing "five open roses and two closed buds," which they received from Benedict XI, and countless others must have gone the same way back into the crucible, for of all the roses made before 1500, only three are known to exist.

The earliest is that in the Cluny Museum, in Paris, apparently given by Clement V to the cathedral (or the prince bishop) of Basel early in the fourteenth century. The other two surviving roses were made nearly a century and a half later. In 1455, Nicholas V gave one to Duke Albrecht III of Bavaria; it is now in the Andechs monastery, south of Munich. Four years later, the newly elected Pius II honored his native republic of Siena by presenting it with the splendid four-blossomed rose, richly adorned with golden leaves and thorns, that is now to be seen in the town's Palazzo Pubblico.

During the centuries, the golden rose evolved from a pastoral message of Easter tidings into a conscious instrument of international diplomacy. It was considerations of foreign policy that prompted Urban V, in 1368, to bestow a fourteen-ounce rose on the beautiful and powerful Joanna I, a queen of Naples who was thought to have been implicated in the murder of her first husband. After that gift, the rose went to an ever-farther-flung circle of recipients, most of whom no longer made an appearance to receive it from the pope's hands. The doge of Venice, the republic of Genoa, the signoria of Florence, the duke of Milan, the elector of Brandenburg, the landgrave of Thuringia, and the kings of France, Denmark, Poland, and Portugal were sent roses to encourage them to provide aid "for the defense of the faith against the Turk." In 1490, Isabella of Castile received one in recognition of her accomplishments against the Moors, though not until 1507 did Ferdinand of Aragon achieve the same distinction: his rose was given in secret for services rendered against the French. His grandson, the Hapsburg emperor Charles V, received one as a coming-of-age present from Pope Leo X in 1515, but his debt to the Holy See

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CHRISTIE'S

CLOSE UP

The golden rose evolved from a message of Easter tidings to a deliberate instrument of international diplomacy.

was forgotten a dozen years later, when his troops indulged in the month-long orgy of looting and rapine known as the Sack of Rome. Among much else, most of the golden roses preserved in Roman churches were destroyed.

Other papal miscalculations included the roses sent to Henry VIII of England. He received one in 1521 with a letter awarding him the title "Defender of the Faith," and two more on other occasions, for the popes were eager to keep him among the faithful. But the rose was beginning to fail in its intended effect. It is said that Frederick III of Saxony, Luther's protector, had his chamberlain receive the rose, and he tore up the letter from Leo X that came with it. In time, the rose was replaced by a more appropriate present for kings, the pontifical sword. In 1555, Julius III sent to Philip II a sword, and to his wife, Mary Tudor, a golden rose. She was the third woman to receive it, but from then on more and more women appear on the list: Anna of Bohemia, wife of the emperor Ferdinand I; Henrietta Maria, the last Bourbon queen of England; the duchess of Alba (the first recipient to be less than a queen), the duchess of Modena, the empress Maria Theresa, and Maria Carolina, queen of the Two Sicilies.

The last male to receive the honor was an Austrian archduke, Ferdinand, in 1780; thereafter it was reserved for ladies of virtue. Compared to the roses of the Middle Ages, however, theirs were heavily ornate nineteenth-century confections, looking, for the first time, like artificial flowers rather than symbolic ones. Occasionally the golden rose is still awarded to female sovereigns—the grand duchess of Luxembourg received one in 1956—and recent popes have gone on bestowing it on notable shrines, such as those of the Madonna of Fatima (1965) and of Guadalupe (1966). The Virgin of Luyán sanctuary in Argentina received one in 1982. The long and engrossing history of this most sumptuous of Easter presents is far from finished. □

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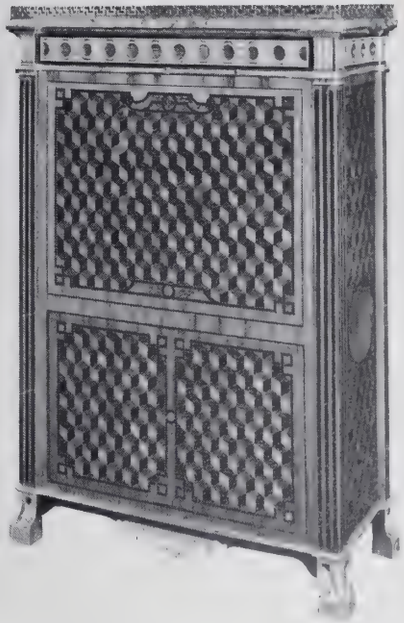

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KEEPING COMPANY

Let other musicians crave personal fame; Phillip Moll's motto is "Teamwork."

By Sally Helgeson

Rehearsing for their February 1979 Carnegie Hall recital, James Galway, flutist, and Phillip Moll, accompanist, were on the same, humorous wavelength.

In an era when many wish—or expect—to be stars, the piano accompanist might be imagined a self-effacing creature who would prefer to be onstage alone, playing for an audience that came to see no one but him.

In the case of Phillip Moll, such a presumption would be wrong. Moll is the regular accompanist for the soprano Jessye Norman, and for James Galway, the flutist; he has played with those performers since 1977 and 1975, respectively, and has watched them achieve worldwide fame. His own fame has not been commensurate, of course, but his satisfaction has. "There is a special pleasure in being on the same wavelength as one other musician when you are performing," he says. "The joy is similar to that you feel when you reach a deep understanding with a friend. The more people in a group—a trio, a quartet—the harder it is to achieve this kind of unity and rapport, this total sympathy in which nobody is in complete control. Enjoying this sensation while playing the music I like is what I want out of music."

Phillip Moll is an anomaly in many ways—an American who has lived for thirteen years in West Berlin, an intellectual with wide interests who might easily have done many things in his life besides music, a musician who had been playing for three or four years before he stopped thinking of himself as an amateur who got paid. He became a professional musician, he insists, because "music was the thing people kept asking me to do."

A man of wide interests, Moll might have done many things besides music.

Moll, forty, was born in Chicago. His father is a violinist with the Chicago Symphony, his mother a soprano. He began playing the violin early, lost patience with it, switched to the piano, and later added the bassoon. At Harvard, he majored in English because he liked to read, pursued an interest in math, and studied piano under Alexander Tcherepnin. He considered many careers but took a year off to try music in New York, where he played for ballet classes and musicals and studied with Claude Frank and Edith Oppens. At the end of the year, convinced he had no talent and that music wasn't really respectable, he returned to Cambridge, where the piano master Leonard Shure had been invited to teach. Moll was one of three students given scholarships to study with Shure, and thereupon his attitude toward music changed. "Shure put me on the track. I'd always been taught to work from subjective 'pictures'—'Imagine a devil walking down a corridor,' that sort of thing. Shure talked about music in terms of harmony and meter and phrasing and how to make manifest what you see on the page. I saw that bringing the printed page to life was more exciting than imagining a canvas for your impressions, and I began to concentrate on seeing what was in the music rather than trying to add to it."

Moll followed his teacher to the University of Texas; there he studied opera and conducting and played bassoon as well as piano. In 1969 he went to Munich as part of a German academic exchange program. "I wanted to see Europe, and I figured that this was preferable to just bumming around." He studied conducting and played in *Fiddler on the Roof* in a Munich theater. "I wanted to become a conductor," he explains, "but that would have meant starting out at a small German opera house. The prospect of spending time in a provincial town depressed me. I'm a big-city boy—Chicago, New York—and I decided I would rather live in Berlin and try my luck with the piano than conduct in some small town."

In Berlin in 1970 Moll found the kind of varied and lively musical life he had been looking for. "It's a strange city, a meeting point between East and West

Sally Helgeson, a contributing editor of Harper's magazine, is completing a [illegible]

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THE PERFORMER

"I remember the days when James Galway would play for eighty dollars."

that doesn't naturally bear fruit, so the government gives subsidies to counteract that. I got a job with the West Berlin Opera, rehearsing the singers and playing with the orchestra if necessary—the position is like that of an offstage conductor. I worked with everyone who came through—Fischer-Dieskau, Nilsson, Freni, Pavarotti, Domingo, plus the conductors—Maazel, Böhm, Mehta. I played with the Berlin Philharmonic, too, on radio, and with a contemporary-music group. There's lots of music in Berlin, and you have lots of opportunities to freelance. That's what I like, variety: I don't think of myself as just one thing—as just an accompanist, for example—because I enjoy doing so many things."

One of the singers with whom Moll worked at the Berlin Opera was the American Jessye Norman. "She was just twenty-five when I began rehearsing with her, in 1970," he recalls, "and we had a special affinity right from the start. She's wonderful for a pianist because she has a big, strong voice and a wide dynamic range—she can be soft or she can really shake the walls. With her I can go for depth and color without worrying that I'm too loud. She's very intelligent, and she knows the piano parts of the music she sings, as well as all the other parts for the orchestra and other singers, so she really responds; too many singers are just trying to get through the music and counting on you to keep them from falling off the horse. We rehearsed her whole repertoire together, and then in 1977, when she was going on an American tour, she asked if I would accompany her. Our experience performing together was different from what we'd had in rehearsal; communicating with a third party instead of just the music deepened our rapport." Regarding her professional partner of seven years, Jessye Norman says, "His innate musicality, flexibility, and spontaneity are his greatest assets."

James Galway was the principal flutist with the Berlin Philharmonic from 1969

to 1975, and Moll had played with him in the orchestra. "We performed trios, duos—I remember the days when he would play for eighty dollars. He was recording in London and he asked me to rehearse the pieces with him, even though he had an accompanist at the time. But that pianist was more interested in solo work, so finally he asked me to perform with him at a recital at Goldsmiths' Hall, in London. That was in 1975, and I've played with him ever since. He listens to the piano; you never feel as if you're playing alongside him or chasing him, but rather as if you were holding an animated conversation. When I do something different, he picks up on it in a way that makes the piece take on a fresh shape every time. He can play fortissimo in the highest register without playing sharp—which is unusual for a flute. No wind player on earth plays so well in tune with the piano, which is hard, because the piano is a tempered instrument."

When Phillip Moll speaks of his career, he speaks of the musicians with whom he works, which is perhaps as it should be with an accompanist, even an accompanist who seeks greater musical variety than that position implies. But when he's playing, his talent and experience speak for themselves. In Jessye Norman's last two Carnegie Hall recitals, Moll's playing was fluid, fresh, emotionally expressive. Without ever trying to upstage the soloist, the pianist more than held his own, achieving the same balance between delicacy and power for which the singer is justly famous. In an age when the star system often seems to have gotten out of control, it's reassuring to come upon a performer who prizes the quality of the musical conversation above all. □

Moll on records: Two releases from RCA featuring James Galway with Moll are The Bach Trio Sonatas *and* James Galway Plays Reinecke. *Jessye Norman and Moll recording a program of Schubert songs, on the Philips label, this spring.*

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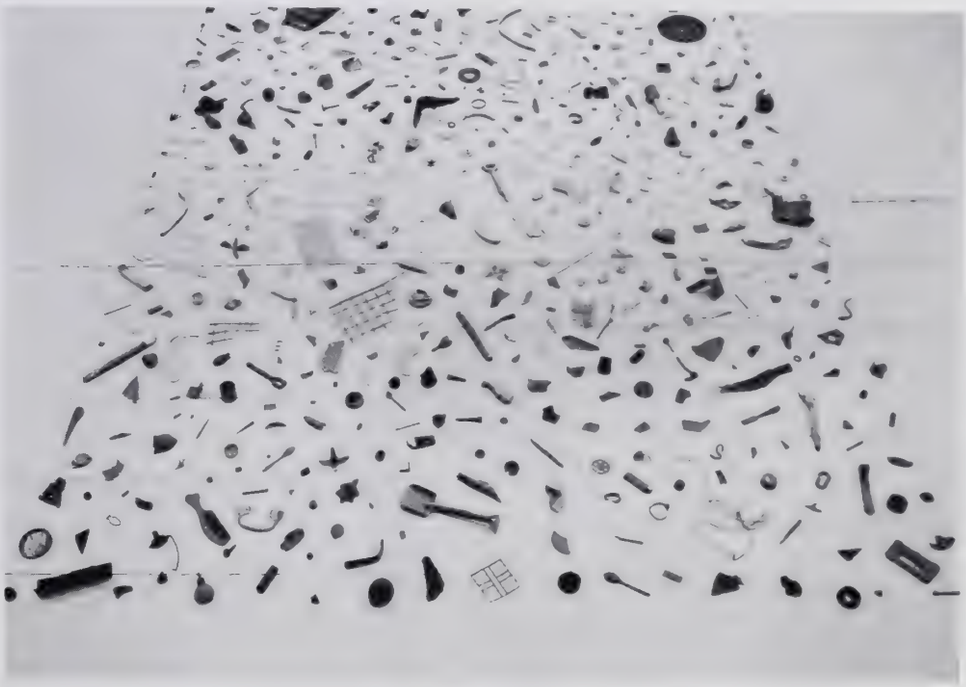
NOT FOR THE SOFA TABLE

New English sculpture may prove a hot investment for those brave enough to buy it.

By Robin Duthy

For years now, the art world has been just about shockproof. In spite of occasional surprises, the feelings of outrage experienced in the early 1950s by all committed philistines on first seeing the works of Pollock ("Jack the Dripper"), Rothko, de Kooning, and others are unmatched today. Response even to the wildest of offerings has been comparatively muted. "So they call that art, do they?" and other such derisive remarks have often been uttered with more numb resignation than anger.



Urban refuse: Tony Cragg's New Stones—Newton's Tones, *plastic (1978).*

This is partly because the public is punch-drunk after the cultural shocks of the 1950s and 1960s, partly because today's innovations are more subtle. Innovation there certainly is, some of it coming from a drove of young English sculptors who have been making their mark on the international art circuit.

The Arts Council of Great Britain's major exhibition of 1983, "The Sculpture Show," at first contrived to exclude all these firebrands, though several were already represented in London's most prestigious collection of modern art, the Tate Gallery. At the eleventh hour, resignations from the committee and hasty reshuffling behind the scenes brought this controversial group into the fold, and their work, more than anything else in the show, produced lively reactions in the press. This brouhaha in turn led to attendance three times greater than at any previous exhibition of contemporary art in Great Britain.

Most of these new sculptors are represented by the Lisson Gallery, in London. Founded in 1967 and still run by Nicholas Logsdail, the gallery is busily nurturing a small galaxy of talents; many of them have already had one-man shows in New York and Europe, or are about to have them.

It goes without saying that buying the work of a young artist or sculptor who later becomes famous may be a spectacular investment. Many a French art collector may well lament that his forebears were not bidding at the Paris auction of 1874 in which seventy-three paintings by Renoir, Monet, Sisley, and Berthe Morisot were knocked down at an average of thirty dollars apiece—about $1,320 in today's currency.

But buying contemporary art calls for a degree of courage in the first place; it offers a keener insight into the buyer's personality than traditional art can give. Moreover, it is about the riskiest investment possible. The household names of today—Matisse, Picasso, Cézanne—are among the handful of survivors of that process of selection and rejection to which every generation of artists must be subjected.

Prices for four of the Lisson Gallery sculptors to be considered here—Tony Cragg, Bill Woodrow, Anish Kapoor, and Julian Opie—are up some 400 percent over the last five years. That rise applies to prices charged by the gallery, but because there is not yet an auction market for their work, selling may present difficulties. Logsdail, however, often acts as intermediary in sales among a fast-growing band of collectors and reports that every seller so far has come out with a profit.

He is well aware that the art world is apt to lionize young sculptors. In the past, prices have been hyped by greedy galleries for their own short-term benefit and to the long-term detriment of the sculptor. Certain hostesses are always on the lookout for an exciting new "genius" to parade, and many talented young artists have been swept into the social whirl only to be dumped as soon as the next meteor crosses the firmament. This can produce emotional as well as commercial damage, and it is a fate from which Logsdail is determined to save his protégés.

To manage their careers successfully, he must be promoter, accountant, psychologist, and friend. For every thousand people who read about modern sculpture,

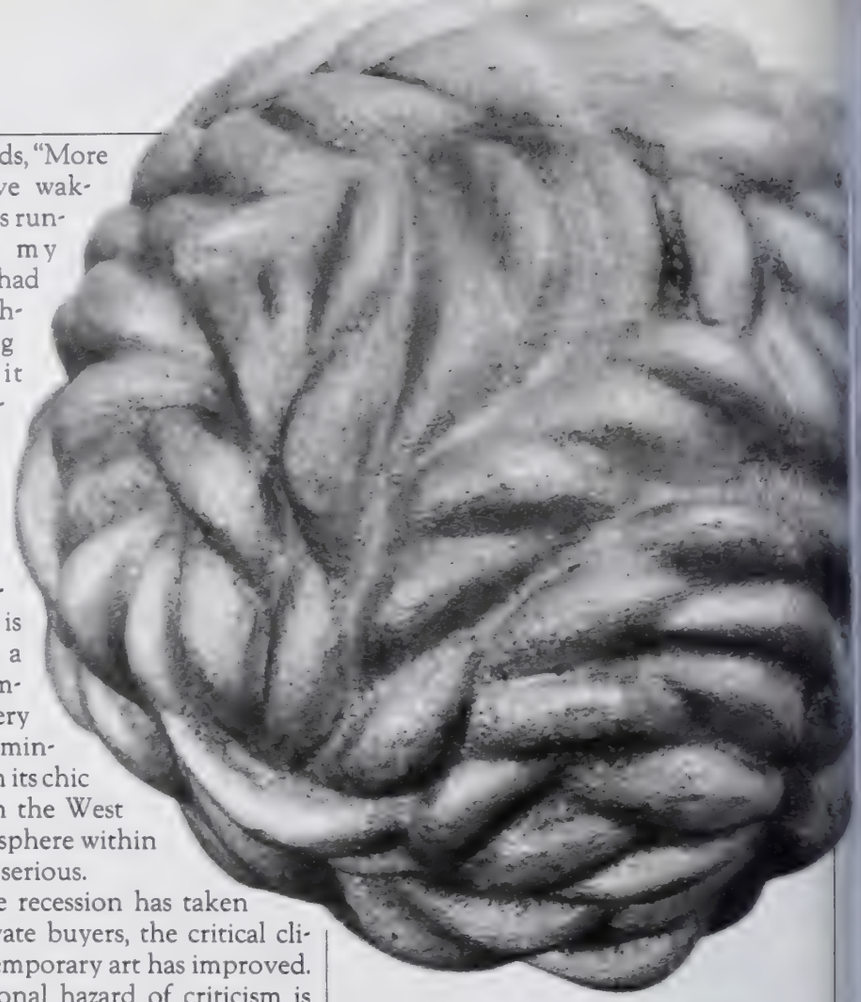
Robin Duthy is editor of the Alternative Investment Report.

probably only one is likely ever to make a purchase, which means that the circle of collectors today's sculptors depend on is small indeed.

Britain's public galleries, particularly outside London, have almost no purchase funds for contemporary art. An annual budget of $3,000 is not uncommon. The public collections will one day wake up to find the most interesting generation of native sculptors in fifty years totally unrepresented. In the absence of "official" support, the best Logsdail can do is develop awareness of their importance among discerning collectors.

That is no mean assignment in Britain, where collectors have always been less receptive to contemporary art, and certainly less affluent, than their American counterparts. Very likely the reputations of these sculptors will grow more quickly in the United States, where many are already represented, than at home.

By the door to the Lisson Gallery, in the rather seedy Marylebone area of North London, is fixed a bronze plaque bearing a *pensée* of Jenny Holzer, a New York artist whose painting has been influenced by the graffiti of the New York subways. It reads, "More than once I've wakened with tears running down my cheeks. I have had to think whether I was crying or whether it was involuntary like drooling." Whatever kind of establishment this may be, the visitor knows he is not entering a temple of Mammon. The gallery is some fifteen minutes' walk from its chic competitors in the West End; the atmosphere within is relaxed and serious.



Mysterious fruit: Anish Kapoor's Untitled, *mixed media with gold leaf (1983).*

Though the recession has taken its toll of private buyers, the critical climate for contemporary art has improved. One occupational hazard of criticism is the public dismissal of work by an artist or sculptor subsequently hailed as a genius. The critics' response to recent developments in sculpture now tends to be cautiously enthusiastic.

Unfortunately for most private collectors, contemporary sculpture is inclined to take awkward forms. Scarcely a single piece by the sculptors discussed here could sit comfortably—much less elegantly—on a sofa table. Though there is now a tendency for sculpture to come off the floor and stand against the wall or hang on it, most pieces need more space than is generally available in a house or apartment. Sculptors are therefore all the more dependent on the public galleries.

The growing use of unconventional materials is also making their work harder to accommodate. And as these sculptors examine their relation to everyday objects, often in the context of consumerism, starvation, and domestic and international violence, they work on a larger scale. Sometimes objects are deconstructed or fragmented; sometimes, encased; sometimes, violently transformed.

Much contemporary sculpture, seen outside its historical context, cannot be understood by the man in the street. The artist may be addressing the world at large, but his statement will probably be coherent only to those familiar with his own cultural genealogy. Tony Cragg's *New Stones—Newton's Tones*, composed entirely of plastic or other synthetic found objects arranged according to the colors of the spectrum, for instance, refers—or replies—to Richard Long's earlier work based on found objects of rural origin. Long's work was itself a reaction against Anthony Caro and other sculptors of cold, angular metal during the late 1960s. Caro's work in turn was a reaction against or, some say, a betrayal of Henry Moore.

Sense of humor: Julian Opie's Incident in the Library II, *oil on steel (1983).*

The philistines respond with more numb resignation than anger.

The furor that followed the Tate Gallery's purchase in 1972 of Carl Andre's stack of bricks was based as much on an allegedly scandalous use of public money as on artistic judgment. Inevitably Andre's work could not help seeming absurd to anyone coming fresh to a sculptural "debate" that had already been running for a century.

The raw material of Cragg's sculpture is urban refuse. The city's landscape, awash

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Promenade by Igor Galanin, from the cover of a recent issue.

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in its own plastic and metal rubbish, seems at least as natural to Cragg as that other nature consisting of trees, hills, stones, rivers, and so on. He is one of today's great *bricoleurs*, or odd-job men, as the anthropologist Lévi-Strauss called them—sculptors who decline to work in wood, clay, or marble, which they regard as inherently too attractive. Henry Moore ran up against this problem when working in alabaster: people admired the material more than the form he had created in it.

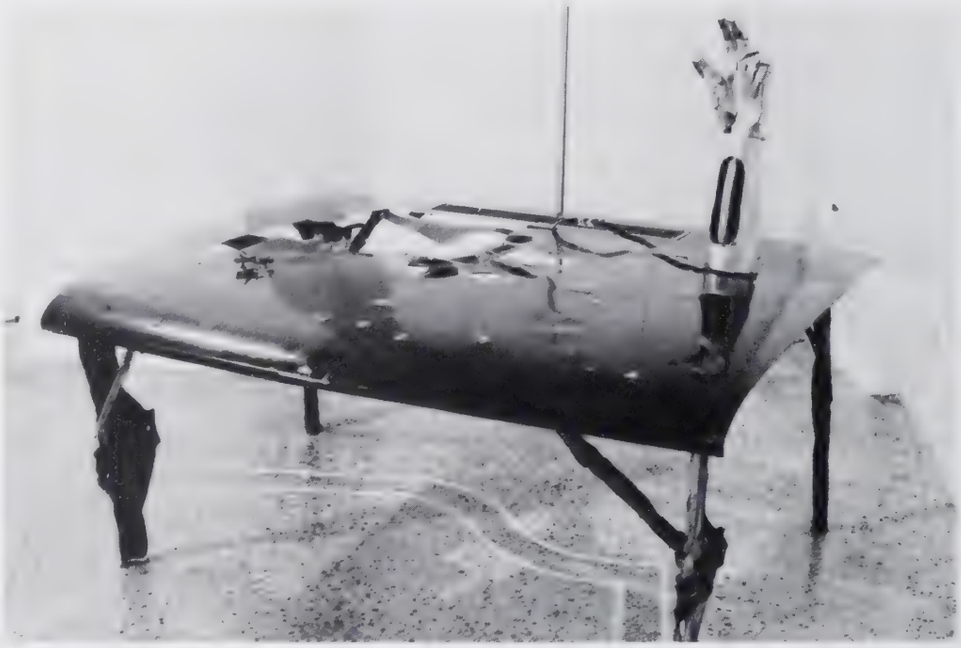
This is no doubt why Cragg and other *bricoleurs* are drawn to discarded and therefore worthless man-made artifacts. Having no attraction in themselves, they cannot compete with the sculpture for the viewer's attention. Cragg's arrangement of these worthless objects into a configuration of aesthetic value is itself an act of reparation. These rejected components of consumer culture are rescued from oblivion and given a dignity they never had before. Cragg creates most of his sculptures by simply placing objects rather than fashioning them. His vast *Britain Seen from the North* has been bought by the Tate Gallery.

The mind of Anish Kapoor seems to be an orchard or garden in which grow mysterious, throbbing fruit, sensuous plants with tongues for petals, and other such exotic flora. All seem charged with aphrodisiac or perhaps maleficent powers.

Half-Indian, half-Jewish, Kapoor derives many ideas from Hindu mythology. His finished forms are liberally sprinkled with powdered pigment of an intense color that creates strange optical effects. On a visit to India in 1979, Kapoor was struck by the mounds of powdered pigment, mostly red and saffron, being sold for ritual and cosmetic purposes. Sometimes he uses color symbolically—red for male, white for female, blue for the god Krishna, and so on. The powerful aura of sensuality emanating from his work is produced by the relation between form and color. Kapoor so places his objects that they create "a place of power."

His vast repertoire of shapes includes jagged mountains, trees made up of breasts, and a variety of geometrical and erotic forms. Surprisingly, he denied recently that he had any interest in making sculpture about forms. "I wish to make sculpture," he added, "about belief, about passion, about experience, that is outside of material concerns." In the Hindu religion, spirituality and sensuality are one. Kapoor's originality lies in conveying this concept in a contemporary idiom and with great force.

Unfortunately for private collectors, sculpture now takes awkward forms.



Pretentious? Bill Woodrow's Table with Locust and Reliquary *(1983).*

Julian Opie, who is just twenty-four, works in a lightly sardonic style. "Amusing" is not an epithet many sculptors would care to have used about their work, yet, in a thought-provoking and agreeable sense, Opie's art is just that.

Humor—natural in verse, prose, and drama—is awkward in art and music. Sculpture that provokes an amused response risks being dismissed as frivolous. But such categories are facile. Clearly, work like Opie's can be serious and humorous at the same time. If the humor seems to deny his work importance in some po-faced circles, it has the virtue of making it fairly comprehensible to one and all.

Contemporary sculpture often sets out to give permanent and substantial form to thought or feeling. Opie concerns himself with such things as books and letters, which, if not ephemeral, are by no means indestructible. These he represents in metal, a permanent medium, at the same time making satirical references to the universal diet of instant culture.

Bill Woodrow's work is the most controversial of the group. His large installation in "The Sculpture Show," entitled *Life on Earth*, may be seen as another assault on packaged culture. The plastic-covered "easy" chairs are a metaphor for the sedentary viewers they accommodate. Their shoddy construction and hideous design refer to their own and their occupants' degradation. Strips of upholstery—a surrogate for minds—trail from the chairs—or people—toward the projector and on to the screen, where *Life on Earth* is showing. For these people, life on earth is a TV series about nature; for Woodrow, a tawdry substitute for the real thing.

Woodrow has always cared about the social relevance of art. So far he seems to believe that its role is satirical—in recent works showing the metal skins of consumer durables cut away to form some new object, the two remaining joined by an umbilical strip of metal. The white skin of a washing machine, for instance, is cut up and fashioned into a chain saw. Here the sculpture is a narrative of the sculptural process itself. The sculptor takes an object from the world he lives in and plunders it to create or procreate a work of art. Woodrow's work strikes some people as aggressive and pretentious, but his transformation of thoughts into objects has had an impact in the art world. Perhaps art has its social relevance in forcing people who look at it to think. In this, Woodrow has had some success. □

Where to buy them in New York: Tony Cragg ($3,000–$8,000)—Marian Goodman Gallery, 24 West Fifty-seventh Street. Anish Kapoor ($4,000–$12,000) and Bill Woodrow ($3,000–$10,000)—Barbara Gladstone Gallery, 152 Wooster Street. Julian Opie is not yet represented in the United States.

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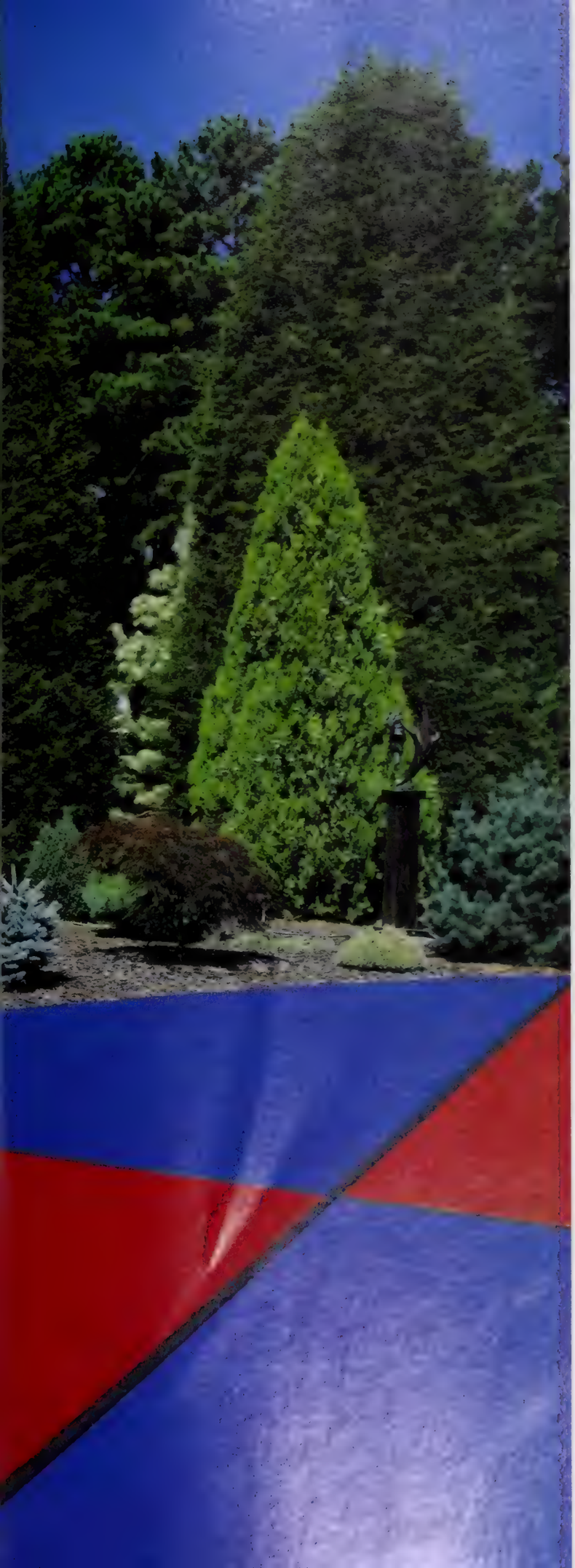
INSIDE A SECRET GARDEN

ALFONSO OSSORIO'S EXTRAORDINARY MUSEUM OF TREES

BY ANTHONY BRANDT
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL MELFORD

The visitor is at a loss to know what to call it. Its formal name is The Creeks, the name given it by Albert Herter, the fashionable murals painter who built the estate, in 1899. It occupies some sixty acres of extremely valuable land at the north end of Georgica Pond, as desirable an address as one can find in East Hampton, New York, which is as expensive a place as one can find in North America. But it is like no other estate on Long Island, or any other area that comes to mind. Upon entering the west gate,



the first thing one sees is four great concrete stepped structures on either side of the drive; the one on the left is painted in vivid alternating red and blue steps, the three on the right in white, black, and red. These are not buildings but sculptures. Beyond are more sculptures, some massive like these, others of sheet metal cut into simple abstract shapes, painted with primary colors and stuck in the trees or perched on stumps. Of the trees there are thousands—a great profusion of trees. Some are deciduous but most are evergreens, and many of the evergreens are dwarfs. There seem to be scores, hundreds, of varieties.

It could be called a dwarf-evergreen museum were it not for the clamorous presence of the sculpture; or a sculpture garden, spread out over sixty acres, if it weren't for the obvious emphasis on the collection and cultivation of dwarf evergreens. Perhaps, then, it is an environment, an experience, one that intensifies during the third-of-a-mile drive toward the house through this bizarre landscape. The plantings become more formal, denser, more varied; the sculpture, starker and stranger: brick and concrete towers two or three stories high; a low-lying concrete mass that looks as if it might be a house foundation; two spare wing tanks from a jet fighter plane, one erect, one lying on its concrete base, painted in various primary colors.

Then the house appears, a large stucco structure, American eclectic in style, with small wooden diamond-paned windows, an aged copper roof, and wings on either side. It is painted black. The trim on the windows is white; elsewhere—around doors, under the roof—red, white, and blue. Against the house more evergreens are planted, ranging in color from deep, cool greens to soft yellows, threaded with the brilliant orange flowers of trumpet vines. The house faces a fountain, a formal garden of evergreen dwarfs, and a concrete structure shaped something like an arrowhead that points toward it. Outside the front door hang several bird cages, one containing a parrot. Ring the doorbell and he squawks, "Good morning."

The man responsible for all this is an unusually courteous and cultivated gentleman named Alfonso Ossorio. In the 1950s and 1960s, Ossorio was well known as an Abstract Expressionist. He never quite achieved the renown of Jackson Pollock or Willem de Kooning, other East Hampton artists, but he has been the subject of more than one monograph, including an early, enthusiastic account of his work by his friend Jean Dubuffet. Pollock was another friend; so was Clyfford Still.

Ossorio was born in the Philippines in 1916 of a Spanish father and a Eurasian mother. He is, or was, quite rich—the family was in the sugar-production business in the Philippines—though he insists there is less money than people think. He was educated in England and the United States; he studied art at Harvard and the Rhode Island School of Design. In 1939, he became an American citizen. He has been married and divorced. He has worked in New Mexico, in Paris with Dubuffet, and in the Philippines, where he painted a large mural in a chapel in Victorias Negros, where his family lived. It covers the wall behind the altar, extends over it on the ceiling, and crawls around the roof beams; judging from photographs, it is a powerful work. In 1951, Ossorio bought The Creeks "for a song" from Albert Herter's son Christian, then Eisenhower's secretary of state. He has lived there ever since with Ted Dragon, a former dancer, who has collaborated closely with Ossorio in the creation of the gardens.

Preceding page: An eighty-year-old cedar topped at ten feet has spread in compensation, its branches supported on metal rods. Left: Evergreen planting surrounds the swimming pool's circular apron.

A typical turn-of-the-century American mansion has taken graciously to the whims and inspirations of its present owner. Left: Among the evergreens in front courtyard, an Ossorio sculpture, One and Two. *Right: The studio door.*

Ossorio's own manner is totally at odds with the flamboyant, exuberant profusion with which he surrounds himself. Round and silver-haired, he greets visitors with a relaxed and simple formality, leading them into a small room that contains a tiny bar. The room is full of objects, some of them works of art, mostly his own, some just objects—shells, vases, bird cages, a small dried shark, blankets, flowers, stones, folk art, religious statues. Objects are everywhere; they hang from the ceiling, festoon the walls, cover tables, are tucked into corners, line windowsills. They bewilder the eye; it is impossible to find a relationship among them or a pattern. Some are unabashedly gaudy; indeed, after a visit one critic accused Ossorio in print of having "terrible taste." Some objects are slightly ratty, like the stuffed birds in cages. Francine du Plessix Gray wrote of him, "The configurations of Ossorio's art can be fearsome and morbid. The essence of his thought and of his way of life is to express complexity and variety through sumptuousness, even if it be the sumptuousness of decay." Decay indeed: the dried shark, flattened out, looks weirdly like the flayed skin of a child.

But the man himself is all charm, discrimination, and intelligence. He can speak knowledgeably about a great variety of subjects—seventeenth-century philosophical poetry, Christian iconography, Mayan artifacts . . . Piles of books fill the bedrooms; thousands of books line the walls. Living in the midst of this prodigal, outrageous abundance, he is learned, thoughtful, and polished. It is as if he had taken the contents of his unconscious—the fetishistic obsession with objects of all kinds buried in the child's mind—and dumped them into his surroundings, through which the mature man walks, cultured and sensitive, serenely at home. The effect is remarkable. One has the feeling that Ossorio himself, though surrounded by thousands of objects, knows where every one of them is.

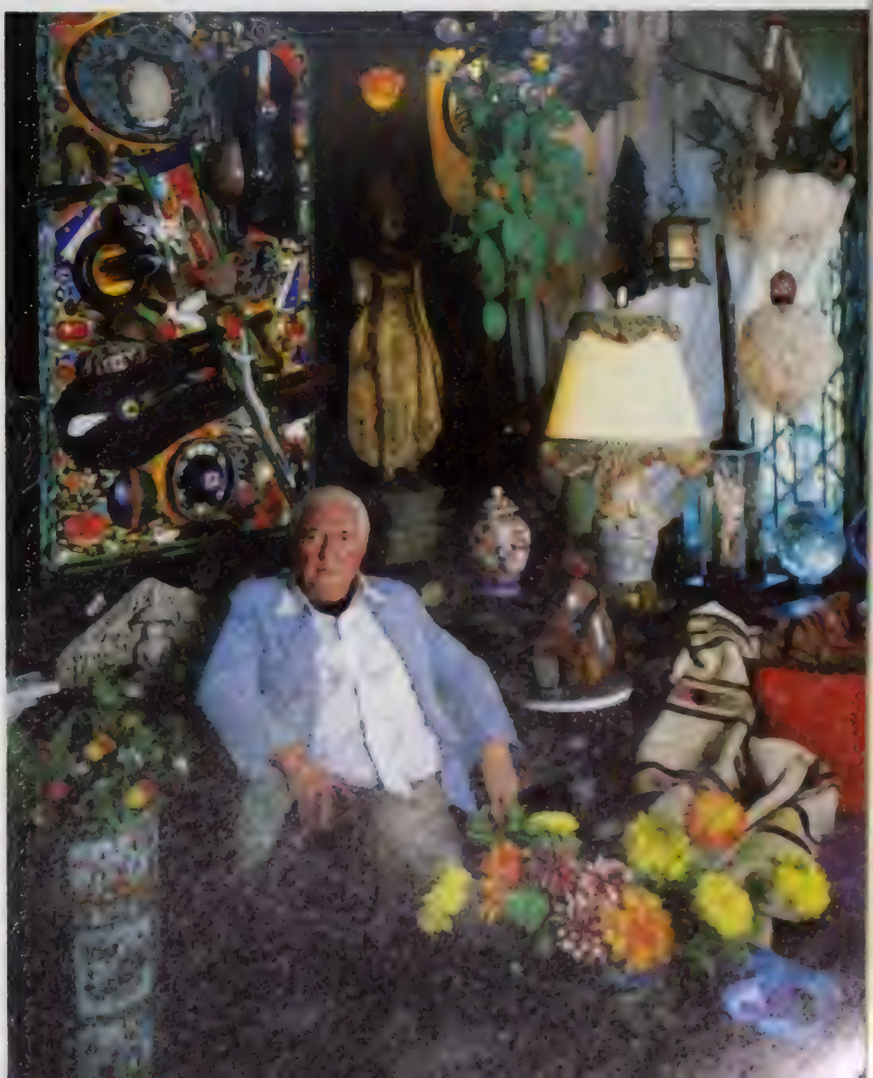
"I started planting evergreens," he says, "because I live here year-round and I wanted color in the winter. I started putting them along the road. Then I got hooked on them." Although he is a little vague about dates, the getting hooked apparently happened in the late 1960s, when he was making his large "congregations," as he calls them: wall-size painted reliefs composed of found objects—pieces of wood, rope, shells, animal bones, used syringes, artificial eyes, parts of machinery, and so on—set in plastic. Around 1970 Ossorio began building the outdoor sculptures; for the next twelve years he devoted almost all his creative energies to his gardens (though he is still painting actively and will have a show of new works next fall at the Oscarsson Hood Gallery, in New York City).

"One of the first things I had to do was build a wall, a reinforced-concrete wall, to keep the water out. The whole area is a series of peninsulas with creeks." Georgica Pond, he explains, is not a stable body of water; it is opened to the sea once or twice a year, but the opening silts up quickly and the pond has a tendency to overflow. After the wall was built, says Ossorio, "I started working on one area after another. I put in not only evergreens, but deciduous trees I like very much, beeches." It was the evergreens, nevertheless, that seized his interest, and they dominate this landscape. "Evergreens have been neglected as an element in gardens. Never until 1983 was there a national conifer society in this country." The dwarfs come in an enormous variety of shapes, sizes, growing habits, and colors; Ossorio was one of the first to see their manifold aesthetic possibilities. "The planting is done aesthetically, not entirely botanically. I've planted in terms of color, texture, size. The background is still the local plants, however: pepperidge trees, swamp maples, the local red cedar, black and white oaks; and I've saved a lot of the local white pines." His chief professional consultant in all the plantings has been Dr. Rupert Barneby, a curator at the New York Botanical Gardens.

The plantings and the sculpture, as Ossorio would have it, "flow one into the other. I use simplified forms and geometrically evocative shapes because nature is so powerful. Most sculpture is swallowed up by nature. The strength of these simple forms serves as a balance against the exuberance of nature, the prodigality." In the tradition of landscape design, he has planted several avenues of trees, forming vistas that frame some of the larger sculptures, while a few large open fields have been incorporated into the overall scheme, offering rest from the tension between trees and sculpture. In one of them, Coffee's Clearing, the ground undulates while the single piece of sculpture that occupies its center is, by contrast, low and level.

Tension, however, not rest, is the predominant effect of Ossorio's design; and his prodigal plantings, with his large, simple sculptural forms, are like nothing in landscape architecture as we know it. There is no echo here of the formal, classical approach, nor is the place open and expansive in the English Romantic style. It is modernist, a tangle of forces pushing and pulling against one another. Ossorio is explicit about this. The smaller, sheet-metal sculptures and the painted tubes (some are drainage pipes, in fact) that he places on the ends of broken tree limbs—most of these small pieces are provisional and ephemeral, not meant to last—represent "lines of force, lines of direction. . . . The sky is full of unknown microscopic forces, of multilayered winds." Ossorio admits that the tension in these numerous pieces, and the crowded variety of the plantings, does

At home with Ossorio: the congregation, left, is his work Phragmosis.



not make for contemplation or rest. "But it promotes the contemplation of the variety of nature, of the possibilities in nature. I think it happens to work very well if you have this variety—of texture, of color, of upward and downward vectors. People have to be reminded of the possibility of variety that exists in plants, and in other areas of human activity also."

To ensure the variety, Ossorio buys plants, some quite rare, from all over the United States. "Very few people have the variety I have here at such mature stages of growth," he says. He would like, if he had another lifetime, to propagate new types. He has, predictably, become a horticultural expert, and his gardens are attracting nurserymen, who come to see his collection; they can see some of these plants almost nowhere else. They often bring Ossorio plants as gifts, but the gifts are becoming an embarrassment. "I just can't keep expanding; that's my trouble now." It's the money that stops him, he says, not his age. Ossorio once owned some of the best paintings of Pollock and Still, including Pollock's *Lavender Mist*; he sold them to finance the gardens. He still owns a fine collection of Dubuffets, a great deal of his own work from all his major periods, and some small Pollock drawings. "But the impression this place gives of endless money is wrong." People from the art world occasionally visit him to see the collection and are nonplussed by the gardens. "The look of bewilderment . . . ," he chuckles. "Very few members of the art world are oriented toward horticulture."

Ossorio does think about his age, even if it's not what stops him from expanding, and about what will happen to The Creeks after he dies. "A lot of people are interested in it," he says, "but the great problem is, how can it pay for itself? I am in no position to give it a real endowment that amounts to anything." Ossorio would like to see it developed intelligently by people who would buy three- to five-acre lots, with certain areas under public ownership. He knows that he will not see his work come to full fruition. "I find myself all too often talking to people about something that's not going to be there for twenty years. It's an endless project. I'll never see the beeches in their full glory." He says this matter-of-factly, no hint of sadness in his voice. "It would be a pity if something couldn't be done to preserve it."

As one walks about among the plants, which can hold the attention for hours, it becomes clear that an extraordinary artistic sensibility is at work. "Alfonso paints with the trees," says Ted Dragon, and the remark is apt: the color, shape, size, and texture of individual plants have indeed been so handled that the beds they form are as complex as most works of art. In a teardrop-shaped bed along the west wing of the house, for example, Ossorio has combined perhaps twenty varieties of low, spreading evergreen ground covers, as well as a number of deciduous and evergreen vertical trees of varying heights. Some are pale yellow; some, mixed light greens interspersed with sections of yellow. A taller tree, a blue Thomsen spruce, is silvery blue at the tips of the branches, deep green within. Scattered amid the growth, on dead tree stumps, are spherical metal buoys painted yellow and silver, a pale yellowish green, red, and red and green, all at different heights. The bed contains several small deciduous trees, including a small-leafed crimson maple. The larger trees in the bed run to different shades of yellow, green, and blue, and to different textures: a golden juniper with a soft, feathery look; the blue Thomsen spruce with unusually long needles, whose branches droop, then curve upward at the tips; an Oriental spruce, vibrant green, with shorter needles and somewhat bushier growth. None of the plants or sculptures in this bed is spectacular or overpowering, but the effect of the whole—the combination of textures, the numerous colors, the variation in shape and size—commands attention. The bed both draws the visitor in, to examine each plant individually, learn its name, touch it, and leads him around it, to see it from all angles and discover its patterns—very much like what happens when one looks at sculpture.

In addition to the dwarfs, the gardens contain a number of spectacular trees. To the east of the house is a local cedar topped at about ten feet with long, spreading, pendulous branches of about thirty feet, supported on red and blue metal poles. While Mrs. Herter lived on the estate, she trained the cedar to grow this way. When he cleared out the Herter flower-garden area, which had been abandoned many years before, Ossorio left the tree. To accentuate and frame the cedar's grieving posture, he planted tall cedars on either side of it. The stiff metal poles, in such sharp contrast to the irregularities of the drooping branches, complete the effect.

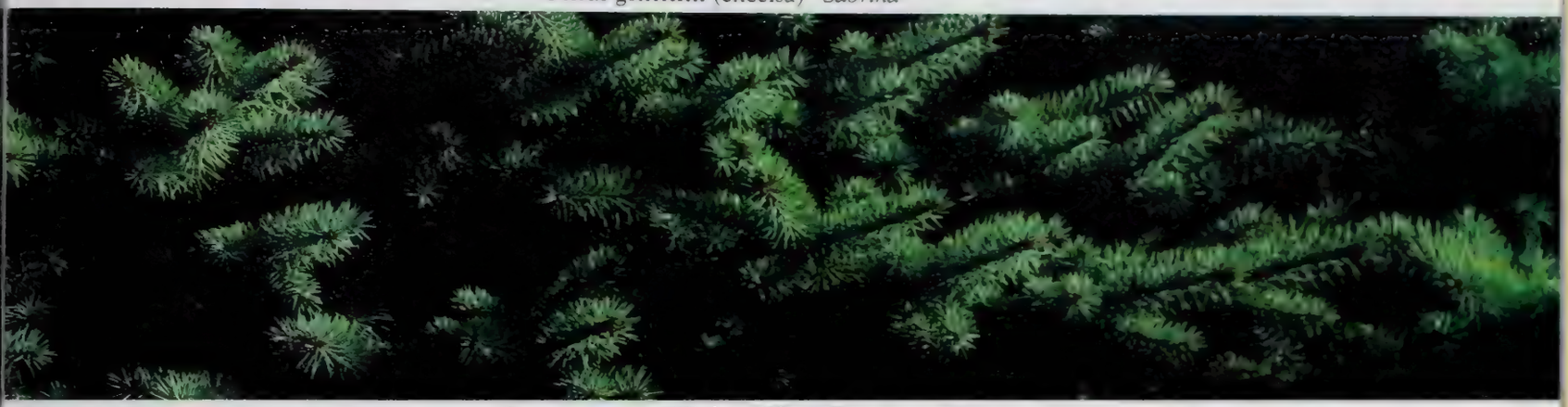
Nearby grow splendid blue Atlas cedars; Ossorio has planted upright forms, with their striking blue needles, beside weeping forms—specimens with trimmed lower branches baring trunks five or six feet tall and branches spreading out horizontally more than fifteen feet before drooping to the ground. The weeping Atlases look like huge but delicate blue crabs; Ossorio has used them as centerpieces in some of his most beautiful beds.

Approaching horticulture from the perspective and experience of an artist, Ossorio has felt free to do things with his plants that would never occur to most landscape designers. Many dwarf evergreens are cultivars of normal varieties, or else of witches' brooms—thick, bushy mutant growths in normal trees. Sometimes cultivars send up branches that are reversions to the parent plant and that will eventually change the plant's character. These branches are normally pruned to control reversions, but Ossorio lets them alone; and some nurserymen who have visited The Creeks have begun to see possibilities in this practice, for it can produce extraordinary results. In one bed an Alberta spruce grows, about five feet tall, conical in shape, with delicate grass-green foliage; out of it shoots a small trunk crowned by the tree's normal foliage—a slightly darker green and much coarser. Its shape, too, is different: it seems to be an entirely different species. The plant is fascinating and strangely beautiful.

Ossorio loves surprise and contrast of this kind and has grown several other sports. Directly behind this one are a weeping blue spruce, which is also shooting up a leader, and a goldthread cypress. He is fond of siting vertical plants among weeping species—another practice avoided by most plantsmen, who look for subdued, peaceful effects. Not Ossorio. He is all color and contrast, profusion, exuberance, and tension. He wants his gardens to be not merely decorative or peaceful, but meaningful. In an interview published in the Guild Hall Museum catalogue of his one-man show there in 1980, he spoke of a weeping white pine as emblematic of what he was looking for. It is a plant, he said, "in which the genes have been twisted so that they don't grow against gravity. . . . The gene of vertical ascent, however, is still there. . . . The two genes are still active in the plant itself." This he found fascinating. His paintings, he went on, contain similar internal contradictions, except that "they're not really contradictions; they're just different aspects of reality and the same pendant or ascendant qualities in terms of emotions and feelings and life are shown in the pictures. . . . It's a principle of life; it runs through plants and ideas and people and is shown in the work, and I'm happy to see it in the garden." □

Anthony Brandt wrote "The Great Escape," in Connoisseur's *January 1984 issue.*

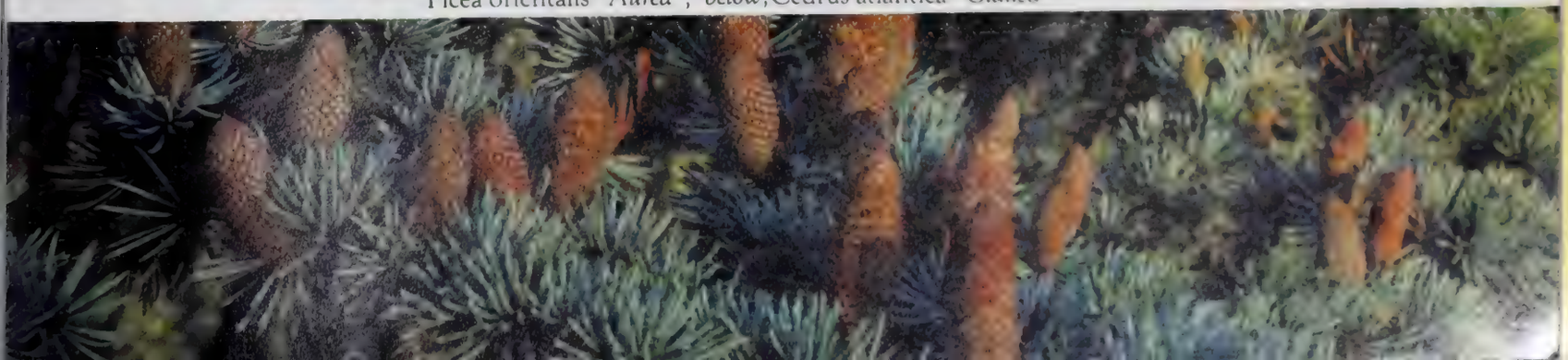
Pinus griffithii (excelsa) "*Sabrina*"



Picea pungens "*Walnut Glen*" *(late summer)*

Picea pungens "*Glauca Globosa*"

Picea orientalis "*Aurea*"; *below*, Cedrus atlantica "*Glauca*"



SECRETS OF GREAT FURNITURE REVEALED: II

A BOOKCASE

THE CASH VALUE OF A MASTERPIECE ESTABLISHED

BY HUMPHRY WAKEFIELD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD BRYANT

No one can ever again hear Bach performed by Bach himself. The Wilton "violin bookcase," on the other hand, has the soaring advantage of being Chippendale by Chippendale, for all to see today: the maestro himself, performing mightily, to the challenge of a great patron, the tenth earl of Pembroke, and of a great country house, Wilton.

The connoisseur of furniture, unlike the poor music lover, need not relate only to modern reproductions of the antique. In other respects, however, the borderline between music and furniture fades: both were intended to fill the same rooms and hearts with the same sensations. You can virtually translate the violin bookcase into music, hearing perhaps one of Bach's Brandenburg Concertos as you do so. Whatever the differences between baroque and rococo, both bookcase and Brandenburgs make you feel ebullient. From a transcendent calm you are led to martial alarm, from decorative trills to ceremonial panache, all within a framework of extravagant yet toughly controlled proportion.

In assessing the product of any creative activity, we are constantly judging between the extremes of glorious and tedious, useful and useless, nice and nasty. The untutored mind will meander through such considerations, vainly attempting to quantify them into dollars, looking for guidance, perhaps, in that all-too-universal release of adrenaline. To spare ourselves such vain confusion, let us approach this miraculous bookcase with a cold-blooded summary of its characteristics.

Description: A superb Chippendale carved-mahogany, inlaid, cross-banded, and ebonized breakfront secretary-bookcase, the tall central section surmounted by a swan-necked molded pediment carved with a fish-scale motif, curving in upon a plinth inlaid with ebonized lines, and with ebonized dentil ornament below; the flanking sections to the pediment carved and pierced with wave ornament and surrounded by high, pierced fret-

Above: The violin bookcase. Opposite, elegant details: an inlaid patera, a surviving scrap of looking glass, a mercury-gilt hinge, fish-scale motif on the swan-necked molded pediment.

The tenth earl of Pembroke, a gifted architect and a superb patron of the arts.

work galleries in the Chinese manner and surmounted by classical mansard urns; the central hinged door exquisitely carved with a musical trophy suspending an oval in the form of a looking-glass frame, detailed with garlands and floral scrolls, the framework inlaid with multiple star paterae; all the doors enclosing adjustable shelves; the flanking doors, with octagonal astragals, similarly inlaid with stars; the lower section with fall-front secretaire drawer carved with molded cabriole supports and gadroons above a curved concave kneehole, flanked by cupboard doors, each cross-banded and inlaid with ebonized bands, with a massive inlaid composite star patera at the center, all on a shaped and molded plinth, similarly inlaid with ebonized bands. English, circa 1763.

Provenance: The earls of Pembroke, Wilton House, Wiltshire, supplied by Thomas Chippendale for the tenth earl, with two companion breakfront bookcases en suite.

HEADINGS FOR ASSESSMENT

1. A Reflection of Its Times

Glorious: 95 out of 100

Aristocratic patronage thrived at that time. Music and architecture, painting and furniture design went hand in hand with consummate craft. A lust for the unlikely combination of lucid ostentation and good taste gave a spur to it all. The violin bookcase reflects both and demonstrates the age's fascination with new discoveries. Here are carved French scrolls and urns, inlaid royal Germanic stars, Chinese pagoda galleries, and woods from the four corners of the earth, all displayed with the overflowing skills and crafts of the age. Chippendale characteristically includes in his design broad variations, from woods crisply carved to those smoothly polished, from curvilinear to straight-angled, each variation a summary of what was then happening in the field of design. The tenth earl of Pembroke is himself reflected in his bookcase. A formidable opponent and a loyal friend, he is seen in a portrait at Wilton clad in scarlet and gold full dress, evidently possessed of the same polished strength and elegance as his cabinet.

2. Decorative Detail

Bold and fantastical: 90 out of 100

Without either gilding or painted decoration, the cabinet makes its statement with magnificent élan. The carving of the musical trophy, a motif famous for centuries, is cunningly and loftily placed so as to draw the eye. The powerful detail of the exquisitely carved oval looking-glass frame at the cabinet's center tells us that every aspect of this work was deeply significant to Chippendale. The carver has a wonderful, flowing way with foliage and wave ornament, while he gives the scrolling fish-scale pediment the muscular, live quality of a dolphin's back. Almost juxtaposed with the finely worked surfaces of this carving are the smooth textures and varied colors of the polished woods. The boldly ebonized detailing and glint of mirror in the central door are details that manage to suggest those ever-changing musical moods. Each contrast is carried out with masterly precision to fill the decorative demands of a superlative house and its exacting master.

One of the two companion bookcases, probably designed for Pembroke's town house.

3. Technical Details of Tools and Age

Clearly defined: 95 out of 100

The chisel marks of the carver are typically apparent, with contemporary saw marks and clear evidence of the use of hot sand to shade the paler woods. The remaining small sections of mirror glass are mercury silvered, and such original hinges as survive are mercury gilt. Both emanate that clear, soft glow produced by a skill now happily outlawed, for the poisonous mercury vapor drove those who inhaled it mad, like the proverbial hatters, who also used mercury.

4. Condition

Time will even better it: 90 out of 100

The cabinet has been repolished and the antique patina lost, though it is now nearer to the color that those creative geniuses who made it were pursuing and loved. For that matter, it may be no more than a whim of the moment to prefer faded colors in English furniture. Luckily there has been no false repatination. Small sections of looking glass in the central door, combined with the looking-glass format, suggest that this whole panel may once have been mirrored. The massive inset gilt hinges to this large door could well have been engineered to support the extra weight of mirrored glass, and there is a good precedent for mirror glazing to cabinet doors. Moreover, the grooves for the shelves in the central section are comparatively recent additions and constructed differently from those in the wings of this bookcase and in two companion bookcases found in the same room, which are carved from the wood itself. The central space may not originally have been for display, while a mirror panel would set off the wealth of carving, which now—backed by a display of books—is somewhat lost.

What marble, bronze, or porcelain bust can have had the éclat to sit on the plinth at the center of such a pediment, if not that of the tenth earl himself? Perhaps that space was reserved for the monarch, or an early Roman emperor, or was it just changed from time to time with the political or passionate tide?

Certain locks and hinges are replacements, but they hardly affect the aesthetic clout of the piece. Time will restore patina, and if some scholar proves that mirrored glass originally occupied the central door, then time will also produce a sheet of contemporary mirrored glass to be neatly cut to fit. It is fortunate that these

HISTOIRE DE MARLBOROUGH
MEMOIRS OF MODERN PHILOSOPHERS
MEMOIRS OF MODERN PHILOSOPHERS
MEMOIRS OF MODERN PHILOSOPHERS

mirror panels, if such they were, are unlikely to have been beveled; this means old glass can be cut to shape without the original silvering being disturbed.

5. *Durability*

Excellent: 95 out of 100

The frail carved details are all substantially guarded by powerful surrounds. If there were indeed mirror panels, they have long since been broken. Though nothing is safe from woodworm, this wood is of enormously strong quality; the worms prefer softer sapwood.

6. *Practical Utility*

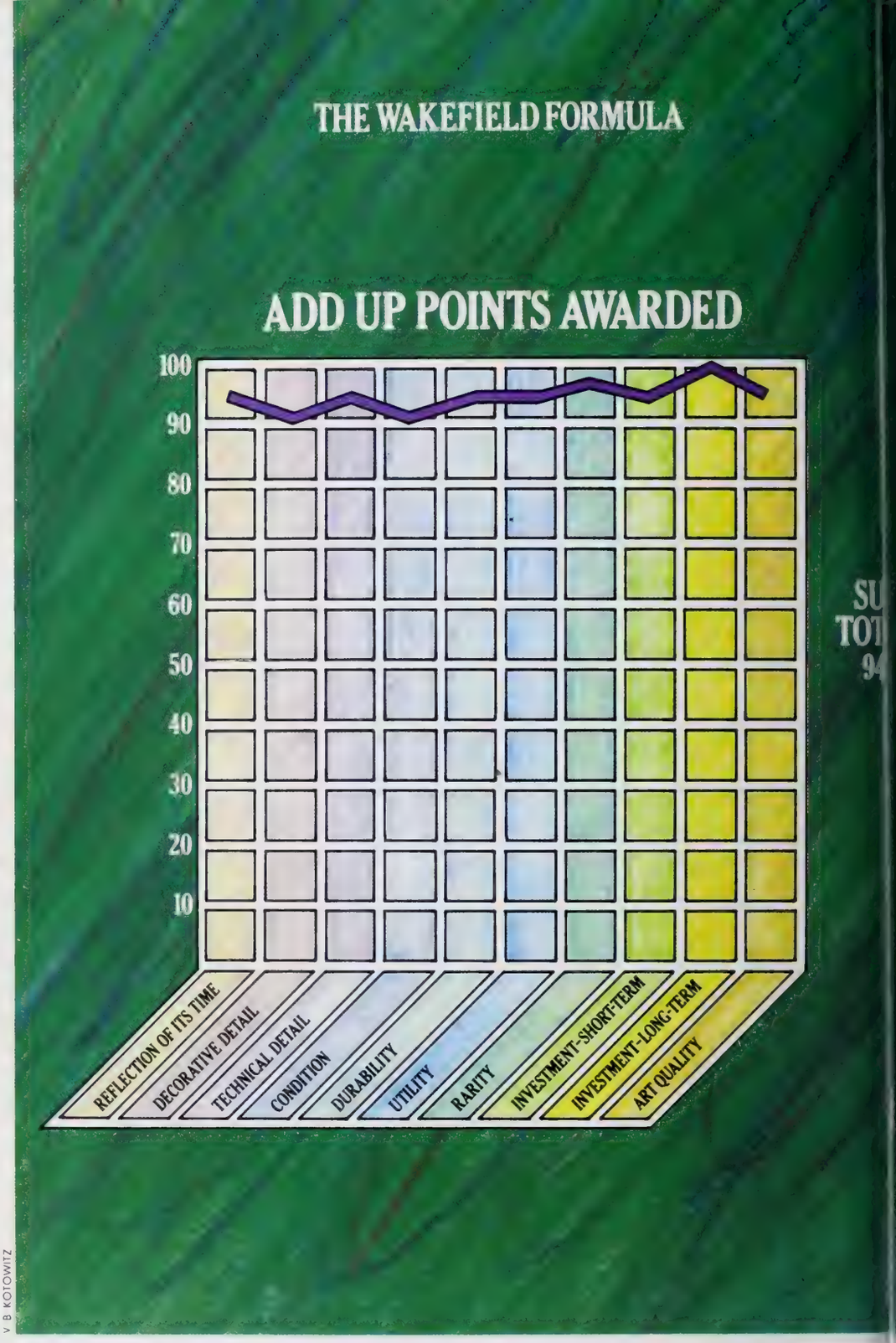
A true modern convenience: 95 out of 100

It is hard to beat the all-round qualities of a bookcase and china-display cabinet with adjustable shelves, which may also have had a looking glass to throw light and life into the room. There are cupboards for files besides, and at the core of the piece a thoroughly workmanlike desk. The cabinet fills out a wall magnificently, and whoever can afford such a piece will surely sport an appropriately high ceiling. For the present, however, the imposing presence of the bookcase adds Wilton class to what was not long ago a mere billiards room. Were it more appropriately located in, say, Lord Pembroke's great writing room, its impact might perhaps mean that no letters were ever written or bills paid. Chippendale's original account for his bookcase unfortunately makes no mention of its intended place.

Detective work, however, yields possible answers to some of the mysteries hovering about the violin bookcase: Where was it meant to be placed? How was the mirror smashed? Why was it refinished while the two companion bookcases have retained their patina? Why was some hardware replaced? Why is there no room at Wilton where either it or the two other bookcases seem to belong?

Until early in this century, the earls of Pembroke lived not only at Wilton but also at Pembroke House, in London, and records indicate that Chippendale executed orders for both houses. At that time, Wilton had a seventy-foot library located in the west front; is it for this room that the violin bookcase would have been destined, as it is thought, while the companion bookcases occupied opposite alcoves in a room in Pembroke House?

Around 1800, the eleventh earl decided to "improve" Wilton by tearing down the north and west fronts, replacing them with a Gothic cloister. In 1810 an observer wrote, "A whole wing was dismantled and thrown open ten years ago. . . . The floors exposed to the injuries of the weather are half-rotten, and the poor antiques thrown about higgledy-piggledy. . . . This state of chaos was restored to order a few years later."



V B KOTOWITZ

It is possible that among the "poor antiques"—though it was then scarcely forty years old—was Chippendale's violin bookcase. Such treatment might well have made necessary a new finish, a new glass front, and some replacement hardware. The companion bookcases, with their original patina, could have been brought to Wilton shortly before Pembroke House was demolished, in 1913.

7. *Rarity*

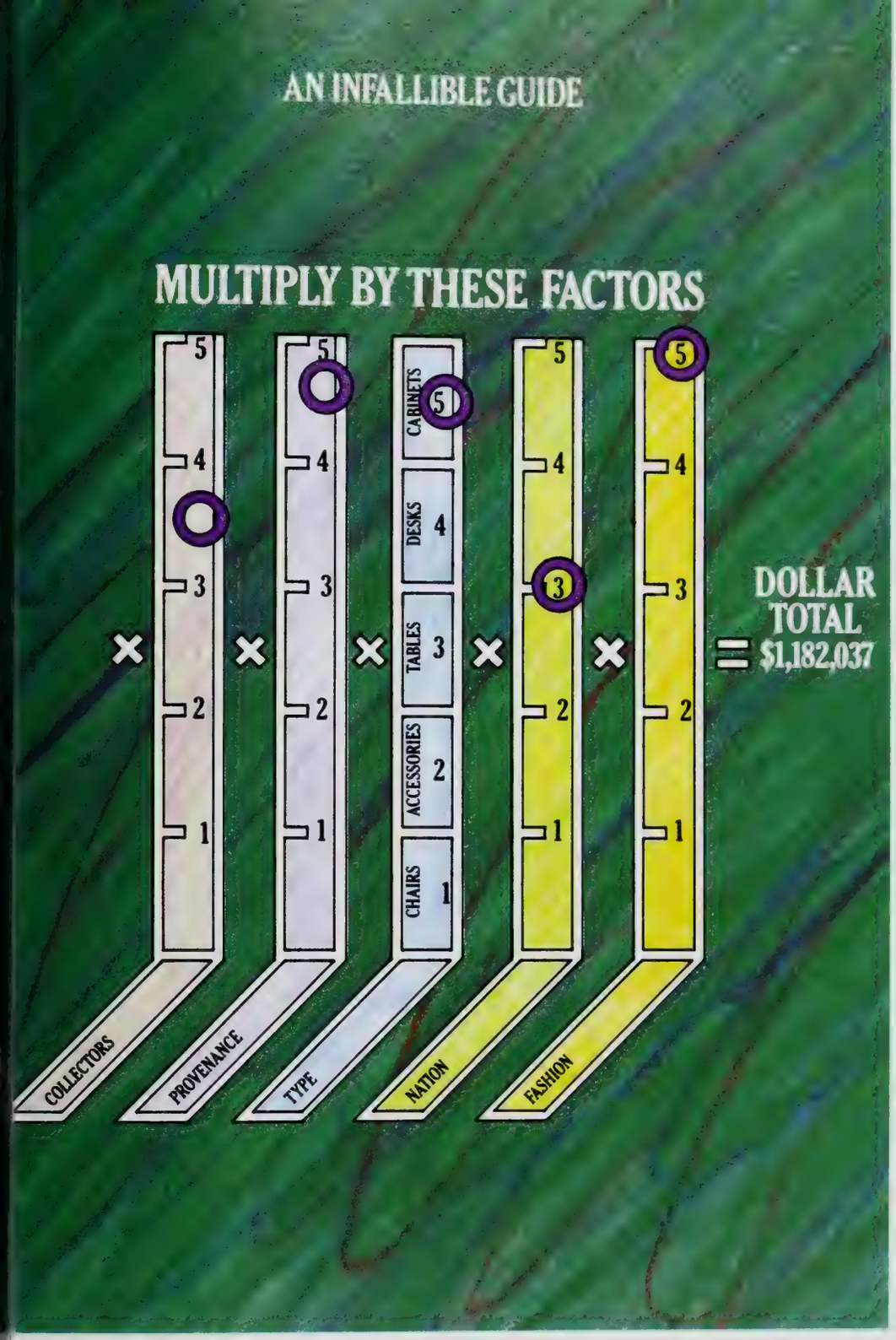
Nothing quite like it: 98 out of 100

Several exotic display cabinets were designed and a few were made, but seldom does a great bookcase achieve this degree of extravagance with such practicality and quality of detail. Just look at the auction catalogues and even the great Chippendale *Director* to see how little there is to rival this one.

8. *Investment Potential*

Better than gold for short-term or futures: short-term, 95 out of 100; long-term, 100 out of 100

If anyone demands a well-known star, he must pay a record price. This is true today and will be in future, whenever some massively funded foundation turns its atten-



tion to English furniture to send those prices spiraling. The violin bookcase will then become one of the "superworks"—masterpieces to be acquired by any means at any cost. A furniture zealot would purr with pleasure at the challenge of replacing the locks with old ones and restoring the original mirror panel.

9. *Art Quality*

Triumphant: 95 out of 100

There is that faint uncertainty about what degree of glitter Chippendale may have intended for the central door. With very slight repair, the surmounting urns could regain their pristine detail. Time will mature the new-polished woods, but by then, who knows, it may be fashionable to re-create the original glow to the wood grain, as it is today on Continental furniture and, of course, on old-master paintings. For the rest, the cabinet's quality as art soars beyond all considerations of practicality or provenance. Here is fine art by an artist who aroused his century's admiration and who continues to astound us today. Some four million years in the jungle gave man sensitive judgment of the correct lines of nature and a sense of alarm when they were defied. The successful tangle of these is frequent in nature, all too rare in art. In the violin bookcase art and nature are in harmony.

MULTIPLICATION TABLES

1. Collectors

Private but not public; multiply by 3.5 out of 5.

Many private collectors would surely sell off a spare apartment to acquire this bookcase, though let us hope it remains in the great house where it belongs. When museums start seriously acquiring English furniture, more than one apartment will have to be sold to pay for such a piece as this.

2. Provenance

Near perfect; multiply by 4.75 out of 5.

Perhaps some day we will know Chippendale's own thoughts about this bookcase, or discover some record of him counseling his craftsmen. Short of that, what we have is princely collector, sublime house, genius artist, wondrous artisans, and all clearly documented and resting in its original ownership.

3. Type of Furniture

The best; mutiply by 5 out of 5.

This tour de force would give any collector all the prestige and conversation his heart could desire.

4. Nation

Unkindly junior; multiply by 3 out of 5.

The greatest English furniture is less powerfully involved than Continental furniture with complexity, intricate detail, and those gilt bronzes, inlays, and porcelains so dear to the curatorial world. This bookcase should transcend such prejudices, but art cannot always triumph.

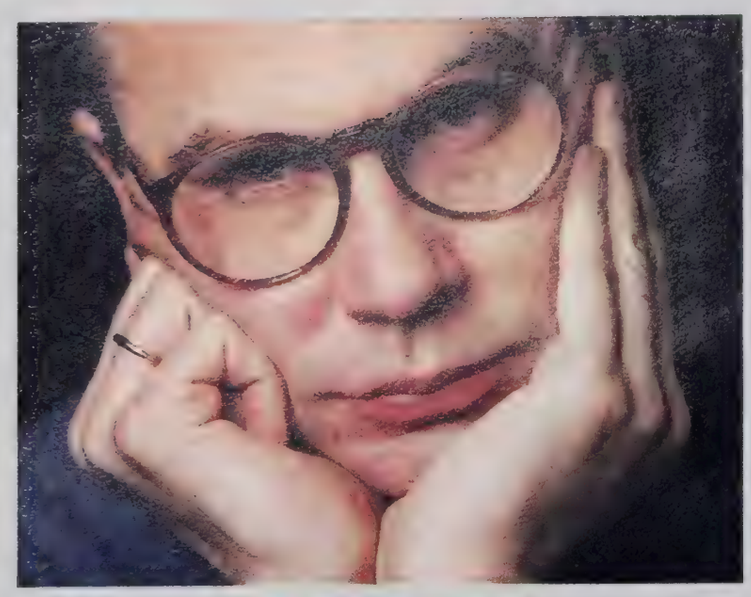
5. Fashion

High; multiply by 5 out of 5.

As modern hallucinations fail and new standards of behavior turn decadent, even the avant-garde turns back to reexamine old, established truths. One result of this is that both the vanguard and the rear guard of society generally accept eighteenth-century furniture design as one of the great, buoyant survivors in the changeable seas of fashion.

To thrill to business ventures, it is essential to have cash involvement in them. Art is different. You need not have possession to win that thrill, any more than you must own the beauty of a passing moonlit field. A sudden surge in the stock market can set any shareholder tingling; the secret of art is to sustain that tingle without ownership. Perhaps what is most exhilarating of all is to love the violin bookcase while remembering that Wilton is where it belongs. □

Sir Humphry Wakefield, Bart., wrote "A Chair," which appeared in Connoisseur, *December 1983.*

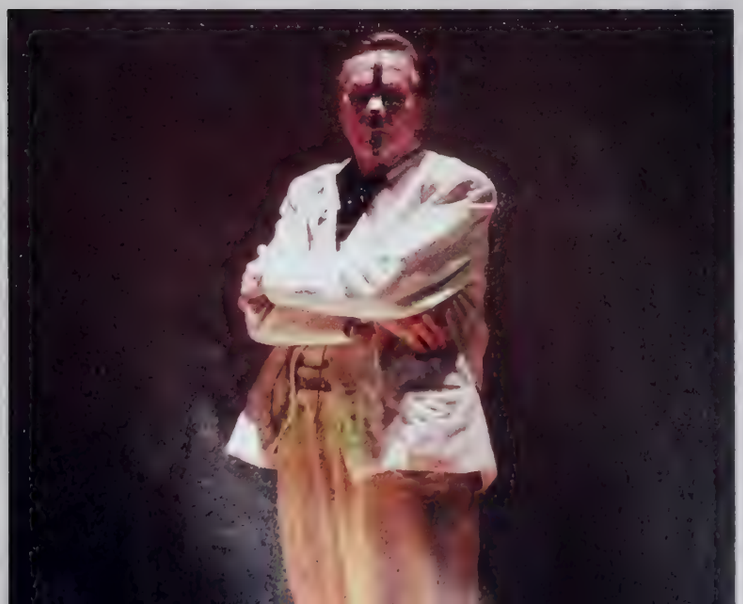


ROBERT WILSON'S EPIC VISION

CREATING FOR THE THEATER ON A GRAND SCALE

BY DALE HARRIS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANS VERHUFEN

Fred Hostowsky in Robert Wilson's the CIVIL warS.



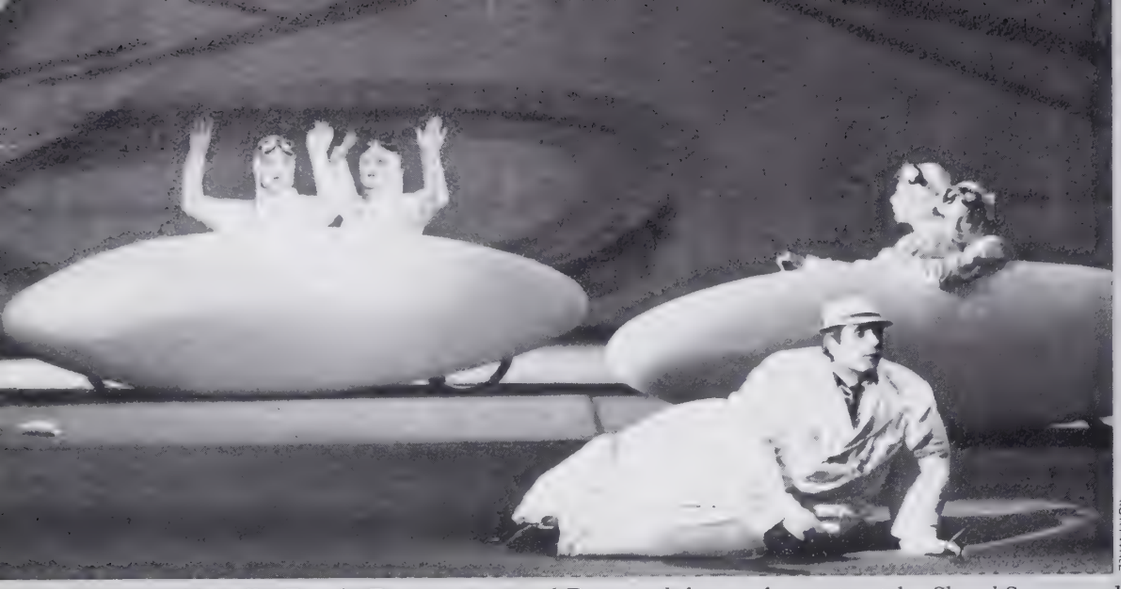
RUTH WALZ

To talk to Robert Wilson is to be caught up, willy-nilly, in a kind of happening. Over six feet tall, soft-spoken, shy in manner—very much the northerner's idea of a small-town Texan—he is the calm center of frenetic activity, all of it carried out in his name. There is hardly a moment when a phone is not ringing in his SoHo

A parachutist, suggesting Rudolf Hess, is gazed upon by judges with neon sticks (of chastisement?); Death, Destruction and Detroit.

loft-office. People arrive and depart. In between trestle-tables that serve as desks, aides confer about the latest crisis in fund-raising or scheduling. The more urgent messages are passed to Wilson while he sits being interviewed. Someone reminds him that he is late for a dinner honoring the soprano Jessye Norman. He knits his brows, then politely asks for tea. "There are just too many things to be done," he says to no one in particular. "It's more than I can cope with now. I have to go to Los Angeles in the morning to raise money from people who've never seen anything I've done."

Robert Wilson is an original. Among the most daring and creative figures in contemporary theater, he is a man who cannot discuss what he does without at the same time practicing it. Incessantly, obsessively, he sketches on yellow pads, covering page after page after page with circles, diagrams, numbers, but especially with scenes from his theater pieces.



RUTH WALZ

BABETTE MANGOLTE

Visually, Death, Destruction and Detroit, *left, was futuristic; right, Sheryl Sutton and Lucinda Childs;* Einstein on the Beach.

No one has yet discovered the precise word or phrase to describe Wilson's art. The French, with a certain justification, refer to his works as operas, although they do not resemble that form in any conventional sense. Rather, Wilson combines music, dance, song, film, speech, lighting, and scenic and costume design in a particular way that gives rise to spectacles full of strange and beautiful incidents, linked not by plot but by mood or theme.

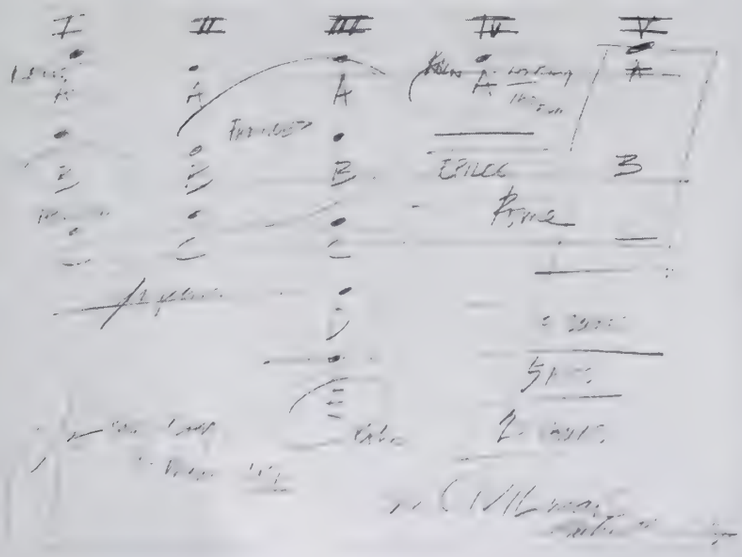
While his talent is admired in Paris, Berlin, Rome, and Tokyo, Wilson can hardly get a hearing in his native land. Since 1976, when his opera *Einstein on the Beach* was presented at the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York, not a single large-scale work by Wilson has been seen in this country. Part of the reason for this state of affairs is the dauntingly vast range of the man's imagination. Though it is true that Wilson has conceived and directed many small, even intimate theater pieces, his quintessential works, the ones that have won him his great artistic reputation in Europe and Japan, have been conceived along grander lines. As he puts it, "I work best on a large scale."

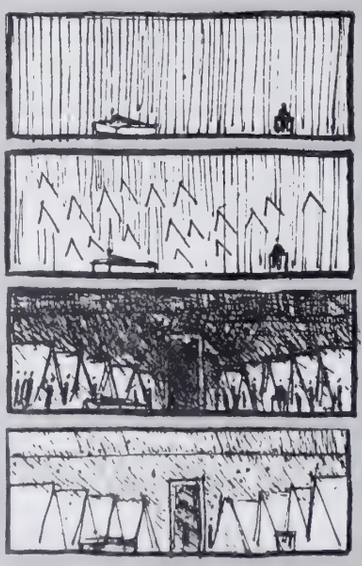
KA MOUNTAIN AND GUARDenia TERRACE, presented on top of Haft Tan Mountain, in Iran, during the Shiraz Festival of 1972, is Wilson's longest work: it went on for seven nights and days, or a total of 168 hours. *The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin,* divided into seven acts and staged in Copenhagen and Brooklyn in 1973, took twelve hours and called for a cast of over 150. *Death, Destruction and Detroit,* a 1979 work created for Peter Stein's avant-garde theater, the Schaubühne am Halleschen Ufer, in West Berlin, was more modest. Lasting a mere five hours, it made use of but twenty-two performers (and it was awarded first prize for play writing by the German press). While *Einstein on the Beach* was not much longer than a Wagnerian opera, it required a huge cast, including singers, dancers, and actors, as well as a complex instrumental ensemble for the performance of Philip Glass's score, a highly important feature of the work as a whole. Seen in Avignon, Venice, New York, Hamburg, Paris, Belgrade, Brussels, and Rotterdam, *Einstein* won the grand prize at the International Festival in Belgrade, and also the Paris Critics' Award for the best piece of musical theater of 1977.

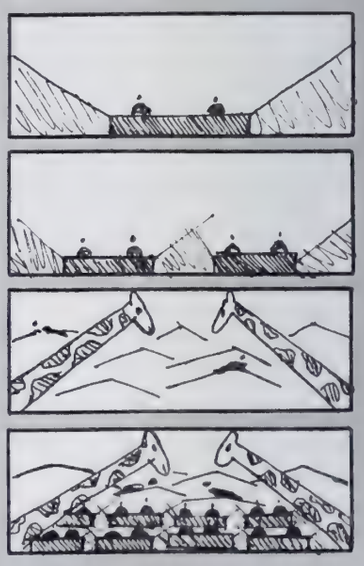
That a characteristic Robert Wilson presentation runs for many hours does not deter his audience. In fact, just the opposite. Though it lasted almost five hours, *Einstein on the Beach* sold out the 4,000-seat Met twice—and most spectators stayed the course. As is typical of the avant-garde, Wilson's fans are overwhelmingly youthful and respond to his pieces as if they were attending a pop concert. Those new to the genre may experience a feeling akin to alarm halfway through a performance in the absence of any sign that the evening is ever going to end; however, at the point when exhaustion and panic become nearly intolerable, an unexpected calm descends, a sense of revelation obliterates all feelings of tension—and another enthusiast is born.

From the point of view of the practical-

Wilson sketches storyboards for his works. An overview of the CIVIL warS, *left; drawings of scenes, center and right.*







minded theater producer, another overpowering aspect of Wilson's pieces is the complicated staging they require. *Death, Destruction and Detroit*, which in terms of his entire output is relatively small in scale, demands elaborate costumes and props for seventeen different settings. Among its scenes is a desert framed by gigantic cacti, a room furnished in the style of Louis XV, and a rooftop landscape in an American city.

For Wilson, the Olympic Games, scheduled to take place in Los Angeles this summer, present the ideal occasion to offer the world a magnificent theatrical spectacle, a work whose theme and proportions are appropriate to such an international event. The production, which he calls *the CIVIL warS: a tree is best measured when it is down*, concerns civil strife in various parts of the world and at different times. Both in its subject and in its collaborative nature, *the CIVIL warS* exemplifies the spirit of universal brotherhood implicit in the games.

The title of this piece, says Wilson, refers to "any number of historical confrontations, not necessarily violent, which comment on man's long journey toward brotherhood." He designed *the CIVIL warS* so that a number of countries—originally, France, Holland, West Germany, Italy, Japan, and the United States—would each provide him with the opportunity to create a component of a mammoth production, the whole to be assembled for the first time in Los Angeles and to run for no fewer than nine hours.

Characteristic of Wilson's vision is his unpredictable choice of *dramatis personae*. Among the fictional and historical characters who figure in his concept are Mata Hari, Karl Marx, Robert E. Lee, Don Quixote, Joan of Arc, Voltaire, Frederick the Great, Mary Lincoln, Hercules, Captain Nemo, and Mathew Brady. In addition, the work calls for a number of fake animals—giraffes, a lion, a zebra, and a tiger—and a live horse, in the role of General Lee's Traveler, which has been allotted a small episode of its own.

The scenes range from a solitary tree in Africa to the court of imperial Japan. One section depicts undersea life as observed through the porthole of the *Nautilus*, the submarine piloted by Jules Verne's Captain Nemo. In another, the young Mary Lincoln is viewed through the window of a spaceship, which appears in a dense forest. Among the most disconcerting juxtapositions of time, place, and mood is a sequence that shows Lincoln being shot as he watches the classic noh drama *Funa Benkei*, about the struggle between good and evil. In an American Civil War tableau, an Oldsmobile drives through a camp of soldiers. Less a chronicler than a seer, Wilson views history not as a matter of dates and discrete events but as a continuum in which past, present, and future commingle. His theater is essentially a visionary experience, leading us beyond the scope of everyday reality in which, he says, "we are all blind and deaf."

The family scene that begins act 4 of the CIVIL warS.

In Wilson's hands, facts become images, and history, myth. He deals in universals, and his dramatic vision is as sweeping, majestic, and impractical as that of Richard Wagner—whose own music dramas required the establishment of the Bayreuth Festival to ensure their proper production. So far, no similar expedient has been suggested to solve the problems inherent in Wilson's theater. To finance a project as immense and audacious as *the CIVIL warS*, he must devote sizable amounts of time and energy to convincing potential donors of the seriousness and theatrical feasibility of his ideas. In the scramble to find backers, a chief asset has been the caliber of the participants, including two opera singers at the very peak of their international careers—Hildegard Behrens, who will sing Mata Hari, Mme. Curie, and the Snow Owl, and Jessye Norman, who will sing Mary Lincoln and the Queen of the Sea—and the composers Philip Glass, Gavin Bryars, Nicolas Economou, Jo Kondo, and David Byrne (who is also the lead singer of the contemporary rock group Talking Heads).

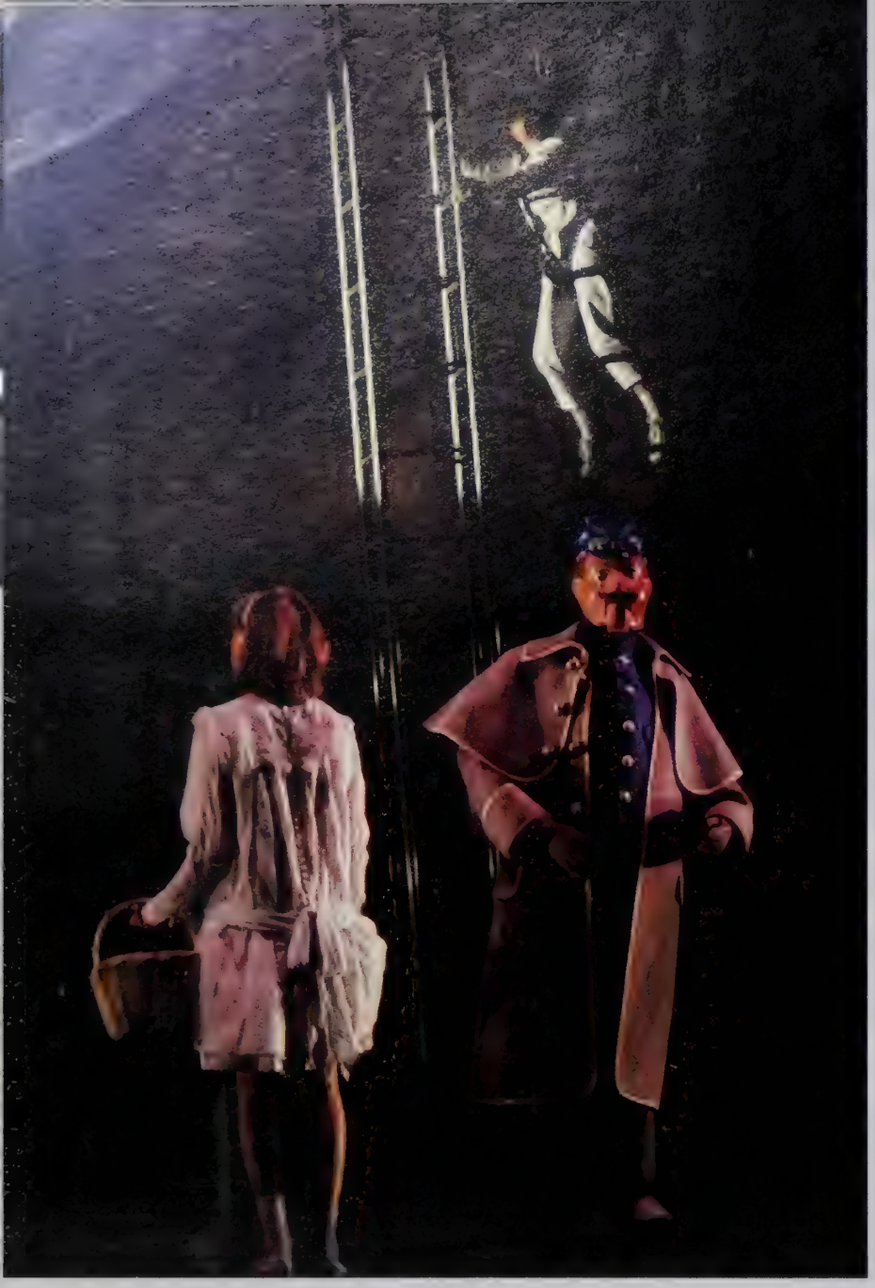
As a young man growing up in Texas, Wilson wanted to be a painter. In 1963 he headed for New York, where he studied architecture at Pratt I

stitute. He was soon drawn to experimental theater. Today, acting as a director-playwright, he decides on the characters, the action, and the style of his pieces. Since he neither composes music nor choreographs, his is a collaborative art, the purpose of this collaboration being to give his original conception a vivid theatrical identity.

Wilson's dramatic imagination compares with that of no one else in the theater today. From it springs such an extraordinary conception as *The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin*—with its live dog, snake, and sheep, and a ballet for nineteen dancers dressed as ostriches. In one scene of *Edison* (1979), a group dressed in summer whites sleeps fitfully on the lawn before a darkened mansion. In another, Death appears at the inventor's bedside, bearing a glowing lightbulb in outstretched hands.

A shot rings out in a crowded café in *A Letter for Queen Victoria* (1974), and a customer, obviously dead, slumps heavily across a table. A moment later, he rises

Wilson at a rehearsal, in the role of director.



Prussian soldiers, an image from the first scene; the CIVIL warS.

Photographs of the CIVIL warS, *in a 1983 production in Cologne, Germany, show what audiences in Los Angeles will see in June.*

again—so that the scene can be replayed. In a crucial scene from *Einstein on the Beach*, a large, empty bed sits mysteriously before the judges' bench and, at the end of the proceedings, slowly stands itself on end, lighting up from within. The audience of *Death, Destruction and Detroit* finds itself confronted by a young couple in a futuristic racing car; a band of comic Indians; a battle between prehistoric animals in slow motion; and a Rudolf Hess figure in white tie and tails, who dances by himself while remaining utterly oblivious of the couples in evening dress who gradually fill the stage. A man wearing a German airman's uniform is seen hanging on to the straps of his parachute while suspended over the earth, where he finds himself confronted by a dozen or so judges, all carrying neon sticks.

For such sights as these, there can be neither explanation nor analysis, only acknowledgment. Wilson conceives poetic visions—not chapters in a narrative or stages in an argument. Nor are they steps leading to a clarifying climax. The sinister scene of the parachutist in *Death, Destruction and Detroit*, though doubtless related to Rudolf Hess's flight from Germany to Britain during World War II, is less a dramatization of history than a visualization of universal fears—of impotence, psychic immobilization, retribution.

Wilson is neither a storyteller nor a thinker; he is a dreamer. That does not mean his works are mere projections of his inner life. They are also shaped by extensive research into his subjects and characters, a sure instinct for the creation of theatrical enchantment, and, more than anything else, artistic skill. Wilson is one of the most gifted stage designers in the modern theater, a master of scenic illusion and the creation of atmosphere.

He doesn't know how his conceptions reveal themselves to him; Wilson says they simply come into his mind. His big theatrical works invariably have their own origin in pictures. *Death, Destruction and Detroit*, for example, came into existence through a photograph he found in a flea market showing a group of old men raking leaves in a prison courtyard. As he pored over the photograph, he discovered that the old men were in the courtyard of Spandau prison, in Berlin, and that one of them was Hitler's former henchman Rudolf Hess. On examining the image with a magnifying glass, he saw that Hess was not grasping the rake but balancing it against the side of his hand—he was only going through the motions of working. The rake began to flower in Wilson's imagination, becoming a great many things: a sword, a lance, a rod of chastisement, a gun, a neon stick.

In the case of his own drawings, one image will usually engender another. *the CIVIL WarS* began to develop the moment Wilson looked at a book of Mathew Brady's Civil War photographs, the image of a sea of sharks' fins turning into a field

The spaceship from Wilson's opera with Philip Glass, Einstein on the Beach, *resembles an adult's busy box.*

of soldiers' tents and then into a ward of hospital beds. As the sketches for one of his projects multiply, Wilson begins to find interesting relationships between them, and thus levels of meaning of which he had not at first been aware. By pinning up the drawings in various sequences on the huge, blank walls of his apartment, he can see whole sections of the work at a single glance. From beginning to end his concepts remain essentially visual, and it comes as no surprise to hear him refer to the process of organizing his drawings as the weaving of a tapestry.

Even so, language plays an increasingly large role in his works. In *The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin*, the text, which consisted of a series of word patterns, was minimal. It bulked larger in *Einstein on the Beach*, although it was constructed from the names of notes and the reiteration of ordinal numbers to music. Only at the very end of the evening did Wilson make use of coherent speech. In *Death Destruction and Detroit*, virtually every scene included a spoken text, translated for the occasion into German. Only obliquely relatable to the action portrayed in each scene, it was based on repetition and the juxtaposition of disparate, seemingly arbitrary statements. In *the CIVIL warS*, Wilson again makes extensive use of language, though it is no closer to being either a means of characterization or an instrument of persuasion.

As a boy, Wilson stammered badly and was cured only when a woman named Byrd Hoffman told him to speak more slowly, to take his time. Grateful to Miss Hoffman, after whom he named his production company, he now feels that too much has been made of the incident. His steady growth in artistic confidence during the past decade has enabled him to use language with ever-greater resourcefulness, though always as an indirect, quasi-abstract means of expressivity. Yet expressive he invariably is. Wilson believes that his work presents no impediments to those who leave at home preconceived notions about the theater, and that it is universal in appeal. As for *the CIVIL warS*, he sees it as a popular event, a public ritual, an occasion for a great communal experience. If everything goes according to plan, several thousand people will gain entrance to a dream world, a world at once intensely poetic, wildly imaginative, and uncommonly grand. □

Going to the CIVIL warS: *You can catch up with Wilson's opera at the Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, April 25–28; at the Shrine Auditorium, Los Angeles, June 5–9; at the Metropolitan Opera, New York, July 5–7. There will be a revival of Wilson and Glass's* Einstein on the Beach *at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in December.*

Dale Harris, a contributing editor of this magazine, is a professor of art history at Cooper Union.

ELEGANT JEWELRY FASHIONED FROM FINE STEELS

STEEL DE LUXE

BY DIDI MOORE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEN MACWEENEY
PRODUCED BY KATHLEEN HEARST

Steel. The word conjures up images of soaring girders and heavy equipment. It summons the smells of belching smokestacks; Bessemer converters; helmeted and goggled steelworkers. It evokes strength, precision, and technology. But in one of its more recent incarnations—jewelry—steel is being described by a new set of terms: "understated," "elegant," "classic." They are the kinds of words usually reserved for the most aesthetically admirable of designs.

Twisted with gold, studded with diamonds, and etched with exquisite detail, steel—and especially stainless—is being fashioned into some of the newest and most innovative jewelry around. At prestigious houses like Bulgari and Fred Joaillier, and at the downtown Manhattan studios of leading metalsmiths like Mary Ann Scherr, stainless-steel collars, bracelets, rings, and earrings are taking their place in the showcases right next to the silver and gold. "It's a different kind of jewelry," says Nicola Bulgari, who heads the Italian family's United States operations. "It's very contemporary and young. It has a fresh look."

Like much else fashionable and beautiful, stainless-steel jewelry first came into vogue in Europe. Now it is slowly gathering popularity in the United States as well. Its sleek, stylish lines are very compatible with understated American fashions. And its

Bulgari's Tubogas steel necklace just fits around a worker's glove.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE BRIDGEVILLE PLANT, UNIVERSAL CYCLOPS SPECIALTY STEEL DIVISION, CYCLOPS CORPORATION.

low-key beauty makes it appropriate for women—and men—to wear at any time of day. As Joel Tanguy, of the French jewelry house Poiray, puts it, "Americans see jewelry as either a status symbol or an investment. We are reeducating American women to get used to buying jewelry just for the fun of it."

Poiray's earrings have loops of coiled stainless steel.

Rolex, the Swiss watchmaker, has been manufacturing stainless watches since the turn of the century, and avant-garde shops like Artwear, in New York's SoHo, have for some time been selling one-of-a-kind pieces made of "exotic" metals like steel, titanium, and aluminum. A renewal of interest, seven or eight years ago, in the Rolex stainless watch may have helped bring steel jewelry into the mainstream. That sporty stainless timepiece—sometimes combining steel with yellow gold—became an instant classic. Today virtually every major jewelry house makes a stainless watch.

It was Bulgari's stainless watch that launched the company's admired Tubogas collection, five years ago. (The collection is named for the gas hoses, often found in Italian homes, that the ribbed stainless resembles.) "We had been playing with stainless for several years," explains Nicola Bulgari. But it took time, he says, to come up with a look that fit the Bulgari image. The Tubogas collection features ribbed stainless collars set with their signature coins and cabochon stones; bracelets with semiprecious stones; and rings and earrings to match. The effect is simple, tailored, and distinctively Bulgari.

While steel jewelry is not inexpensive, pieces at Bulgari are about one-quarter the price of the same pieces in gold. A plain, unadorned collar, for example, that costs $1,300 in stainless would carry a $6,000 price tag in gold. Nevertheless, says Bulgari, this collection is not intended to attract a less affluent clientele. "We are always trying new routes," he comments. "This is just a sportier look."

While Bulgari's stainless collection is consistent with the aesthetic of their entire line, the Force 10 group of jewelry by Fred represents a new design concept. This collection uses nautical cable as a motif. (The name refers to a force-ten wind—one of remarkable strength.) The Samuel family, the owners of Fred, are dedicated sailors. As one of the sponsors of the French entry in last year's America's Cup, the Samuels ordered true nautical cable to be custom braided to their size specifications, and they embellished bracelets, chains, rings, and earrings with eighteen-karat-gold fittings resembling boating knots, hooks, and hinges. The collection has found its main market in the seafaring set.

In the SoHo studio of Mary Ann Scherr, a pioneer in the use of exotic metals, one-of-a-kind steel collars, bracelets, earrings, and even belts take on a contemporary, almost ethnic look. Scherr, who is the chairman of the Department of Clay, Fiber, Metal, and Glass Product Design at the Parsons School of Design, in New York City, first began to work with stainless in the mid-1960s, through commissions from United States Steel. "Coinage was changing, we went off the silver standard, and the company thought the strong properties of the metal would best be shown off to the government through delicate jewelry."

In 1965 Scherr presented the first show of stainless jewelry at the American Craft Museum, in New York City. Since then, her works have been acquired for the permanent collections of the Vatican Museum of Contemporary Art, the National Museum of American Art, in Washington, D.C., the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and elsewhere.

Though she now feels as comfortable working with steel as she does with gold and silver, that wasn't always so. Substantially harder than the precious metals she was familiar with, stainless steel "led me around for a good six months," says Scherr of that first shipment sent to her by United States Steel. "Then I tamed it, and I was free to design what I wanted."

She loves working with stainless, Scherr says, because of its "integrity. I know that whatever I do, the surface will stay the same and the edges won't mar." Noticing that over time her stainless-steel skillets at home were acquiring a rich black patina, Scherr began to experiment in the studio. Using cooking oil, she learned to simulate on her jewelry the oxidation process, getting colors that turned from orange to purple to black.

In a steelworker's hip pocket: Bulgari's stainless-steel old-mine cut-diamond ring.

The necklace called "Lines and Circles," from the 1960s, is an early stainless-steel jewelry piece by Mary Ann Scherr.

A LOST ART

The use of steel in fine jewelry is actually not new. Nonprecious metals have been used for ornamentation since the Iron Age. Cut-steel jewelry was in fact all the rage during the mideighteenth and nineteenth centuries. This was made by metalsmiths and sword makers, who cut soft steel into small faceted studs, which were then individually riveted onto backings. According to Julie Seymour, the director of the James II Galleries, in New York City, faceted cut steel—which is quite glittery—was very popular among the middle and upper classes in Europe. It became fashionable among those who couldn't afford diamonds—as well as among those who could, but who preferred to keep the real things locked away.

Marcasite, tiny facets of iron pyrite, gradually replaced cut-steel jewelry; it was easier and less expensive to make. Unlike marcasite, however, cut steel is no longer made, and so the jewelry is highly collectible today. Seymour, whose shop carries antique cut steel, warns that the steel can rust. Wearers should put on their necklaces after applying scent and stay away from water. Otherwise, the sparkling pieces still serve the same functions they did when they were designed. —*D.M*

There is not a great deal of competition among manufacturers to rush into the production of one-of-a-kind stainless-steel jewelry. The hardness of the metal requires extraordinary heat—3,000°F. for welding stainless, as opposed to 1,100° to 1,300° for soldering gold and silver. "The metal is so ridiculously hard to work with," says the manufacturer André Chervin, whose client list resembles an international who's who of fine jewelry houses. "The files and shapes used for gold and silver aren't made for steel. The tools get worn down."

While Chervin is reluctant to work with stainless, he says that two or three times a year he's talked into making pieces—usually chokers or men's rings. "I try to discourage them," says Chervin. "If I charge $2,500 to craft a man's ring in platinum, I'd charge considerably more for the same thing in stainless steel."

Indeed, Chervin is one of the few jewelers who will even consider working with stainless. As the designer Jane Van Nest explains, "It's no problem designing with stainless; the problem is finding someone who will work with that kind of heat." Mary Ann Scherr had to convert her studio to accommodate the demands of steel. "I've also developed incredible muscles in my hands, arms, and shoulders," she adds.

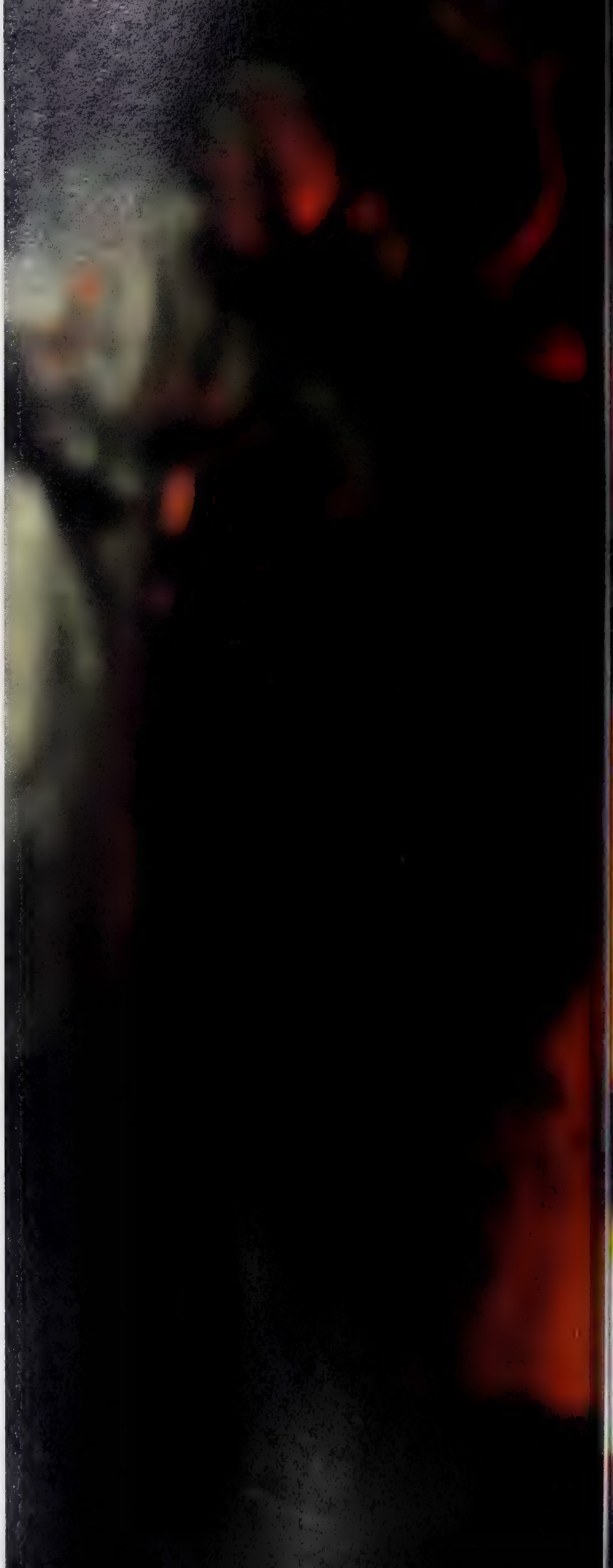
Not every designer thinks that steel is worth all that effort. "I like the way it looks, but if it's so difficult to work with, why bother?" says the Coty Award-winning jewelry designer Celia Sebiri. "The industry is looking for something new, but buyers aren't coming in and asking for a line of stainless jewelry."

In all likelihood, stainless steel will never rival conventional metals in wide public appeal. Steel lacks the market value of a precious metal: unless the piece derives its worth from the merit of its design and is signed by a famous jewelry firm, its investment value is questionable.

Indeed, the high cost of producing custom stainless pieces has made steel a commodity that is sometimes more costly than the precious metals. As a result, the demand for steel jewelry comes from those who are willing to spend, say, $5,000 on an investment in labor rather than in material. "The people I know who like steel, love jewelry—but don't want to show off in gold," says André Chervin. "The same people may have an understated stone—like a yellow diamond—which to the inexperienced eye looks like a topaz. Only they know it's worth $100,000."

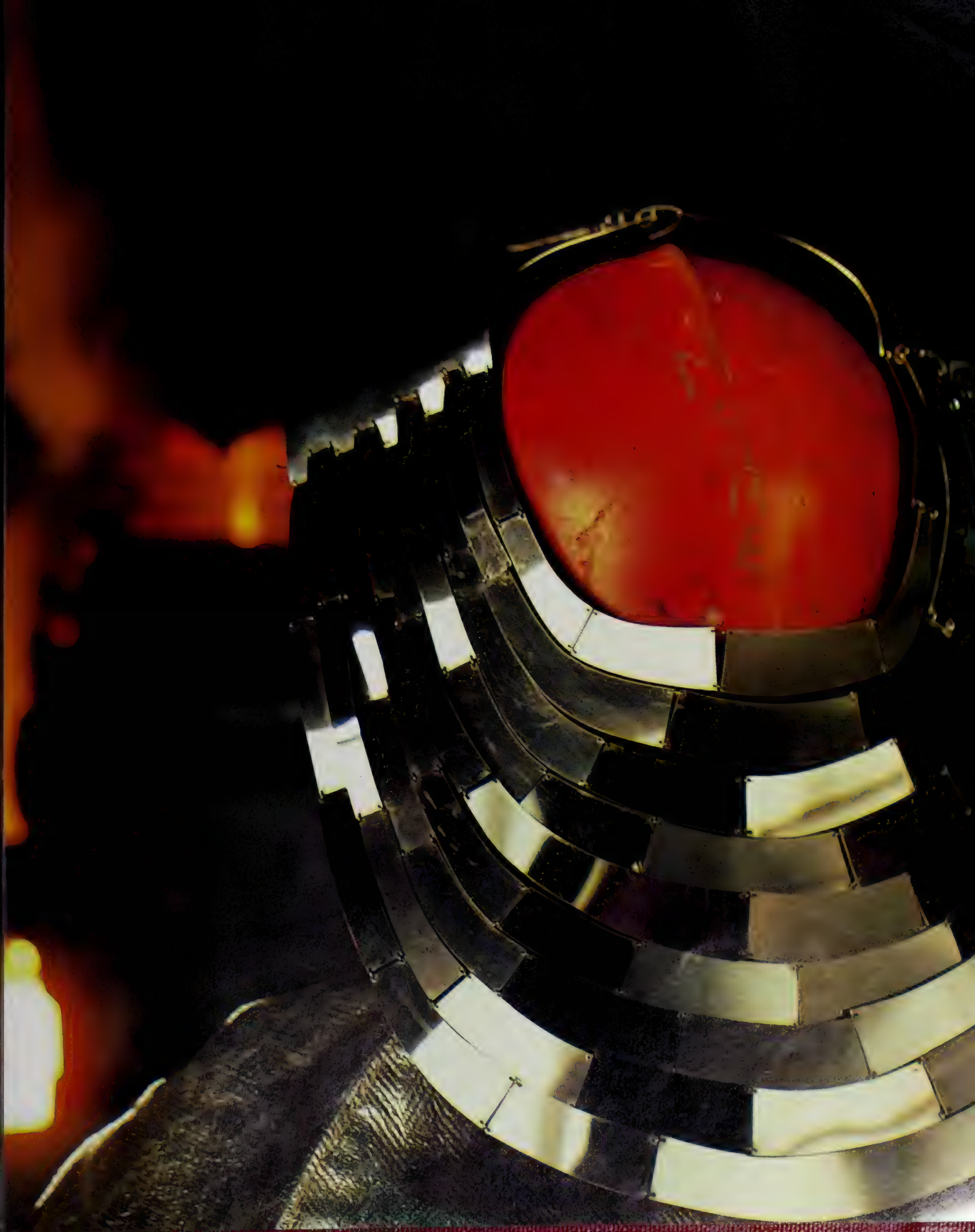
Others like the clean, elegant lines of stainless steel, and not all the pieces are as costly as Chervin's. Mary Ann Scherr's "unique" collars and cuffs—one necklace is hung with gold chain and amber and wrapped with gold-and-iron wire—start at $300 for simple pieces and have prices comparable to those of her gold and silver pieces. The price range of the Force 10 collection starts at $500, for a stainless-and-gold ring, and goes up to $3,500, for a bracelet studded with diamonds.

Jewelry designers are constantly looking for innovative modes of expression. And stainless steel is clearly not the end of the search for new materials—aluminum and titanium are still being explored. None of these "exotic" metals may ever achieve the widespread appreciation enjoyed by gold or silver. Yet the current interest in stainless-steel jewelry that is being displayed by established houses and important contemporary designers ensures that stainless is much more than a fad; it may just be the start of a new tradition. □

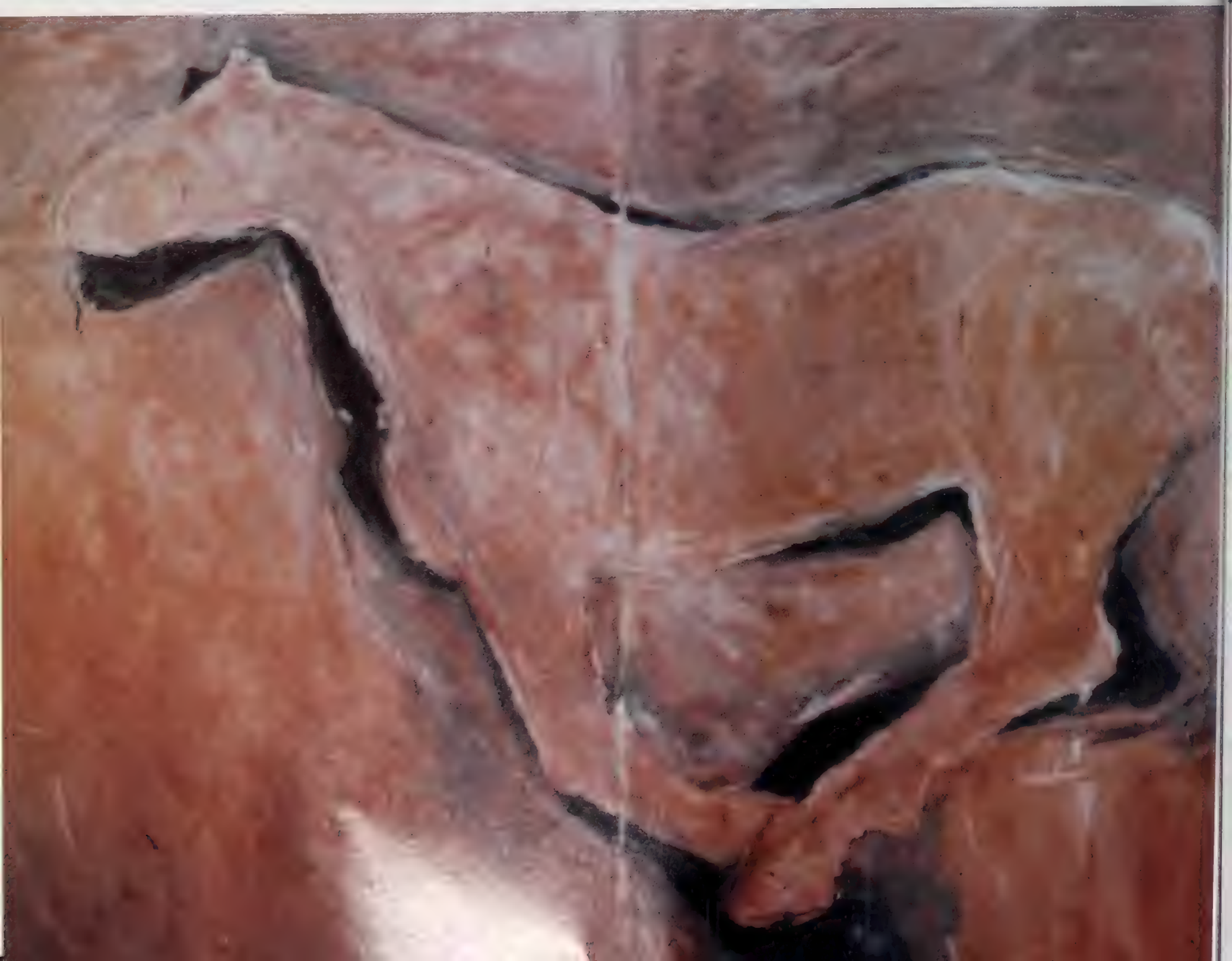


This bib necklace, a Scherr design, is constructed of interlocking stainless-steel plates that are backed w

Didi Moore wrote "Pied-à-terre in the [illegible] *ember 1983* Connoisseur.



IN A CLASS BY HERSELF



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Susan Rothenberg's canvases fairly reverberate with honesty and conviction

BY HAYDEN HERRERA

When Susan Rothenberg opens the door to her Manhattan loft, something in the directness of her gaze tells you that she will not suffer fools. Small and dark, she has the taut grace of a dancer—indeed, she used to perform with Joan Jonas—and the look of a gamine. Fierce as those brown eyes may be, they also contain a hint of mischief, as if the most sustaining gift were humor. And now that gift is being tested, for Rothenberg needs all the laughter she can muster to confront the onslaught of fame.

She has won recognition as one of the most powerful and moving painters working today. Emerging in the mid-1970s as a pioneer of the New Image painting, a movement that welded representation to abstraction and that reacted against the mute geometries of Minimalism, she has now become associated with the Neo-Expressionists, a group of painters nearly a decade younger than herself. With painters like Julian Schnabel, Sandro Chia, and Anselm Kiefer, she has taken the art worlds of the United States and Europe by storm. No matter what success has done to the others, it has not spoiled Susan Rothenberg. She doesn't feel attached to any art movement, certainly not to Neo-Expressionism. Although some of this school's painters interest her, she is appalled by the commercialism and hype that surround them.

That she is independent certainly does not mean that Rothenberg dislikes recognition. When she was given shows at the Kunsthalle Basel, in 1981, and at the even more prestigious Stedelijk Museum, in Amsterdam, in 1982, she was delighted. Last September she had a one-woman show at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, and the highly respected Willard Gallery, on Seventy-second Street, can hardly keep up with requests for her work. Rothenberg is always in demand for group exhibitions, though sometimes, she feels, only to serve as the token woman artist.

The reason for her popularity is not hard to find. When you see her canvases hanging in a Whitney Museum Biennial, say, they are so compelling in their authenticity and so beautifully painted that they make the surrounding art look like tinsel. Should you see a Rothenberg amid a group of Neo-Expressionist canvases, you will find her honesty and conviction all the more striking, for her work contains no histrionics, no bravado, no conceit. Moreover, Rothenberg spares us the tedium of looking at fifteen canvases all painted with the identical "urgent" emotion in the name of a search for some important truth. She is far too self-critical and deeply engaged in the difficulty of painting to be anything but modest in her approach to art.

Though her painting has an immediate emotional impact, it is not easy. Her spare, laconic imagery never tells you precisely what it means. Such ambiguity is typical of the Neo-Expressionists; but for them it often seems a strategy to intimidate the

Above: The artist before a new canvas. Left: Cabin Fever *(1976) contrasts equine power and the stillness of formalism.*

Rose *(1980) depicts the painter's necessities.*

The movement of Boat/Man *(1981–82) came with Rothenberg's switch to oils.*

viewer into thinking the painting is profound. In Rothenberg's case, one knows that the image, however mysterious, is closely connected to strong personal feeling. Her ambiguity pulls the viewer in; one reveres her paintings all the more for what they refuse to reveal.

Perhaps not surprisingly, Rothenberg is an extremely private person. She loves living alone on the quiet edge of New York City, in rooms flooded with light from the Hudson River. Yet she is no recluse. She has many artist friends, and, since her divorce from the sculptor George Trakas, in 1979, she has lived with her eleven-year-old daughter, Maggie, whose antic play has formed the subject of some of Rothenberg's more lighthearted paintings. But sometimes when a visitor invades her privacy with questions, she looks like a startled woodland animal.

Gradually, her story emerges. Born thirty-nine years ago in Buffalo, she studied at Cornell and arrived in New York in 1969, at the age of twenty-four. After settling in a tiny studio on the lower West Side, she began to work in a then-fashionable Minimalist mode influenced by the sculpture of Richard Serra and Robert Morris. In 1973, while painting squares within squares, she got bored: "I just bummed out. I couldn't do it anymore. The only good thing about the [illegible] was the simple pencil line I drew down [illegible] middle. I didn't paint for a while, and I [illegible] a baby, too. Some time after she was born [illegible] the image of the horse came out. I drew a line down the middle, and before I knew it, there was half a horse on either side."

Even though she was now depicting a real object, her conscious concerns were as formal as before. She continued to focus on the relation between what she calls "wholes and parts" and on surface: as with her earlier, abstract paintings, the line down the middle counteracted any reading in depth. "That was the dictum of the day," says Rothenberg. "Keep it flat, no illusionism here—I was up to my ears in those ethics." She was also interested in relations of shape to edge and figure to ground: color in itself does not interest her, and she uses few colors besides black, white, and gray. "In the first horses, the figure and ground were the same burnt sienna color, so that the edge was the only thing that differentiated the image from the ground." In this, as in her seemingly neutral attitude toward subject matter, she acknowledges the influence of Jasper Johns's single-colored targets and flags. "To me the horse was something real, something recognizable, and something that divided perfectly in half by virtue of its not being quite symmetrical. It had an innate power that carried my formalist thinking."

Rothenberg's first foray into public view, a large black horse bridging a reddish brown canvas divided by a vertical line, was entitled *Triphammer Bridge*. When it appeared in the "New Talent" show in 1974, it was easily the best piece in an exhibition that involved numerous galleries and hundreds of artworks. How could anyone have the temerity to paint anything so simple? And how could the artist be so perverse as to make an abstraction out of an image that for most people is charged with layer upon layer of literary associations?

By 1976, Rothenberg's horses had grown in subtlety and complexity, reflecting the artist's own growing confidence and sophistication. Again, the contrast between a resonant subject and the painter's refusal to acknowledge dealing with it on any but formal terms gives the paintings an extraordinary tension. The horses seem to burst out of the confinement of formalism and to charge the canvas with pent-up personal meanings. Another kind of tension arises from the conflict between a motif that implies motion and formal strategies—crossed lines, black bands, for example—that keep the horses in place. Thus, even galloping stallions are imprisoned in their flat fields. Yet nothing [illegible] static, because Rothenberg's handling of acrylic paint is full of movement.

"Most of my work is not run through a rational part of my brain."

She conjures life out of broad expanses of canvas where there are no images at all. For her, every stroke counts. Like flesh, the surfaces of her paintings are sensuous all over.

In the years that followed, her rendering of the horses developed from profile to frontal to disintegrated. Finally they became so abstract that they were almost unrecognizable. "In one of the last configurations," says Rothenberg, "a horse became like an inverted tuning fork that resembled a human figure." Some paintings reduce the horse to bones, conveying an almost flayed vulnerability; in many of them is a feeling of being thwarted, oppressed, or threatened. An awesome, mute hunger seems to ache through all the forms.

While she was working on the horses in the late 1970s, Rothenberg began painting large heads, or heads with hands, that carry further the strange, emblematic primitivism of the last horses. Outlined in black, blue, or red against a white ground, the heads seem, like those horses, impinged upon by the empty space around them. With these paintings, Rothenberg moved from her concern with "wholes and parts" to a kind of space that she speaks of as "hollows and solids." Line thickens to become a black band that is wide enough to be read as a form rather than just a contour. As a result, the white shapes cut out by the band can be seen as

Hayden Herrera is the author of Frida: A Biography of Frida Kahlo.

either surface or void. What do these paintings mean? All of them seem to point to some personal crisis; a few refer to the agonies of divorce. Susan Rothenberg says only that they are "very confrontational" and that she was drawn to the motif of a head and a hand because these are what she works with as a painter.

A major change in both style and content came in 1981, when Rothenberg rented a house on a creek on Long Island. "There were boats parked out front. I started painting boats just as a vehicle to learn how to use oil paint after a dozen years of acrylic." The boat paintings are full of movement, and, though surfaces are as rich and vibrant as ever, the canvas opens into deep space. Even more astonishing is a new and unabashed romanticism. Formerly, Rothenberg played down her natural spirituality, distancing it with formalism and irony. Now, in painting white boats tossed on black seas or black ships drifting through night, she allows herself a kind of rapture. *Boat/Man* (1981–82) suggests the ecstatic unity of man and bark sailing before a full wind. Like the boatman in the nineteenth-century American painter Thomas Cole's *Voyage of Life* cycle, Rothenberg's navigator suggests elemental feelings about nature, freedom, sublimity, and will.

"The boat became a lighter, more flowing kind of image," says Rothenberg. "It became a way of painting a suggestion about freedom that I was feeling inside me—a desire to get free and be free. Sailboats are beautiful and they're light and they depend on the wind. I think the work is starting to talk about growing, taking journeys." With the thicker consistency of oil paint came shorter, choppier strokes, and the paintings began to allude to atmospheric conditions. A concept of a figure in a location replaced the painter's

In Tuning Fork *(1980) the abstract horse figure, with its red shadow, rings with the reverberations of a perfectly designed object.*

An awesome, mute hunger seems to ache through all the forms.

earlier concern with figure and ground. "The boats led me down a different avenue of painting," says Rothenberg. "I guess I had had a lot of rules, and they started to break up with the sailboat image. At first I was horrified. I thought, 'What is this? Neo-Impressionism?' " Here were shadows and reflections, the movement of time and of objects in and out of space. Much to her surprise, Rothenberg found herself miles from the Minimalist austerities where she had so fervently begun.

As she cast orthodoxies to the winds, a new playfulness appeared in her work. *Withall* (1982), for example, combines boats with families of swans that she also observed outside her house. One distant boat is intentionally placed so that it looks like a hat perched on a swan. A footprint on the water is equally absurd. In contrast to the proud, proprietary hand prints in cave paintings or in Jackson Pollock's work, it seems to say, "I put my foot in it!" Another incongruous detail, a head with an arm attached to the forehead, is, says Rothenberg, "like the projection of a thought into a landscape. The head and arm don't belong in the landscape with the swans and boats; they occupy a different kind of space." In *Mist from the Chest* (1983), the humor is more sardonic, perhaps even black, and it recalls Philip Guston's apocalyptic comic-strip scenes. The head of a man floating on his back in water looks detached from his body as he glowers at a fountain of steam that spurts from his chest. His feet, sticking straight up just like his head, push off against the canvas's edge. "I can't make feet correctly," Rothenberg admits, laughing. But that doesn't mean she won't try: she did once attempt to improve her knowledge of equine anatomy by making studies of horses. "Only of hooves," she explains. "My hooves were a disgrace."

Mist from the Chest *(1983) combines hallucinatory intensity with slapstick humor.*

Heads with arms attached and sometimes truncated torsos appear in several recent paintings, where the figure is depicted as if it were a puppet with its limbs detached and reassembled in awkward yet poignant relationships. *Patches* (1982), for example, consists of a head, a torso, and a long, reaching arm made up of three separate arms. In *Beggar* (also 1982), an arm holding out a hat is attached to a head, appropriately, at the mouth. Such figures suggest that human existence is helpless, transitory, and absurd.

Rothenberg says, "I'm trying to invent new forms to stand in for the body," but she is really inventing these bodies to stand in for states of mind. To make us see

The central figure in the bleak landscape Ten Men *(1982) suggests the oppression of destiny and the solitude of choice.*

it better, she wants to free the body from its usual context. Perhaps because she studied dance, body orientation is especially important to her, and she feels that if someone "shuffled" her head, all her knowledge would remain in her body. Even though the viewer responds to them on the most primal and kinesthetic level, the content of these figure paintings is always ambiguous. Her images, Rothenberg explains, are born in the process of working. "It isn't an intellectual procedure. Most of my work is not run through a rational part of my brain." The result is paintings with a mystery that resonates far beyond the original idea. "People are free to interpret the image as they wish," she says, yet she is pleased when a viewer's response coincides with her own intentions. "If it's clear to me, it ought to be clear to other people. They'll understand what I meant if I did it well enough."

"Well enough" is something that the artist has a sure, intuitive knowledge of after the painting is completed, and sometimes she has a premonition that a canvas will be good before it is even begun. The idea for *Ten Men* (1982), for instance, came while she was reading a book and listening to the television at the same time. She thought that she had read a sentence about ten men, but when she searched for it, the words were not there. "I made a little note on a paper saying 'ten men,' knowing that an idea had just been born."

Until she painted nine of them out, there were ten men crossing her canvas, "a sort of pilgrimage," she recalls. To the left, now hidden by white paint but leaving a horizontal shadow, there used to be a blue, freaklike figure seen in confrontation with the central, black man. Now, says Rothenberg, the freak has been resurrected as the small blue figure in the background. He gives the landscape depth, and, because he could be interpreted as the black figure seen at another moment, he suggests the passage of time. The extremely long canvas picks up the theme of the journey through life, with its solitary figure crossing a vast space as bleak and menacing as a frozen, snow-covered lake. The long blue line that appears to spear the figure like destiny is, says Rothenberg, "a thought in his head about moving across space." Alone, wrenched by the immensity of time, oppressed by unending land and sky, Rothenberg's figure recalls Giacometti's isolated, pared-down men who are plagued with infinity as they walk and walk but never move.

Rothenberg's own movement across the rough terrain of the New York art world was swift. When she began painting, she recalls, she never considered that she might one day become famous, and her successes caught her by surprise. "Recognition came almost too easily, against all odds," she recently reminisced. "I thought success was a mistake. Now my confidence is greater, and I know the answer lies within me." Rothenberg almost totally ignores the commercial aspects of her success—her big oil paintings go for more than $40,000, and there are museums and avid collectors waiting to buy them. But the publicity annoys her. It is all very well to have rave reviews and feature articles, she feels, but fame can be a hindrance when one is alone in the studio battling with doubt, searching for the right decisions and for a way to make the work go on.

A woman of real grit, Rothenberg forges her way through periods of discouragement, putting a stroke down here, a tone there, staring at her canvas for hours. When you hear about Susan Rothenberg's ideas for future works, you have trouble imagining how they might look. Her painting, she says, is already becoming more objective. Having plumbed her interior landscape, she now wants to observe the outside world. "I'm teasing myself with a problem—if I could paint New York City—but I know that the city would have to be a setting for figures. I'm interested in portraiture, in the camera and the way it shows a figure at an instant in time. My figures are becoming more specific. Also, I've been wondering, if I had a landscape problem, would I choose a panorama or a blade of grass? I haven't come up with answers yet, but I expect in the next fifty years I probably will." □

HIGH-TECH HUMANIST

It was Stevie Wonder who wanted one. He had been a loyal user of Ray Kurzweil's reading machine, an extraordinary device that looks like a photocopier but reads books out loud to the blind. He invited Ray out to his house in Los Angeles one day and told him that, much as he enjoyed the reading machine, what he would *really* like was a keyboard synthesizer that would reproduce the sounds of a piano, as well as those of every other instrument in the orchestra. Of course, no such machine existed. No one had ever even come close to duplicating electronically the unique sound of a piano, let alone that of other instruments. But that didn't faze technology's wunderkind Ray Kurzweil. With the quiet understatement befitting a man who has accomplished everything he has ever attempted, he replied softly, "I think I can do that."

And exactly a year after he embarked on the project, Ray produced, in June 1983, a working model of the Kurzweil 250, a digital synthesizer that does indeed reproduce with uncanny accuracy the sound of a $25,000 Steinway grand piano, from the reverberant bass up through the plinking treble, with all of a grand's lingering richness. It looks like a snappier version of the usual electric keyboard, done in a glossy black that has one thinking "grand piano" even before the first note sounds. The keys are designed to reproduce a Steinway's action. Yet at the press of a button one can bring forth from the same keys a string quartet, a trumpet blast, a choral group, even a drum set, or any of one hundred instruments, plus a variety of other sounds the musician can enter into the computer himself.

RAY KURZWEIL'S COMPUTERS EXPLORE THE WORLD OF THE SENSES

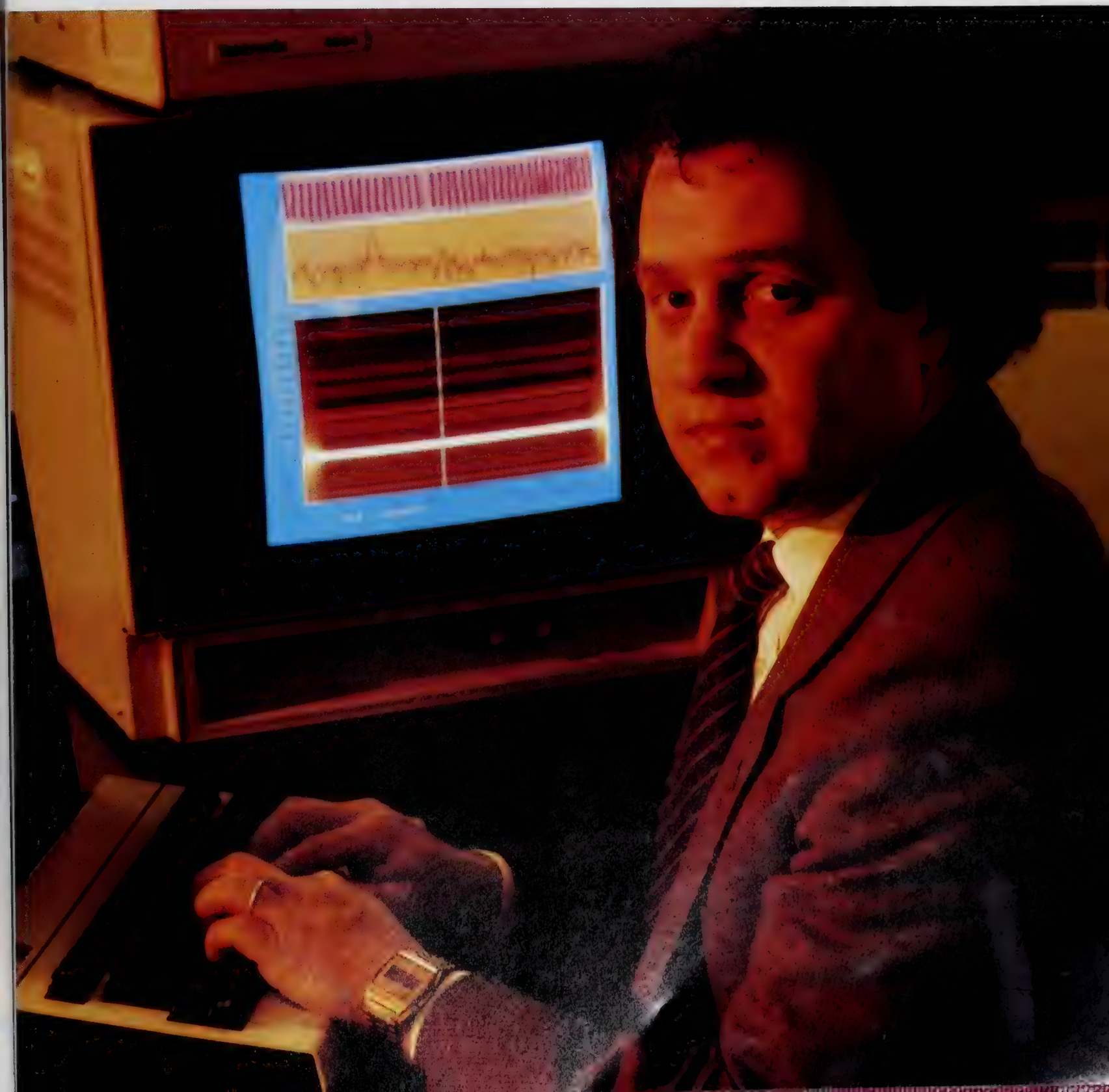
BY JOHN SEDGWICK
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BENNO FRIEDMAN

Says Larry Bodony, one of the engineers of the 250, "We didn't figure we had done our job until you could close your eyes when you heard the sound and see the instrument." And you can. In fact, as commentators have noted, a player's chief reaction is trying to figure out where Ray has hidden all those instruments. Testing out the 250 at a major music convention last June, Robert Moog, the inventor of one of the first and most famous electronic synthesizers, acclaimed its "complete realism" and "complete accuracy of control." Since then, Lyle Mays, keyboard player for the Pat Metheny jazz group, has tried it out. "I'm *really* excited," he exclaims. "It allows me to play on the keyboard anything from piano to strings to drums. It's fantastic! I can think orchestrally while playing the keyboard. I've never gotten such a powerful feeling from an instrument."

Judgments on these matters are notoriously subjective, of course. Classically trained musicians may detect, however faintly, the timbre of a synthesizer. But the original customer is very pleased. Stevie Wonder played the Kurzweil for two hours this fall and was only sorry that it hadn't been available in time to use on his latest record album.

In his unassuming way, the thirty-six-year-old Ray Kurzweil is inventing the future, not just in musical instruments, but in equipment for the handicapped, in office systems, and in other fields he is

The realistic sounds of the Kurzweil 250, left, are a musician's dream come true. The inventor, below, composing at a different keyboard.



RAY'S TIME IS HIS COMPANY'S CHIEF RESOURCE.

only beginning to ponder. This isn't the future as seen in *Star Wars* or *2001*, a sci-fi vision that is so arresting because it is so disconnected from everything we have ever known. Rather, it is a future that, while just as dazzling as the amazing Kurzweil 250, stems directly from the needs of the present. His is a future that sells.

Abe Zarem, a onetime group leader in the Manhattan Project and former head of Xerox Development Corporation, a Xerox subsidiary, calls Kurzweil "extremely gifted, a genius." Then, in a tone that makes clear this is the supreme accolade, "He's just *good*." Zarem reaches back with unabashed grandiloquence to the classic inventors to describe him. "Ray has the inventive spirit of Firestone, the mastery of details of Edison, and the daring of Marconi."

Kurzweil is not content merely to invent new gadgets. He wants to develop and market them as well, and in this he is taking the role of inventor into new territory. "You can't just spring a new machine on the world," he says. "You have to make sure it addresses a problem that people need solved. And it has to be easy to use. It's one thing to develop a machine that can sound like a piano. It's another to make one that musicians can operate without being computer technicians." Vincent Fulmer, a senior administrator at Kurzweil's alma mater, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has observed graduates of the school for thirty years. He puts Kurzweil in a class with Intel's Robert Noyce and Kenneth Olsen, the founder of Digital, as "one of the top ten young entrepreneurial geniuses" to emerge from the school in the last three decades, precisely for his combination of technical innovativeness and awareness of the demands of the market.

A quick study, Kurzweil has picked up other talents as well. He is said to be the fastest typist in his company, the best programmer; and there is the lurking suspicion in the minds of all his associates that he could do their jobs better than they. By branching out so widely from invention into marketing, Kurzweil has already had to master such new fields as corporate law, SEC regulations, bookkeeping, finance, and distribution. He writes promotional literature—"An important part of creating a company is defining what you're trying to do," he says. And he keeps his own appointment book, recognizing that his time is quite likely the company's most valuable resource.

We meet in his cramped office at Kurzweil Speech Systems, the company he has formed to develop his latest product, a voice-activated typewriter. Located in Waltham, the building also houses Kurzweil Music Systems, responsible for the 250. Kurzweil's own office is mostly a work station, with room for only a few personal touches, such as the wall full of framed citations for his reading machine (from the likes of Ronald Reagan, Governor Michael Dukakis of Massachusetts, and the American Library Association), art by Joan Miró, and a telescope pointed out the window toward the marsh outside—trained, I imagine, on the future.

Kurzweil taught this machine the phonetic rules of reading much as one would teach a child.

Short, chubby, and tousle haired, Kurzweil looks oddly like a more compact version of John McEnroe, a neighbor from his hometown in Queens, New York. His businesslike manner and a certain weariness about his eyes make him seem older than he is. Indeed, the only vestiges of youth are a powerfully concentrated energy, a taste for fashionable Italian clothes, and a playful sense of humor that is put quickly in evidence when he hands me a recent production: a sheaf of poetry written by his computer in the style of various modern poets, including William Carlos Williams, T. S. Eliot, and Raymond C. Kurzweil. The cybernetic Eliot begins:

Blessed sister, holy mother, spirit of high sentence, but asserted by long fingers,
Asleep . . . tired . . . or throwing off a dusk through narrow streets
And the cool of trivial things
In the unread vision in the golden god,
Whose flute is not it, after tea and the mind over the voice
Because I mean!

As I look it over, his face lights up with a look of what I come to recognize as Kurzweilian delight: his eyes twinkle, his mouth curls into a grin. But the expression is gone as soon as I see it. It's like a light on a computer panel, registering the inner workings but not indulging them. "Some of the poems are interesting," he says, casually, and leaves it at that.

His interest in computerized poetry aside, Ray has many of the trappings of a normal life. He is happily married to a psychologist specializing in reading disabilities. He is devoted to his four-year-old son, Ethan (who has thoughtfully printed out the word DADDY in Dymotape on his father's battered briefcase). He plays classical piano but enjoys the Rolling Stones and watches MTV. He works out on an exercise bicycle and concentrates on his job. Nevertheless, he is not exactly a normal person. Geniuses never are.

The electronics whiz makes the hop from Boston's "Silicon Valley," Route 128, to New York.

Aaron Kleiner, a friend from MIT who is now his business associate, recalls that Ray was known as "The Phantom" because he was always off doing his own projects. One was a computer program to match students with colleges, which he sold to Harcourt Brace Jovanovich for $100,000 plus royalties his junior year. He seemed never to bother to study. It used to irritate Aaron the way Ray would ignore the lectures all semester, then borrow Aaron's course books for an hour or two before the final exam and waltz off with an A.

Yet what appears to be breeziness is in fact an iron will to accomplish his objectives in the most efficient way possible. In business, once he has determined his

DEFINING A PROBLEM

THE CHALLENGE OF DEVELOPING THE KURZWEIL 250

We were asked to create a computerized keyboard instrument whose sound, when you pressed a button labeled PIANO, would be indistinguishable from a top-of-the-line acoustic grand piano. Similarly, if you pressed OBOE, DRUM SET, HUMAN VOICE, VIOLIN, or VIOLIN SECTION, it should not be possible to tell (without looking) if someone is playing a "real" oboe, et cetera, or playing from the keyboard.

Just what is the problem? Let's stay with a piano. Functionally, it is a collection of keys that have a distinctive, snappy feel when pressed, at which time they initiate "piano" sounds. Each sound depends on three factors: the key being struck, the force or velocity of the strike, and the state of the foot pedals.

The key determines pitch. The effect of force is associated with volume, but also with the character of the sound. Any tone results from the interaction of hundreds of vibrating strings, a sounding board, and other components—a composite of constituent sounds, each of which has a rapidly varying sound spectrum. The sum of these sounds is called the "time-varying timbre" of a single piano note. There is such a time-varying timbre for every one of over 200 different loudness levels for every one of the eighty-eight keys.

Finding by hand these thousands of different sounds that a piano can create would not be feasible. We used, instead, "pattern recognition" techniques to analyze them automatically. (This process brings true artificial intelligence into play.) We recorded the actual instrument at many different pitches and levels of volume. Our automatic-analysis program pinpointed the salient patterns to create what we call a "contoured-sound model." This computer model of the piano is stored in our instrument's computer memory. When the keyboardist plays the keyboard, the built-in computer and other specialized hardware and software re-create in real time the original sounds.

In a similar manner we created contoured models for all the other featured sounds. The analysis program has been built into the instrument, so users can sample their own sounds (their own voice, a creaking door) and create their own contoured-sound models to initiate from the keyboard. Other capabilities, such as a twelve-track sequencer to allow simultaneous playback of the parts of a multiple composition (a Beethoven symphony, a rock number), now become relatively straightforward.

One last complication is the feel of the keys. In an acoustic grand piano, each key is attached to its own "action" mechanism, consisting of some ninety parts. We built analysis equipment to plot the mechanical displacement of a number of acoustic-piano actions to see exactly what happens during each millisecond of a typical strike. Then we designed a special action to duplicate the displacements we had observed.

How successful have we been? The results sound good to us, but we are not the final judges. —*Raymond Kurzweil*

Many blind users of the reading machine say they have come to think of its voice as Ray's.

course of action, he won't let anything stand in his way. It's just not in the plan. "I'm really very confident," he admits. "I honestly feel that the chance of my products not working out is very small." To others, though, such confidence sometimes seems more like blind faith. As Aaron Kleiner says, "When the glass is half-empty, Ray doesn't just call it half-full. He says it's all full, because he's sure we're going to fill it."

His confidence was put to the test during the development of his reading machine in the midseventies. Venture-capital funds were drying up so badly for untested companies like Kurzweil's that, as Kleiner recalls, "we were living on half a shoestring. Everybody in the company was eating eggs." When they were finally ready to issue a private offering to raise some desperately needed cash, they had no money to pay the telephone bill and keep the phone lines open so that investors could reach them. Ray went down to the pawnshop to hock some tape recorders. There, he encountered a woman with a dog, which suddenly leaped out at him, fangs bared, and ripped his trousers. Ray ran back to the office elated because the woman had promised fifty dollars to pay for the damage. "Put it into the cash flow!" he exulted. "We've got fifty bucks."

It is because of such dedication, he says, that he always puts his name on his machines, though he has been criticized for doing so. "The name says that I'm strongly committed to anything I do," he explains. "I don't want to walk away from anything."

The name *Kurzweil* seemed to go with computers from the start. Although Ray is the son of a conductor for the Bell Symphony and an artist, he had decided by the age of five that he would be a scientist. "I used to invent things," he says. "Different types of boats, some spring-loaded devices, a special puppet theater with moving scenery. I had a scientific fantasy life. But I guess it grew more rooted in reality as I grew older." He encountered his first computer at age twelve, and it was love at first sight. That same year, he held, precociously, a summer job with New York's Institute for Developmental Studies analyzing test variants for a psychological project. One day he was asked to deliver some results to the project's computer center. "The computer sort of intrigued me," says Kurzweil, "so I picked up some manuals." By the time the summer was out, he had devised a program to perform the work being done so laboriously by several rooms full of people, including himself, at the institute. The program was later distributed nationally by IBM.

Two years later Kurzweil went on to devise a program that would compose original music in the style of a variety of old masters. "The computer would analyze different melodies from the composer that I fed in," he explains, "make certain mathematical structures of the notes, and then generate music that would have the same relationships." Kurzweil says that when he applied this technique to Mozart, the compositions resembled less the master than "one of his third-rate students." Still, it wasn't bad for a computer, and his experiments with music won him seven national science awards.

Although Kurzweil didn't think of his efforts in these terms then, he was working in a field of artificial intelligence called pattern recognition. Essentially, it is the ability to discern the common denominator, or pattern, in a variety of different versions of the same thing. While the function may seem merely playful in the case of determining the Mozartean essence of Mozart, it is a critical element in the development of the next generation of computers, the ones that go beyond computing into actual reasoning.

And that is what has gone into the Kurzweil Reading Machine. Kurzweil became interested in developing such a device and got to work on it in earnest in 1974. Before it can read print out loud, the machine must recognize essential patterns: what, for example, makes an *a* an *a* in any type style? Kurzweil notes that Norbert Wiener's classic text *Cybernetics*, published the year Kurzweil was born, in 1948, alluded "fancifully" to a reading machine. "It's been one of those goals that's been out there, a 'someday' kind of thing," he says.

Pleased as Kurzweil must be to have solved one of the classic problems of the computer age, he professes greater pride that the machine is actually useful. On this score he must be gratified that the machine has been hailed as the greatest advance for the blind since Braille. Announced in 1976, the machine has still not been duplicated, although such corporate giants as IBM have tried.

In a later application of the relevant technology, he has come up with the Kurzweil Data Entry Machine to "read"

TODAY'S COMPUTERS ARE JUST "TIRELESS IDIOTS SAVANTS."

text into a computer for building corporate and government data bases and speeding up the transition from manuscript to print in publishing. And now he is working on an even bigger breakthrough, with his voice-activated typewriter (VAT). State-of-the-art models today have a tiny vocabulary and work with only one user, for whom they have been specifically trained, but Kurzweil is developing his VAT to work with any speaker, at a rate of 150 words a minute and with a vocabulary of 20,000 words for any one person.

It is his most ambitious project to date. To help him reach his goal, Kurzweil has lured eighteen specialists from fields ranging from linguistics and statistics to signal processing and psychoacoustics. The scale of the venture has caused Kurzweil to recast his role from his MIT days, when he assumed he could do everything himself. "The model of the mad inventor in the basement may still work occasionally," he says, "but I think that, increasingly, really worthwhile projects require complex interdisciplinary efforts. The individual is still very important in the concept and leadership and in providing a driving force. But no one can do it alone anymore."

Kurzweil's products augur a new era in the computer age. Despite the tremendous changes in society computers have already brought about, Kurzweil points out, they really don't do very much. "They're just tireless idiots savants. They are good for very simple calculations and record keeping and file management. But they have no true artificial intelligence. Computers are clearly superior to people in certain things, like remembering extremely accurately vast data bases of knowledge and doing things very quickly, and doing them over and over. But they've been very inflexible, and they lack even rudimentary intelligence. If you can combine low levels of intelligence like pattern or speech recognition with some basic understanding of the nature of the information the computer is dealing with, you have something very powerful."

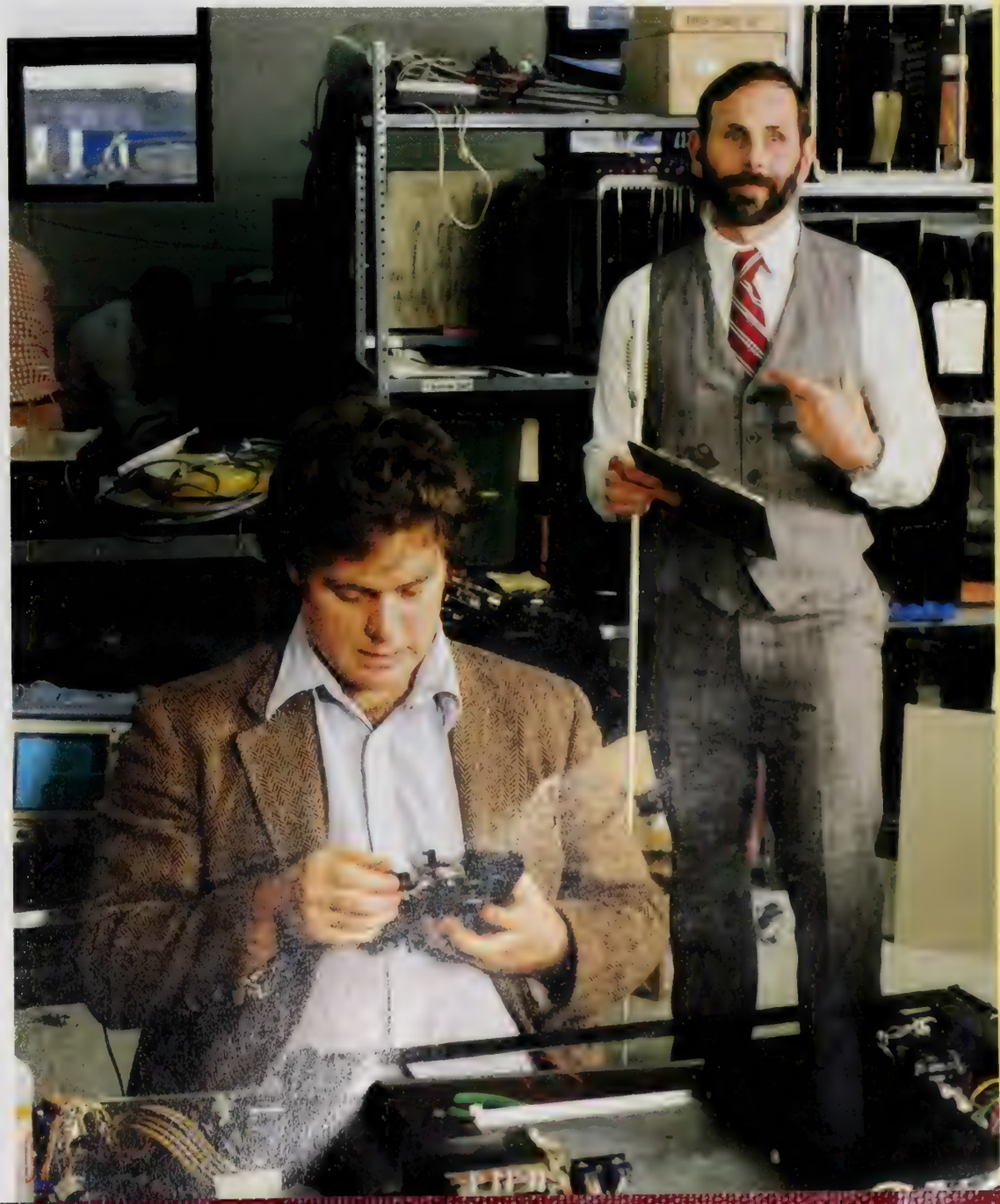
Kurzweil is often called a visionary; his ability to see far beyond the present is one of the qualities that have attracted such talent to his cause. He has a vision now. "In three or four years," he says, "you'll have a new member at business meetings, whom you'll be able to talk to in normal speech and ask questions like 'How did our sales compare in the western region to those of our three best competitors?' The computerized system would understand the words and the nature of the question and have the answer for you either verbally or for display on a chart on a screen. What would have been a two-week research project would be available instantly."

Then, as he says, he "goes further out," to twenty or thirty years. There he sees domestic robots doing your cooking and housecleaning. Your car would drive itself—you'd just tell it where you want to go. And instead of phone calls, a telecommunications network would beam out your three-dimensional image. "We could sit together like this, except you'd be seeing a three-dimensional holographic image of me. You could visit people that way. You just couldn't touch them. Then you wouldn't have to get together with people for anything except to make love."

There's that childlike smile again. But the light flashes only for an instant and then blinks out. Kurzweil is back to business once more, thinking about how to market his vision. □

John Sedgwick is the author of Rich Kids, *a forthcoming book on inherited wealth.*

David Ticchi, standing amid technicians, is a manager in reading-machine sales, and a user.



TEN OF CIVILIZATION'S MOST BEAUTIFUL COINS

MASTERPIECES IN MONEY

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERALD HOBERMAN

Coins have been an important means of artistic expression for over 2,500 years, yet few art lovers and connoisseurs have ever examined one of the many minuscule masterpieces that have survived, or are even aware that they exist. Partly because of the difficulty of protecting works of art so small and so valuable, they are generally appreciated by only a handful of academics, museum curators, numismatic dealers, and collectors.

When the logistics of trade and warfare became so complex that barter was no longer adequate, a substitute instrument

Hercules (Herakles) strangling the Nemean lion. This 100-litrae gold coin of Syracuse in Sicily, ca. 390 B.C., is a mere 14 mm in diameter, the work of Euainetos. The concentric arrangement is ingeniously composed to accommodate the heroic contest on the minuscule circular planchet.

The remarkable portrait on this coin is that of the principal deity Zeus Ammon, struck ca. 360 B.C. in Barce Cyrenaica, the North African Greek colony that is now Libya. His tragic eyes awesomely confront, transfix, and mesmerize the beholder.

of exchange, easily carried and desired by all, was sought. The concept of the coin first appeared in Lydia, now part of Turkey, around the middle of the seventh century B.C. Coins were fashioned from pieces of noble metal—gold or silver—or electrum, which is a natural alloy of gold and silver that the ancients took to be an altogether separate metal. Each planchet, or coin blank, was generally of a predetermined, consistent weight and purity (fineness), and it bore a mark of attestation by the authority that issued it.

These criteria could have been satisfied by coinage of the most utilitarian and mundane sort, but this was not the nature of the ancient Greeks. Their profound feeling for aesthetics was heightened by the artistic rivalry among the city-states, each with its jealously guarded autonomy. The finest artists were summoned, often over long distances, to create coins of the greatest artistic worth, by whichever city-state was willing to pay the highest price for their talents.

These artists used methods borrowed from a far older art—that of the lapidary and seal engraver. After they had heated prepared coin blanks to make them malleable, they placed them between two hardened metal dies, engraved like a seal in intaglio, and struck them heavy blows with a hammer. Some of the exquisite results are breathtaking to behold.

The work of the master moneyers was done with so delicate a skill that the Greeks may have regarded it as more important than larger sculpture. The reverse view generally held today was only adopted during the Renaissance. It is significant that masterpieces of coinage were signed long before artists took it into their heads to sign paintings.

Coins are by their very nature microcosms in which those who created them have encapsulated for the ages the essence of an art and culture, in articulated chronological sequence—something that exists in no other art form. Their worth as

One of the greatest of equestrian coins is this celebrated crown of Charles I of England, with a view of the city of Oxford, where it was struck in 1644 by Thomas Rawlins. This eighteenth-century cast, a chaste copy by Stuart, is splendidly toned in sunset shades of pink and azure.

Benedetto Pistrucci's powerful masterpiece: Saint George, patron saint of England, sword at the ready, triumphing over the cowering dragon. This neoclassical design, struck at the Royal Mint in 1822, symbolizing Christian triumph over evil, still appears on the reverse of the gold sovereign.

The exquisite face on this monumental Macedonian stater (336–323 B.C.) represents Alexander the Great deified as Athena.

A signed masterpiece by Kimon: a decadrachm bearing the elegant image of the water nymph Arethusa, surrounded by dolphins, struck in Syracuse ca. 405 B.C.

This gold aureus, struck in Greece (43–42 B.C.), was issued conjointly with Casca Longus and Brutus, here revealed as a sensitive and earnest man of independence.

This bronze sestertius, struck in Rome (A.D. 64–66), carries a spectacular portrait of the notorious Nero, whose passion for the arts equaled his cruelty and folly.

A silver drachma struck in Akragas ca. 410 B.C. On its face, a masterfully conceived group: a pair of eagles on a rock gripping their prey, a dead hare. On the reverse is an astonishing crab whose back is composed of confronting gorgon heads, a shrimp, and a grasshopper.

art far transcends whatever face value they may ever have had.

The appreciation of numismatic fine art is as old as coinage itself. The Romans formed fine collections of Greek coins; Petrarch and Goethe were discerning collectors. Coin collecting has been an aristocratic hobby in Europe for centuries, and numismatic literature extensive.

Lately the number of coin collectors and dealers has markedly increased. The ever-growing demand for well-preserved rarities—always limited in number—has sent prices soaring, for coins have investment potential as a portable hard asset and a hedge against inflation. Sad to say, only a very few of those who collect them as an investment appreciate them as the wonderful works of art they are.

Another factor is the dramatic role of photography. Photographs in sale catalogues and other publications have played an important part in documenting coins and offering them to ever-increasing numbers of people.

It is time for reflection, not only for coin collectors and dealers but for all those perceptive souls who appreciate the fine arts—especially those who have tended to dismiss coin collecting as a dry, academic study, a boys' hobby, or a pursuit for eccentrics. Coins are among the most important works of art we have.

To select and illustrate some of the world's most beautiful coins is a daunting task, for so many coins have been struck in the past two and a half millennia that any selection must be highly controversial, leaving numismatists mourning the exclusion of their favorites. What I have chosen here is no more than a small cross section of coins I find aesthetically excellent. I hope those shown here will whet appetites and arouse curiosity about a great and neglected art. □

Gerald Hoberman is the author of The Art of Coins and Their Photography.

This composite mythical creature is probably Phobos, the personification of fear, holding a tuna fish, the badge and principal export of the ancient city of Cyzicus. Struck ca. 500 B.C., it is one of the earliest known advertisements. The subtle silvery highlights are characteristic of electrum, a natural alloy of gold and silver, from which this coin was struck.

"WELCOME TO PERUVIAN CUISINE"

HOW THE BEST FOOD IN LIMA CAME TO CHICAGO

BY JO DURDEN-SMITH AND DIANE DESIMONE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARC HAUSER

It is, to say the least, unexpected. Outside, the small stores and businesses of Chicago's North Side continue their long, drab march toward the suburbs. But inside, the glasses glint, the tablecloths gleam, and the vast laziness of an overhead fan keeps the leaves of hanging plants distantly stirring. The restaurant, behind its modest shopfront, is very bright and very self-contained. It is a North Side version of downtown opulence, a place with something serious on its mind.

The headwaiter is that seriousness embodied—a large, theatrical presence, black-haired, tuxedoed, accented. He turns toward us with a stiff bow and greets us with an idiosyncratic mixture of punctilio and huge elaboration of gesture, like an actor playing a Spanish grandee in a very big hall. His hands embrace the air for a moment before coming to rest, clasped, in front of him. "Welcome," he says, "to La Llama. My name is Angel Asturrizaga. My wife, Nelly, is in the kitchen. And we welcome you to the cooking of Peru."

Three and a half hours later, we have tasted eighteen different dishes, dishes with sauces of walnuts and peanuts, cheeses, shrimp, fresh coriander, and cumin. We have drunk the wines of Argentina and Chile, and *pisco*, the grape brandy of Peru. And we have penetrated a dream. It is the dream of not only one man and his wife but virtually an entire family: Angel Asturrizaga and his brothers Moisés and Alberto, their wives, their sons, their daughters, their sister. It is an immigrants' dream: of home, of continuity, of success.

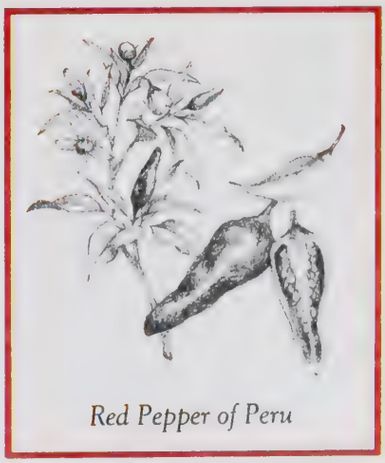
There is, by report, one good Peruvian restaurant in Europe, in Brussels. There are perhaps a dozen in the United States. And Moisés, Angel, and Alberto Asturrizaga own and operate three of them, no more than five minutes' drive from one another on Chicago's North Side. The restaurants are quite different: La Llama glossy; Moisés' Piqueo modest; Alberto's El Inca somewhere between. But inside each of them, for all that, is enacted at night the same charged and highly personal drama, a drama in which pride and passion and arrogance and frustration play a part.

The Asturrizagas are middle-class *criollas*, traditionally proud Peruvians of Spanish descent. They come from a country that was the heart of two great empires: the Incan empire, which ruled eight million people, and the Spanish vice-royalty that until 1821 governed all of South America except Brazil. Peruvian cooking is the most various and subtle in Latin America, better even than that of Mexico. But how can either of these facts be imparted to North Americans, for whom the Asturrizagas' country remains a hole in the geography, an enormous ignorance? Dammed up in each of them, as they wait each evening for their first customers, is a great flood of memories of the Lima they grew up in: the churches, balconies, mists, markets, and nostalgia of Francisco Pizarro's City of Kings. Barely contained in them, as they serve their food, is a river of instruction, an almost unbearable need to communicate the distinctiveness of their national identity.

Even the walls of their restaurants are used in this impassioned mission to inform—Quechua weavings and llama-wool rugs compete with posters and pictures of cities and mountain people. So, in each restaurant, is the long, elaborate prix fixe recitative. "Tonight," announces Angel Asturrizaga, at La Llama, "you will not be eating. You will be dining. You will be dining in the manner of a proper household of my country, Peru." The curtain is up. The tuxedo is on. The props are in place. Now the Asturrizagas' sense of their own continuity confronts its audience.

"Tonight," says Moisés Asturrizaga to a party of three at the Piqueo, "you will start, not with a soup as they do in Mexico, but with six *entradas*, or appetizers." "Nine appetizers," says Alberto, at El Inca. "Twelve," says Angel, at La Llama. "And *then* a choice of four soups."

"First," says Moisés, bluff and expansive, "you will have *ceviche de pescado*, fish 'cooked' in lime juice, with onions, fresh coriander, and a little *ají*, or hot pepper." "Then," says Alberto, suave and trim, "*escabeche* of chicken, chicken marinated in wine and vinegar with special Peruvian herbs and spices." "Then," says Angel, "*papas à la Huancaina*, made here with cauliflower and a sauce of four cheeses in the style of Huancayo, a mountain city of my country." The faces and enthusiasms of the three brothers are echoes of each other as they reel off a gazetteer of *entradas*, a whole topography of food. "Shrimp with white hominy from Nazca, called *pasara* in



Red Pepper of Peru

ILLUSTRATIONS BY APRIL PETERS FLORY

Left: Nelly Asturrizaga, Angel's wife, presides in La Llama's sparkling kitchen.

Jo Durden-Smith and Diane deSimone, frequent contributors to this magazine, are dedicated cooks.

One of the pleasures at La Llama is to hear Angel Asturrizaga proudly recite the day's elaborate menu.

Quechua, the language of the Incas." "*Ocopa Arequipeña*, shrimp in walnut sauce from Arequipa." "Beef in peanut sauce." "A soufflé of asparagus." "Stuffed potatoes." "And finally," trumpets Angel, "a very special surprise appetizer, *anticuchos*, which means in Quechua 'a dish from the Andes cooked on sticks.' This is absolutely characteristic of Lima. You will eat *anticuchos*. You will enjoy it. But you will not guess what it is."

The guessing game at La Llama is, of course, a trick; like the audience-participation games of a children's theater, it guarantees attention and sets up the habit of questioning what is in the food. But it also, given Angel's audience, offers an intensely practical introduction to Peru, for *anticuchos* are based on an ancient Incan dish, and they are still sold outside the bullring in a city that was a bursting metropolis when Chicago had not even been imagined. They are made of cubed, grilled beef heart. And few Americans will eat beef heart unless it is doubly disguised—first, in Nelly Asturrizaga's marinade of vinegar, peppers, garlic, and cumin, and then in her husband's mischievous, missionary determination.

The main ingredients of Peruvian cooking are very simple and very traditional. Potatoes, squashes, peppers, sweet corn, and peanuts have been found in Peruvian archaeological sites dating back to the fifth millennium B.C. And all of these vegetables and legumes—together with the sweet potato, the tomato, and *quinoa*, a high-protein grain—were almost certainly first domesticated in the fertile soil of the Peruvian altiplano. They were basic to the Incan diet, especially corn, which was and still is roasted into *cancha* and fermented into *chicha*, and potatoes, which, in their hundred different varieties, are still freeze-dried in the mountains by sun and frost in the old way.

Peruvian Annatto

The Spanish invaders brought to Peru new flavors and sources of protein. To the Incas' vegetables, their llamas and alpacas, their fish, shellfish, guinea pigs, and Muscovy ducks, they added cows and goats and pigs and sheep. To the Indians' *ají*, they brought *ajó*, garlic; to their *yerba buena*, *huacatay*, *annatto*, and *palillo*—herbs and spices basic to both the taste and the vivid color of aboriginal cooking. They gave vines (for wine, vinegar, and brandy) and the cumin and coriander the Moors had insinuated into Spanish cooking. Other influences gradually supervened in the archipelago of separated cities and *estancias* the Spanish founded. African slaves brought with them a certain exuberance, a taste for fire; the indentured Chinese who built the railroads brought ginger and soy; the jungle pioneers, bananas and coconuts and other tropical fruits; and the European immigrants of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, a perennial love of pasta—often eaten with the best species of pigeon and walnut sauce.

The result is a cuisine that is unlike any other, just as the history of Peru—with its greed and pomposity, its pirate attacks and earthquakes, its saints and miracles and coups d'état—is unlike that of the countries that are its neighbors. It is this continuity, this sense of identity, that the Asturrizaga family is provid-

ing in its three Chicago restaurants: the myth of their country, the myth of themselves. *Ocopa*, sauce-topped fritters of broccoli: "This is named for a terrible battle of the sixteenth century. *Ocopa* is how we remember this battle." Duck à la Perricholi, a glazed, defatted duck: "This is named for the mistress of one of the viceroys, the most famous woman, after Santa Rosa de Lima, in all of Peru's history." *Parihuela*, a Peruvian bouillabaisse thickened with *quinoa:* "This is guaranteed to make a woman pregnant." "This coconut soup is from the montaña; this is from the city of Chiclayo . . ." "This is . . ." "This is . . ." Each sauce, each dish in the Asturrizagas' restaurants is made of memories. And in the collisions and counterpoints of the little lettuce-cupped *entradas*, in the entr'acte of the soup, in the crowning flourish of a large entrée is the demand of an entire country to be heard.

Indigenous Walnut

The three Asturrizaga brothers, each in his late twenties, arrived in Chicago between 1957 and 1960, joining yet other brothers now scattered in Texas and Florida. Moisés came in order to earn enough money to study singing in Italy; Alberto, because he was ambitious in business; Angel, the last to arrive, because he was lonely. They sank into the anonymity of the North Side. They learned English from the *Sun-Times* and from Irv Kupcinet, on television. They lived on cheap furniture in rented rooms and dined on *escabeche* of chicken backs. They diligently went to night school and found modest jobs at Hart, Schaffner and Marx, Peerless, and American Express.

Moisés' dream of Italy and opera died in Chicago; it died in performances in smoke-filled clubs and in the urgency and clangor of the machine-shop floor. To each of the Asturrizagas, in fact, as they made their way upward, easy admission to the American middle class was denied. In the democratic leveling of immigration they could find no identity that would separate them from the infinitely greater number of Puerto Ricans and Mexicans that surrounded them.

Moisés had traveled all over Peru in a theater company, and as well as being an actor, he had been its quartermaster, its food expert. In 1969, with an eye to psychological as well as financial survival, he opened, with his sister Juana, the first of the restaurants, the Piqueo. And it wasn't long before the other brothers followed suit—food became for them a way of reasserting themselves as both middle-class and Peruvian, the descendants of a Basque great-grandfather who settled in Peru in the nineteenth century. The restaurants—El Inca, in 1970, and La Llama, in 1976—became the Asturrizagas' extension of themselves. Each had to be as *autentico* as the brothers and their families believed themselves to be.

And so they remain. The Piqueo, El Inca, and La Llama (where Angel's wife, Nelly, took charge of the cooking in 1980) offer the closest approximations to be found in North America of the dishes of this highly individual cuisine and of how, in a bourgeois Limeño household, they would be served. The main meal—the restaurants' one-sitting dinner—is a long, elaborate affair that requires reservations. There must be enough *entradas*

Saffron adds color and flavor to this zesty paella à la Peruana, *as it is prepared at La Llama.*

AN ORCHESTRATION OF TASTES

In the *cuisine bourgeoise* of Mexico, the main meal, or *comida*, is a structured, formal affair. Soup is followed by a starchy, highly seasoned *sopa seca*. Then, in sequence, come a dish of chicken or fish; a salad; a main dish of beef, pork, lamb, or goat; refried beans; and a dessert. In the Peruvian main meal, the courses are not so sharply defined, and the main dish does not dominate to the same extent. Most important to it are the *entradas* with which it leads off. These are a sequence of small dishes—corn-based soufflés, stuffed potatoes and avocados, marinated fish and chicken, and sauce-capped dishes of vegetables, shrimp, and beef—designed to play off one another in taste, texture, and color. Sometimes there are also *tamales*, more elaborate and slightly sweeter than the ones so familiar in the cooking of Mexico. But always in the *entradas* there are peanuts—carrying echoes of the cuisines of Indonesia and West Africa; hot peppers—different from, though related to, those of Mexico; the faint bittersweetness of walnuts; the perfumed fragrance of annatto seed; and the sharp pungency of garlic and coriander.

After the *entradas* comes a soup—a vegetable-and-beef soup from Lima, or a soup of chicken broth and ground coconut from the montaña, or a shrimp chowder often made with peas and corn and eggs. Then, the solitary statement of the main dish—a marinated, braised duck, perhaps, served with rice cooked in beer and containing hints of cumin and coriander; or a *parihuela*, a bouillabaisse of Peru's excellent seafood, thickened with barley and crowned by the upright curlicue of a giant lobster tail. Finally, dessert: a flan, or caramelized custard; or *mazamorra morada*, a compote of fruit, sugar, cloves, and purple corn.

The subtle drama of a Peruvian meal should be preceded by an overture of a glass or two of *pisco* sour—made with a flowery grape brandy from Peru's southern oases. To accompany the food, a Peruvian beer is suggested, though many people prefer a Chenin Blanc from Argentina, or a Sémillon or Riesling from Chile.

Peruvian cooking is spicy, but it is not as awesomely fiery as the Mexican cuisine can be. It is, however, lavish and elaborate: the people of Lima are known for their extravagance. A wealth of ingredients is used. *Carapulchra*, the national dish, contains, among other things, pork, chicken, potatoes, onion, garlic, peanuts, peppers, and hard-boiled eggs. And Peruvian food takes time to prepare. It is a cuisine of servants. Making a *manjar blanco*, or caramelized milk pudding, in the authentic way, to mention just one example, can take six hours or more.

At top, a bowl of parihuela, *the splendid Peruvian version of bouillabaisse. Left, shrimp and sea scallops in a thick sauce made with* pisco, *the grape brandy of Peru. Right, duck à la Perricholi, a spicy dish named after the daughter of an Incan warlord and a Spanish woman, who is best known as the heroine of Offenbach's opera* La Périchole.

to descant, in flavor, texture, and heat, on one another. The order of soup, entree, and the diminuendo of dessert must be preserved. There must be long marinations, delicately resonating sauces, and subtly achieved contrasts of spices and herbs—hints of cumin, fresh coriander, and garlic combining with the heat and flavor of peppers and the fragrant mealiness of walnuts and peanuts. Above all, there must be experimentation.

Peruvian Coriander

A number of ingredients basic to Peruvian cuisine are not available in Chicago. So, the Asturrizagas have had to use turbot and halibut in place of Peruvian *corvina*; Japanese *hontaka* peppers instead of *mirasol* peppers; and turmeric instead of the *palillo* that stains many Peruvian dishes the orange, it is said, of the Inca sun-god. They continue to experiment. Nelly has recently found, in bamboo shoots, a substitute for a Peruvian root that grows only in the Andes, for a dish she has wanted to make for years, the *entrada olluquitos*. And Moisés, instead of having to rely on the smuggled gifts of friends, has begun freeze-drying his own potatoes for the Peruvian national dish, *carapulchra*.

The Asturrizagas' dream of identity, then, lives on, fueled by a luminous delight at every question about history and geography, every sign of appreciation, every customer who calls with a special dish in mind. But at a time when Chicagoans are eating out less and preferring light meals and finger food, the dream has become embattled. Perhaps authenticity is a luxury and the prix fixe meal an expensive anachronism. This is the talk of the Asturrizagas one evening as they wait for their customers. There is the future, after all—the needs of all the children who help in the restaurants—to be considered. And there is the American Dream—of profit, of success, of a grand Peruvian restaurant downtown—to be preserved. To achieve the one dream, must they compromise the other? In order to give Peruvian cuisine its proper place, must they go à la carte?

So far no decision has been made. And the brothers continue to provide, through their restaurants, the entrance to a whole culture, a whole empire. As Moisés, Nelly, and Olinda busy themselves in their kitchens, the great melting pot of Chicago's North Side can boast of something that can be found in no other North American city: three homes, not only of "a delicate and exquisite cuisine that rivals the French," as Moisés says, but of a huge and personal commitment to it. □

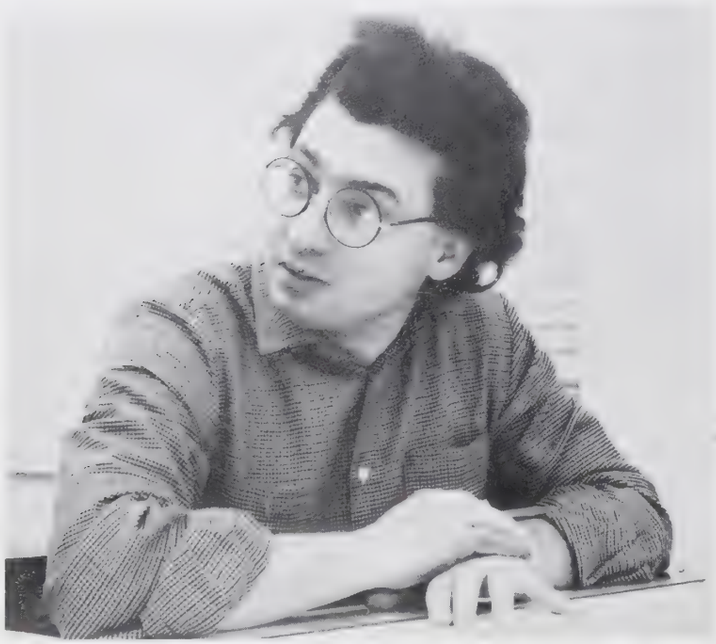
Adventurous diners who want to try Peruvian food in Chicago should perhaps start with La Llama, at 2651 West Peterson Avenue; (312) 728-1314. It is the most expensive—up to sixty dollars per head—but it provides the widest range of Peruvian dishes. Remember to book in advance for the one-sitting dinners; at each restaurant, the cooks must know early how much of the elaborate food to prepare.

If you like the food, and especially if you are a prospective party of six or eight, you may treat yourself to the luxury of negotiating by telephone with any of the Asturrizaga brothers for a special dish. El Inca, at 6221 North Broadway; (312) 262-7077, is moderately priced and has a simple decor. The modest Piqueo, at 5427 North Clark Avenue; (312) 769-0455, has no liquor license, but diners may bring their own wine.

The expansive Moisés Asturrizaga tried to be an opera singer before opening the Piqueo, in 1969.

MARIO BOTTA

THE SPARTAN CLASSICIST



Postmodern architecture takes an austere turn

By Charles Jencks

One of the great pleasures in life, according to Surrealist wisdom, is a salutary shock to the nervous system. If you drive through the southern part of Switzerland and keep your eyes on the evergreen mountainside in the distance, you may spy a white-concrete bunker-temple that seems to have fallen onto the landscape like a chunk of Emmentaler. It may have holes bored into its sides and be as abruptly cut as a wedge of cheese, but it will probably be a house by Mario Botta. All of this young Swiss architect's buildings have a pure, childlike geometry about them, and these near-perfect figures are as satisfying to contemplate as mathematical propositions; they appeal to the mind and the eye at the same time.

The reason for Mario Botta's great success is not merely his style but also the position he summarizes. Every now and then an architect emerges who seems to epitomize a whole movement and sensibility. Botta has recently stepped into this role, especially for the young. Students of architecture in Europe and America follow his development because his sobriety stands out in an era of overstatement. His position is one of heroic individualism: his buildings appear to continue the approach of the Modern movement, born early this century, with its emphasis on social responsibility. Actually, Botta's style, like that of such "celebrity" architects as James Stirling, in England, and Michael Graves, in the United States, is a postmodern classicism, a manner based on primitive classical forms carried out with new technologies. And his social role has been to build not egalitarian housing but, instead, elegant, detached, one-family houses for the middle class. From such contradictions comes a Spartan architecture that is richly evocative.

At first glance, Mario Botta seems to be a product of his background. Born in 1943 in the Ticino, the Italian part of Switzerland, he is that combination of southern and northern characteristics that fascinated Thomas Mann: dark good looks and informality, as much as his name, mark him as Italian, while his cool restraint and the controlled precision of his buildings mark him as Swiss. The Ticino has produced great architects in the past, including the baroque master Francesco Borromini, and today there is once again a Ticino school. Its distinguishing characteristic is the same mixture of Italian formalism and Swiss rigor that distinguishes Botta's own work—in fact, he is now the school's leader.

Charles Jencks [illegible] *or, among his books are* Mod- [illegible] *and* The Language of Post- [illegible]

This Botta-designed armchair, made mainly of dark, enameled steel and called the "Seconda" chair, is doubly remarkable. It is a beautiful object, and it offers a direct insight into the architect's aesthetic approach. Obviously, it is a minimalist work; there is not a single superfluous line. At first glance, the chair also seems to owe a lot to the bent-steel creations of the first generation of Modernist architects—notably, the chairs of Marcel Breuer, Mart Stam, and Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, which use cantilevered steel frames for resiliency. But the differences are significant. First, Botta's is not a continuous bent structure, like theirs, but a jointed hybrid of steel, plastic, and polyurethane. He has chosen to echo old forms in new materials. Second, Botta's accent on two major shapes—the cylinder and the outlined square—is classical. Yet his use of these shapes is new and surprising: the backrest is a low cornice tied to the arms. This disjunction—there is no "back"—gives the familiar forms a strange, haunting quality, one that suggests that Botta is asking the sophisticated viewer to think about the entire history of design. That, in fact, is what his houses do, too. For the less sophisticated, well, it is enough that the Seconda chair is strikingly handsome and comfortable. It sells for $625 and can be ordered through ICF Inc., in New York City or Los Angeles.

The house in Massagno, pierced by a giant, round hole, features strange, roofless proportions and a stark interior plan.

His buildings share an odd, pure, childlike geometry.

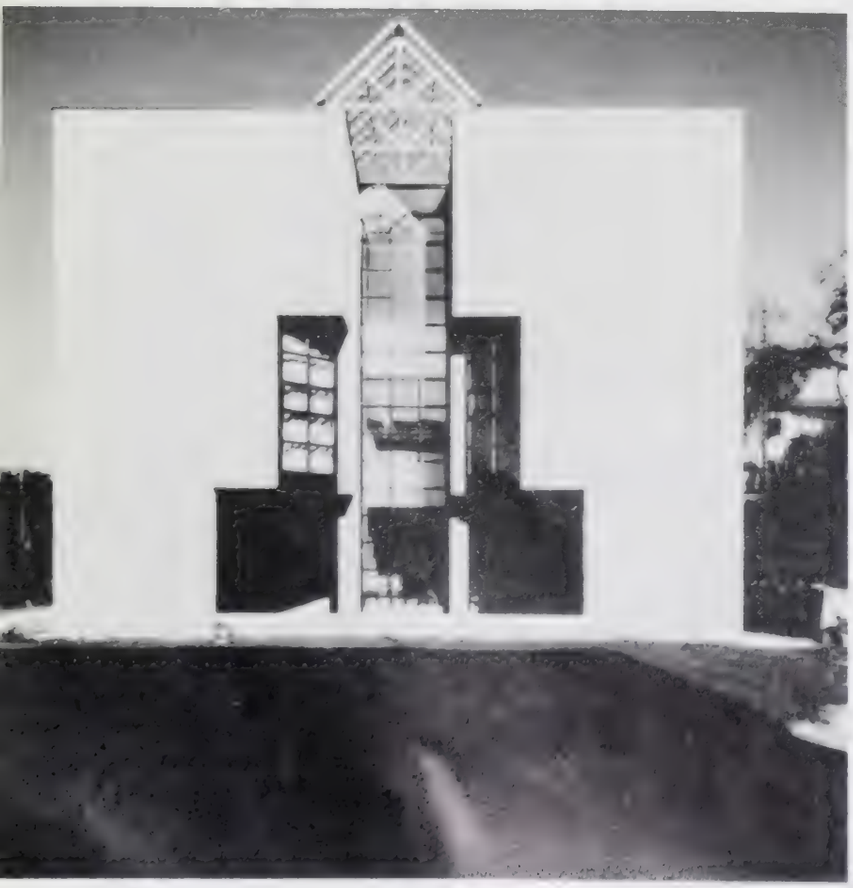
He entered the field of architecture by serving a two-year apprenticeship with an older member of the Ticino school, Tita Carloni; then, in 1961, he went to art college in Milan. Three years there, and five more in Venice studying under Carlo Scarpa, an Italian master of enigmatic designs, widened his view of world architecture. Botta worked briefly in the office of Le Corbusier, just after the great Swiss-French architect died, in 1965, and spent a few months with the late Louis Kahn in Venice.

His first works were an homage to these two logicians. A one-family house at Stabio is a convincing essay in Corbusian brutalism, with its blank concrete side walls and sharp contrast of light and shadow. The next one-family house, at Cadenazzo, 1970–71, is a gesture of thanks to both Le Corbusier (elevating concrete to the status of a superior stone) and Louis Kahn (cutting out gigantic, circular holes in the flat wall, and bisecting them with horizontals). As a result, the building looks like an oversized Kodak box camera, 1920s style. Once seen, it is remembered.

Most of Botta's early work has this same, haunting aspect, and some later houses, such as the one at Massagno, built in 1981, are in the same genre. Its power comes from such simple means that they might be overlooked: first, the form is contradictory—a blank, defensive, closed box that is violently cut into—and, more important, the house looks unfinished. Indeed, all of Botta's boxlike houses are, conceptually, basements awaiting a first and second floor that are never built. They thus have strange, roofless proportions; in classical terms, they are plinths in search of their *piano nobile* and attic. By making a point of incompleteness, Botta emphasizes the paradoxical nature of his postmodern classicism, for all true classical architecture demands an ending, just as a Doric column demands a capital. Botta is turning this language upside down.

In fact, he has admitted that his early "tower" house at Riva San Vitale might be better stood on its head, with the entrance on the ground, instead of across a bridge truss to the top, floor. It is again a classical box oriented to the view over Lake Lugano, with asymmetrical holes cut to reveal these views as well as fragments of the interior. In plan, a Palladian geometry begins to assert itself onto the façade in a manner even Palladio might have admired—were he to like concrete, steel, and plate glass. For these lowly, industrial materials Botta makes some startling claims: he says their mutual presence "enhances their qualities and structure." The concrete block, if treated straightforwardly with steel, will acquire, he hopes, a certain dignity. However this may be, it appears that Botta is getting close to the Modernist that Tom Wolfe satirizes in *From Bauhaus to Our House,* the frustrated social engineer or egalitarian who placates his fellow Modernists (and conscience) by putting working-class clothes on a middle-class existence. Concrete blocks, like the classless blue jeans, are really most beautiful to those who can afford to choose them.

Another house, this one at Ligornetto, shows how sensual the restraint and austerity can be. Bands of pink and gray concrete block now alternate in a tense, steady beat. Here is the rusticated palazzo base of the High Renaissance built with the modest materials and using the colors that recall those of the simple regional architecture of the nineteenth century. Botta's references to local buildings may, however, escape almost everyone except the professor who inhabits the house, because it is so far-fetched. Botta does contend, somewhat enigmatically, that the "design of the



The huge door in the house at Pregassona cuts a dark void in a light wall and creates a sense of near-perfect equilibrium.

In the spare interior of the house at Viganello, Botta echoes ancient cult pillars with a dominant, concrete-block column.

façades" is a sign of poor people's "wealth." He was in Venice during the student uprisings of 1968–69, which were particularly fervent in the architectural community, and he has continued to cultivate a proletarian straightforwardness as much in his personal appearance as in his architecture. But the fact remains, Botta builds for the middle class.

What he is doing, in a sense, is returning to the idea of the suppressed palace. It has a venerable tradition in the West, finding such varying expression as Marie Antoinette's Petit Hameau, the "cottages" of Newport, Rhode Island, and the "home" of the British prime minister at Number 10 Downing Street. These different examples of understatement, some visual and some metaphorical, constitute different strategies for disguising wealth. The Modern movement added a new means to these old manners: the concrete block or, more generally, the machine aesthetic. Supposedly egalitarian, determinedly anonymous, it neatly summed up the values of restraint, impersonality, and even "taste." These essentially aristocratic virtues were meant to be picked up by everyman and translated into mass-produced "good taste." That did not happen: the virtues have instead been cultivated mostly by concerned designers and professors who view themselves as the "new aristocrats," the guardians of the new, collective sensibility.

It is to this constituency that Botta's austerities are most appealing. His restraint lends the interiors of his houses a religious feeling, midway between that of a Shaker farmhouse and a Cistercian monastery. In his Ligornetto house, for instance, white-concrete walls, which Le Corbusier called the "assize court of truth," set off simple black furniture and very simple shapes: a row of square windows, an arched fireplace, a blank grid of window wall. This minimalism—a sort of classicism disguised by understatement—is most effective in the private house, where an individual can patiently add things to it, modifying it with soft furnishings. It is least satisfactory in a public building, where the restraint can all too easily lead to the suppression of detail and personality. Botta's first large public building, a school in the small town of Morbio Inferiore, suffers, in my opinion, from too much "good taste." Its austerity has reduced the image of a school to that of a penal institution, with its cell-like repetition of classrooms, skylights, and stern concrete coffers. These hard, waffle shapes beat about the children's heads incessantly, warning them to stay in line. Still, Botta's supporters admire the building's layout, with its interlocking spaces; what the students make of it is another question.

Nineteen seventy-nine marks the end of Botta's Corbusian-Kahnian period and the moment when he consciously looks to the more distant past. Classical organization, which has always been present, is now accompanied by classical signs such as cornices, column capitals, frames, and pediments, all rendered with a Spartan abruptness. He starts to construct a primitive "order" of columns, not the Corinthian order, or even the simple Doric. Rather, it is an order based upon the blank wall and the central void: sometimes these even have a primitive round column of space, such as is found in the houses built in 1980–81 at Viganello and Stabio.

In the Viganello house a concrete-block column is capped by a gigantic fanlight providing shelter to an outside porch. This gives onto a dramatic view down the hill and over the nearby

n the "suppressed palace," understatement masks wealth.

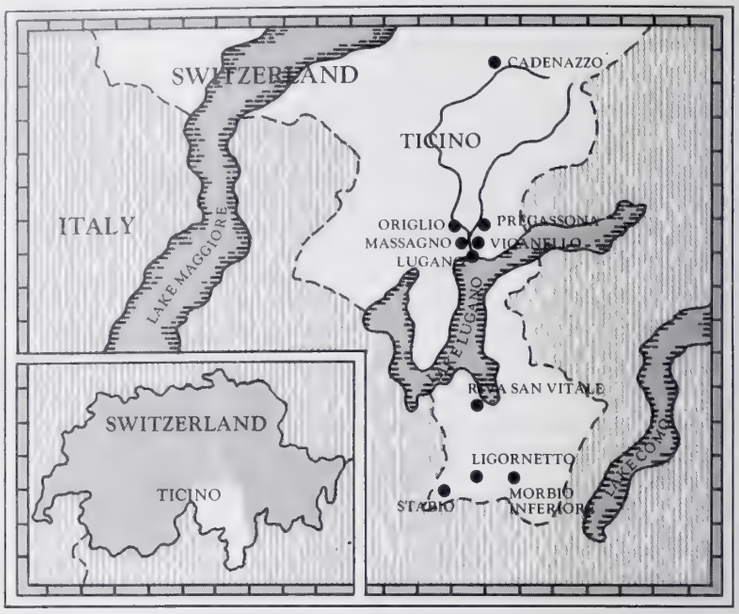
When Botta uses luxurious materials, as here in the State Bank in Fribourg, he does so like a Puritan who tolerates only the best.

town. Thus the order is used in a somewhat traditional way, to mark the entrance and celebrate the enjoyment of nature. It also represents one of several classical allusions. Others include an absolute symmetry of plan, a monumentality of form, and a beautiful decorative treatment of the concrete block, used in bands. It is as if Botta were showing us that modern society can achieve the ritual and permanence of the Egyptian—with the cheapest materials and without the need of applied decoration.

Like Palladio, Botta carefully orients his house to the four cardinal points and splendid views. And like that Italian perfectionist, he delights in dividing up plans into geometrical patterns: the "nine-square solution," where nine rooms result from two overlapping crosses, is one type he uses. Another is the "six-square solution." Botta has produced one analytical drawing where his houses are reduced to a set of patterns projected on a square.

These might be the kind of drawings produced by Rudolf Wittkower in his famous analysis of Palladian plans, except for two things: there is no emphasis on proportioning according to universal or musical harmonies, and several of the schemes have violent disjunctions, skews, and voids. Thus we are once again reminded of our era; this is a postmodern classicism, neither a revival nor a harmonious classicism that would be imaginable at another, more peaceful time.

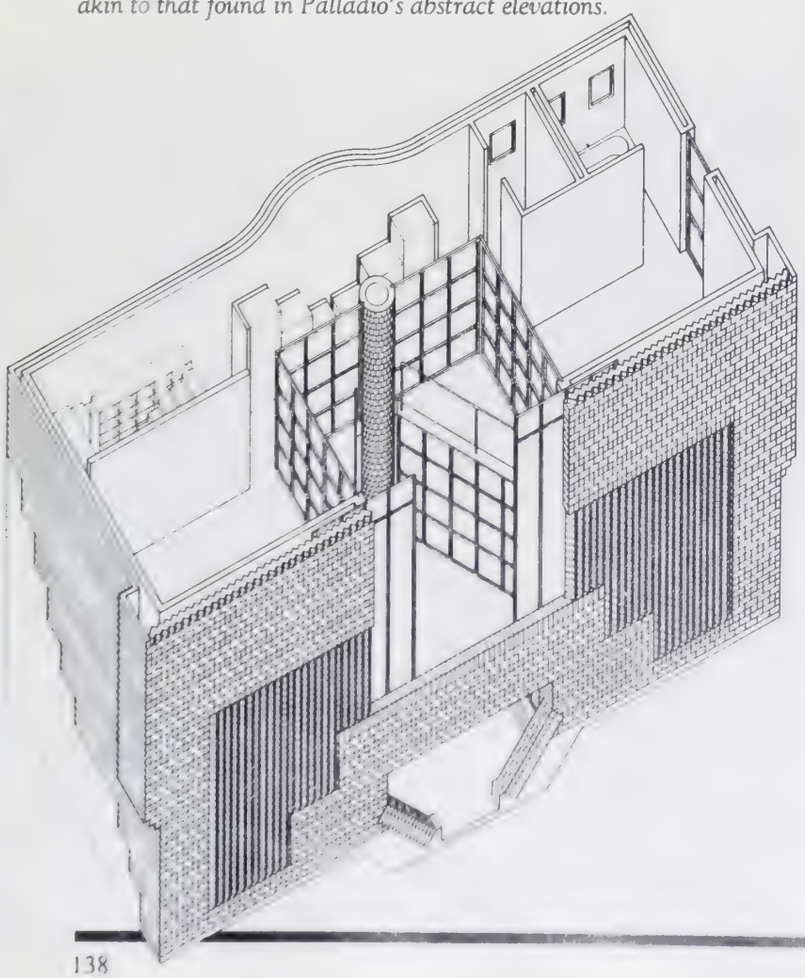
Botta makes no apologies. He espouses the optimism of the Modernists, who believed that architecture could lead the way to a brighter, more coherent future, and he never forgets the weight of tradition. This basic contradiction can be seen in his attitude toward materials. While the humble concrete block is used in such a way as to bring out its geometry and surface—its "factuality"—more-expensive materials are used not for their luxuriousness but in precisely the same way. Thus, when the budget allows, as in the banking hall of the Fribourg State Bank, materials such as green veined marble and brass are used solely for their straightforward decorative surfaces. Here we see the hedonism of a Puritan who will tolerate only the best wine and cigars. Botta derives a sensual pleasure from leaving all surfaces "as found," in a state of untouched innocence. Art, meaning painting, sculpture, and applied decoration, represents a sophisticated intrusion on that innocence, one that the architect tries to keep out of his buildings.



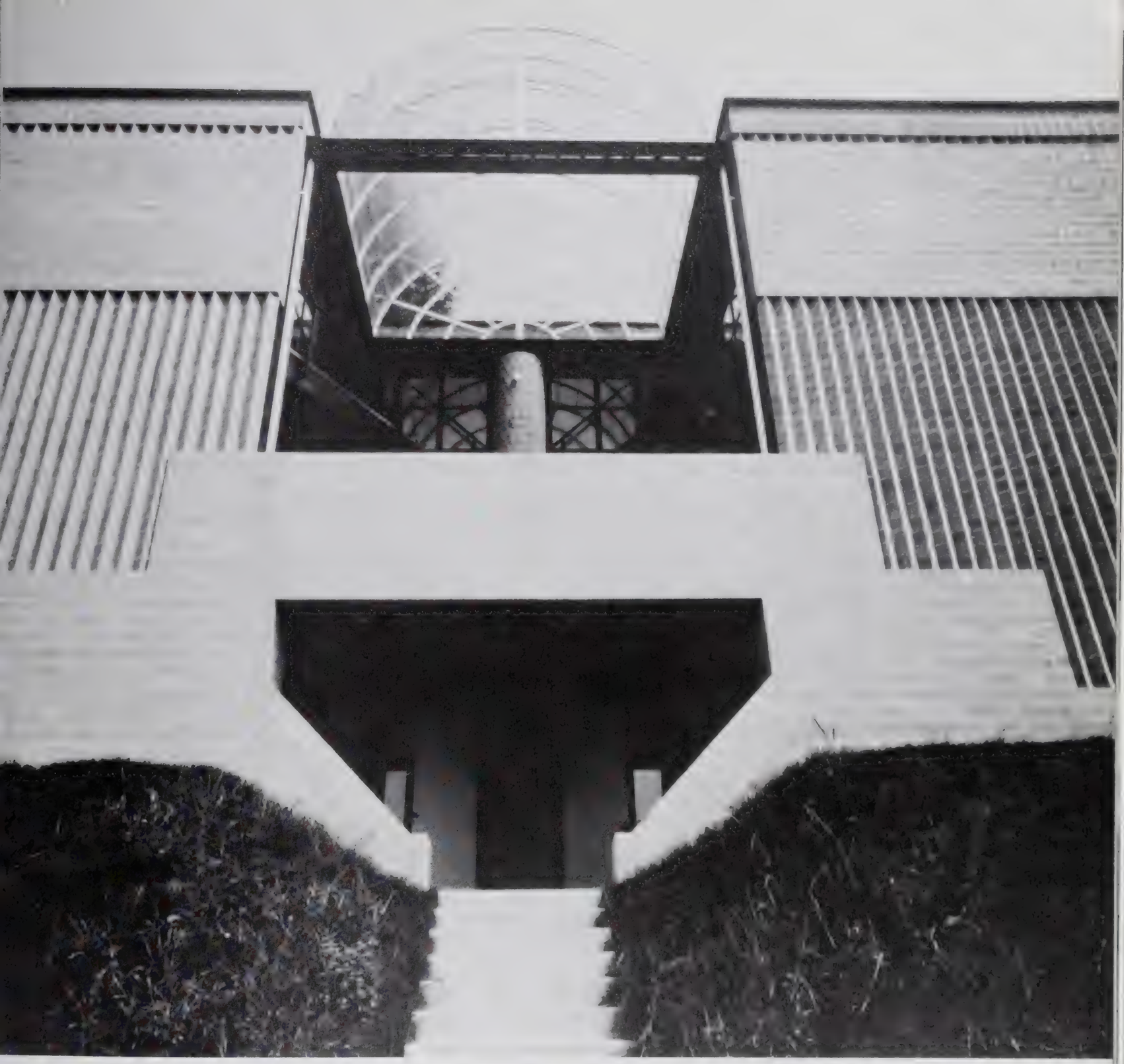
V B KOTOWITZ

Anybody wishing to see Botta's work has only to visit the towns marked above in the Ticino region of southern Switzerland.

This is the Viganello house with the roof taken off. Botta draws every space, concrete block, and steel support until he knows—and thereby can control—the whole building and its parts. Botta's drawings, done without shadow or marks of the hand, convey an intellectual beauty akin to that found in Palladio's abstract elevations.



This is postmodern classicism—neither a revival nor a distorted image of our times.



The dramatic sequence of outside stairway, recessed door, and fanlight lends the hillside house at Viganello a monumentality.

Botta's favorite photograph shows his concrete house at Origlio in juxtaposition with a nearby peasant farm and a distant mountain. The shot tells a lot about his aims. The single-family house is, characteristically, a mixture of many things: a Palladian nine-square problem and concrete brutalism, for instance, or a classical temple and a violently cut up collage. The opposites can be multiplied to the point where they seem to be the point. It is an architecture about cultural continuity and dislocation. The photograph also tells about the strain of placing a bourgeois family in a severely reduced aesthetic. Something else can be noted, too, in the awkward junctures, the disproportions, and the contrasts of light and shade: it is, in a word, mannerism.

We could say that Botta's Spartan classicism is a sign of his commitment to live out the contradictions with which Modernism and Western culture leave us. That one can make a credible architecture from this is not only surprising; it is admirable. As more and more clients commission Botta, one can imagine the Ticino region eventually becoming a place of architectural pilgrimage with a highly individualistic aesthetic as the central attraction. It is conceivable that people will tour Botta's houses as they do Palladian villas, admiring the ingenious plans and aristocratic understatement. They will probably be slightly perplexed by the strange furnishings, which seem to resemble those minimal comforts of Cistercian monks. They surely will be fascinated by an architect's temperament that can acknowledge the past so clearly while breaking new ground. □

A LETTER FROM PARIS

A LONG AND LUXURIOUS WEEKEND

BY CAROL BARDEN
WITH *CONNOISSEUR*'S PARIS REGULARS

It escapes us for the moment who it was that first exulted, "I love Paris in the springtime," but after all, the sentiment is universal. Whatever else you may have planned for the season, a visit to the French capital is a must. If a long weekend is all you can spare, fine. Better still: a week . . .

Not long ago, a discriminating friend, Carol Barden, mentioned in passing that, owing to the sympathetic franc, she was on her way to Paris for six days of fun and shopping. "Take notes!" we said. Carol is a true eighties-style connoisseur: sharp, on the move, demanding, after value. And she delivers. Next thing we knew, there was a sheaf of Carol's densely packed notes on our desk, and they were just too zesty not to pass along.

But that isn't the end of the story. You remember what is said about the French and politics: that every Frenchman is his own party. The argumentative spirit takes hold of visitors, too. Given limited time in the City of Light, what's the best way to spend it? No two experts can agree. All our favorite Parisians, lifetime or transient, keep up the French tradition with an impassioned advocacy of their own choice of Paris attractions. So, here is Carol's Letter from Paris, embellished with lots of highly partisan footnotes and digressions from a number of veteran Parisians, plus features on two extraordinary wine merchants; the world's most exquisite shopping mall; the Magnificent Seven of French antiques dealers, men who are known for their fastidious concern with authenticity; and one perfect day in the country. Here are the flowers—it's up to you to make the bouquet!

THE WORD ON HOTELS

"We kicked into overdrive the moment we touched ground," Carol writes, "and didn't relax until we got home. I can't imagine going to Paris to sleep—there is simply too much to see and do.

"We stayed at the very British Le Bristol (112, rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré; telephone: 266.91.45). It got a face-lift three years ago and has lost some of its old-time stuffiness. Among many other new amenities, there's a shipshape swimming pool with a view clear to the glistening dome of Sacré-Coeur.

"Our visit was just about perfection. We booked suite 964, on the top floor, with a beautifully landscaped terrace where you could throw a party for one hundred. The rate per night is 3,700 francs. Single rooms start at Fr 940, suites at Fr 2,700; the penthouse—a duplex with private elevator—goes for Fr 5,000. {At our February 1 press time the exchange rate was 8.76 francs to the dollar.} The jumbo-size bath, white marble from floor to ceiling, has double sinl
tuan tub. The room is perfect

F. LOCHON/GAMMA

who like lots and lots of splendidly appointed space and wish to entertain (which we did!).

"At reception you'll find M. Rimaniol, who can take care of *anything*.

"The head concierge, M. Lainé, is competent and obliging, but steer clear of Wolf, the moody assistant concierge.

"This could be a one-time fluke, but the hotel laundry ruined a very expensive and fragile evening gown. (They jumped to see it properly replaced, however.)

"Breakfast room service was fast and delicious—we adored the *omelette mixte*, croissants, and the coffee—but dinner *chez nous* arrived lukewarm. A delivery problem? The restaurant is now Cordon Bleu and carries a Michelin star."

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Other Rooms: There are, of course, more places than one to hang an elegant hat. One would not forget the Ritz (15, Place Vendôme; 260.38.30). Rooms start at Fr 1,750, junior suites at Fr 3,700. Coco Chanel's apartment rents for Fr 18,000 a night, the duke of Windsor's for Fr 22,000, and the Imperial Suite (home away from home to Hassan II, King of Morocco, and to the actor Roger Moore) for Fr 40,000. These chambers have an occupancy rate of 92 percent. M. Al-Fayed and his two brothers, who took over this handsome landmark in 1979, are investing some $50 million in renovations. Work on the rooms is complete, but the basement

Left: The Place Vendôme's seigneurial lampposts. Right: Vitrines at the Ritz.

CHABRIER - FO

There was a time when people lived at the Ritz—people like Coco Chanel and the duke of Windsor. Now their apartments are hotel suites.

health center and the beauty shop are still just promises. The luxurious Galerie des Vitrines, installed by Marie-Louise Ritz during a period of rapid expansion, remains intact. (See "A 315-Foot Shopping Mall," page 148.)

The lovely, eighteenth-century Crillon (10, Place de la Concorde; 265.24.24) has also polished its image with a complete refurbishing. New this spring: a boutique, featuring the hotel's own accessories and delicacies from the hotel's kitchen. Room rates are comparable to those at other luxury hotels. Suites are priced from Fr 2,500 to Fr 10,000 for a Royal apartment (there are three).

The Plaza-Athénée (25, avenue Montaigne; 723.78.33), on a more intimate scale, is ensconced in the heart of the couture neighborhood. Its flowered courtyards and mix of Hollywood and Paris glamour exude a feminine charm. Singles run Fr 850 and up, with suites available from Fr 2,150 to Fr 3,600. The grill room, Relais Plaza, open late for after-theater dining, is a favorite rendezvous attracting local and visiting celebrities—Yves Saint Laurent and Frank Sinatra, for two. A smart choice is La Trémoille (14, rue de La Trémoille; 723.34.20), a stone's throw from the Plaza-Athénée and under the same ownership. Prices are lower, but the ambience is definitely on a par.

"Avoid the Nova-Park Elysées (51, rue François 1er; 562.63.64), which is now touted as the most expensive hotel in Paris (singles, Fr 1,385; Royal apartment, Fr 22,960). We looked at suites with lacquered burgundy ceilings, red drapes, purple sofas, and wall-to-wall carpeting in purple, orange, and blue. Such hideousness must be seen to be believed. The lobby is pan-Arab, but the atmosphere is pure Vegas, just not quite as klassy."

Bon Appetit

"Apart from the evening we spent for research purposes over that lukewarm dinner from room service, we dined out diligently. Marius et Janette (4, avenue George V; 723.41.88) is the place to go for seafood! Henri Charvet, the new owner, hails from Aix-en-Provence, where his establishment was considered the region's finest. The bouillabaisse and bourride are simply divine, the fish tender and flaky; and the succulent oysters rate a rave. It's not fancy, so don't go for the decor—but go! You'll have lots and lots of company, so don't fail to make a reservation. (About Fr 300 per person.)

"We don't know how popular Napoléon is during the week, but on a Sunday night, we had the place to ourselves (38, avenue de Friedland; 227.99.50). The *haricots verts* salad with goose liver is divine, and the preparation of salmon, turbot, and lotte in mustard sauce with sweet onions is even more so. The green-apple sherbet may taste even fresher than the fruit itself. (Fr 250–350 per person.)

"The chef at Olympe (8, rue Nicolas Charlet; 734.86.08) is a lady: Dominique Nahmias. She and her husband, Albert, hold court in a stunning art deco salon. The fare is nouvelle. The specialty: *ravioli de canard au coulis de brocoli.* The plates are almost as decorative as the customers (they say the loveliest women in Paris dine here), but fine as the food is, we thought the portions skimpy and the prices steep for what you get. (About Fr 350 per person.)

"We got a bum steer on what was supposed to be a hot tip. La Marlotte (55, rue du Cherche Midi; 548.86.79), very up-and-coming, rates high for the food, but the crowds were intolerable and the staff harried and unmannerly. We would not go back. (About Fr 160 per person.)"

Gastronomic Classics: And, our entire chorus of advisers chimes, keep in mind L'Archestrate! (84, rue de Varenne; 551.47.33). It looks stuffy, but the establishment does live up to an extraordinary reputation. The art of the chef, Alain Senderens, has a personal twist of nouvelle. The spectacular *ravioli de truffes* have nothing to do with traditional ravioli—they're made of special dough stuffed with celery and truffles. Book lunch several days ahead; for dinner, plan at least three weeks in advance. (About Fr 500–600 per person.) And for Sunday champagne lunch, go to the races at Longchamp, in the heart of the Bois de Boulogne. The dining room has a panoramic sweep of the racetrack, and you can place your bets at the table.

JEAN GAUMEY/MAGNUM

Chanel's salon reflects Madame's sleek, timeless elegance.

Le Shopping

"We hit Paris during the week when designers were previewing their collections for the press, and luckily spoke to a Parisian friend who taught us how to get into the show. 'Dress nicely,' she said; 'visit each house, and ask for an invitation card *if space permits*.' Sure enough, only Yves Saint Laurent couldn't shake loose two extra seats.

"For me, these shows were the highlight of the trip. If you're a model size (size 6), you can often buy pieces from the collection at a 50 percent discount. I selected three that were cleaned and sent to me in time for the coming season. My French friends assured me that everyone small enough to wear the clothes shops this way, and that the samples arrive at your door in impeccable condition. (Mine didn't even need pressing.) After every show, there was a mad dash for all the most sumptuous pieces.

"There's a bonus, too, for good customers. Buy several items, and the house throws in bags, hats, accessories. Now that I've made the connections, I'll be back twice a year at least to look. The French collections really do put most American designers' work to shame. Nina Ricci, Dior, Hanae Mori, and Givenchy were especially accommodating, but my favorite show was Jean-Louis Scherrer's. His clothes are wonderfully feminine, yet practical—ideal for today's active woman—and the details of tailoring, beading, and hemwork are especially fine."

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Planning Ahead: The two dozen *grands couturiers* give press premieres of their spring lines in January, with general showings on mannequins in February and March. For the winter collections, press premieres are in July, with general showings in September and October. To attend, follow Carol's example or write three months ahead, either to the *attaché presse* of any house that interests you, or to the Chambre Syndicale de la Couture Parisienne (100, rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré, 75008 Paris; 266.64.44).

Surreal Shoes: For shoes, well-heeled Parisiennes shop Tokio Kumagaï, at three locations (75, rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré; 265.50.56; 52, rue Croix des Petits-Champs; 236.08.01; 78, rue des Saints Pères; 222.51.00). The witty Japa-

Signs of spring: Dior grace in motion, designed by Gérard Penneroux (left); two sharp, clear ready-to-wear creations from Chanel.

P. VAUTHEY/SYGMA

DANIEL SIMON/GAMMA

P. VAUTHEY/SYGMA

BROTHERS IN BACCHUS

FRANÇOIS HALARD

At Caves de la Madeleine for over a decade, Spurrier himself has mellowed, like a good wine.

There are two especially good wine merchants in Paris. One is the Englishman Steven Spurrier, who is quite famous. The other, the Swede John Ahlstroem, deserves to be better known.

To know good wine well you have to drink good wine regularly. The advantage of buying from Spurrier or Ahlstroem is dealing with *amateurs* in the best sense. Passion drives them to keep uncorking. Spurrier, who hails from Derbyshire, will find you a little-known bottle with more pleasure in it than the price suggests. Ahlstroem, until recently a banker and numismatist, will make sure your choice of great label does not disappoint.

Since he bought a little old wine shop near the Madeleine from a little old lady, in 1971, Spurrier has been a trendsetter with a special interest in country wines, such as Madiran or Cahors, and in young vintages. (His *Concise Guide to French Country Wines* was published last year.) At forty-two, Steven has mellowed: "All the great discoveries have been made." Looking into the future, he says he fears a homogenizing of France's wine styles, brought on by "all the pretty young wines." He'll continue to buy more of the traditional, wood-aged Bordeaux, but his strength is still in fun for your money. He can sell you a bottle of wine worth talking about at fifteen to twenty francs, and that is something.

Ahlstroem, an alumnus of the Svenska Handelsbanken, deals in a higher price bracket of affordable treasure, buying old wine at auctions, paying cash for the cellars of collectors or strapped restaurateurs. At his Galerie des Vins, in the rue Saint-Honoré, he turns over his stock quickly.

Ahlstroem still looks like a banker.

The prices will tell you why. A 1904 Mouton-Rothschild in superb condition, for example, sells for 3,500 francs; a Château Margaux '37, also in superb condition, for 1,400 francs. Ahlstroem regularly samples his own wares in tastings with groups of as many as himself and six friends. The party splits the cost equally, and Ahlstroem takes no profit. He will sportingly guarantee many of his bottles, but with very old wines, only God can tell before uncorking where a dead bottle lies beside a live one.

Ahlstroem's preference—a different matter from appreciation—is for a "strong aftertaste, as with the Cheval Blanc '29, whose bouquet you can still smell half an hour after the glass is empty." He fancies the "horse-stable touch" in Saint-Emilions. Ahlstroem's descriptions are refreshingly direct, and sometimes he resorts to gestures.

Both Ahlstroem and Spurrier will offer advice on what wine to serve with what food. Their answers vary, but not as much as before Ahlstroem's recent conversion to classical combinations. The gentlemen do agree that wine connoisseurship means recognizing, in its intricacies, what is in the glass. What you do with what's there is a matter of taste. Ahlstroem likes big red Burgundies, such as Richebourg or Musigny, with his favorite "garlicky" roast lamb, or a fresh white wine from the Loire, such as a Sancerre or a Pouilly-Fumé, with shellfish. Spurrier will put flinty Loires with shellfish and save the Meursault or the Montrachet for freshwater or delicate sea fish. With the lamb, he would put an elegant Saint-Julien or a Margaux.

Spurrier adds a bit of social advice that may help you save face. Don't buy a wine that's over your head, that you can't serve with ease and confidence. Buy a wine that matches the company. "A Basque wine and a paella go marvelously together, but neither will go over well at a dinner for a conservative client in the Sixteenth Arrondissement." Ahlstroem, for his part, will hook you on the thrill of the venerable and the eminent and insist that it is not in the least enhanced by risk.

By G. Y. Dryansky, a nov[illegible] living in Paris.

Steven Spurrier vends his wares at Caves de la Madeleine, Cité Berryer, 25, rue Royale, 75008 Paris; 265.92.40 or 265.09.82. John Ahlstroem's shingle is out at La Galerie des Vins, 201, rue Saint-Honoré, 75001 Paris; 261.81.20.

nese designer has been in Paris for thirteen years. His op-art shoes and sandals—inspired by Matisse, Pollock, Cocteau—are blossoming all over town. What could be more French? Prices run from Fr 700 for sandals to Fr 1,200 (with special orders at as much as Fr 2,000).

•

"On each trip, I make a sweep through Galeries Lafayette with a giant shopping bag (40, boulevard Haussmann; 282.34.56) and pick up all my favorite cosmetics, perfumes, hose, and household linens. Some of my friends swear by Michel Swiss (16, rue de la Paix; 261.69.44 or 261.68.84) for perfume, but I stick with Galeries Lafayette for their selection and competitive prices. You can charge all your purchases with a *carnet d'achat* at a special cashier's desk in a single transaction and save the V.A.T. My special favorites: Chanel lipsticks and evening hose from Dior and Dim: they're really wonderful values and simply stunning. The place reminds me of Bloomie's. It can be crowded and infuriating, but everything you could ever want is there."

•

Other Ways to Fragrance: *Chacun à son goût*. The personnel are snooty and treat your questions as intrusions into their private conversations. But as the premier showcase for perfumes Galeries Lafayette qualifies for a serious shopper's attention. All new perfumes are presented here, except for those of Guerlain, which does its own distribution and has four shops in Paris alone. The headquarters are at 68, avenue des Champs-Elysées (562.52.57), where you will find not only the house's eleven perfumes, but also the Guerlain cosmetic products, which are not available in the United States.

A word about new fragrances: the French shops are regularly six months or more ahead of their counterparts in the United States. Thus, Jardins de Bagatelle, last year's spring line from Guerlain, won't arrive at Bloomingdale's or Bergdorf until next fall. This year, Guerlain introduced, in France only, Hibiscus and Sanguine cosmetics, both in the Beaubourg line.

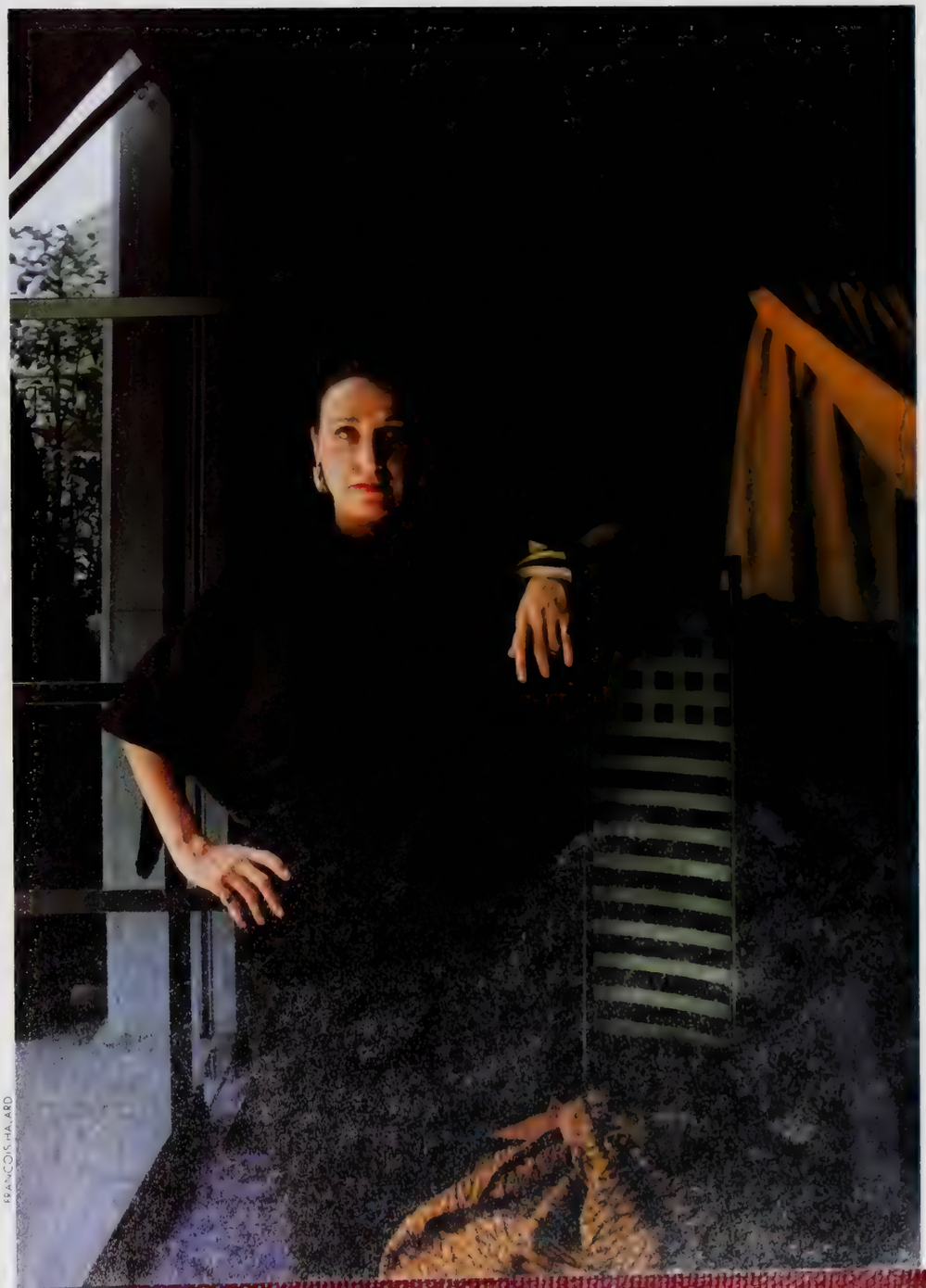
All the important creators of scents have their own boutiques, which offer a shopping experience not to be had at the department stores. At Caron (34, avenue Montaigne; 723.40.82), you will find an array of some twenty-six classic flowered perfumes created over eight decades. Some of the very oldest are produced fresh and sold only at the boutique, in flacons filled for each customer. At Christian Dior's parfumerie (30, avenue Montaigne; 723.54.44), scents sold elsewhere come in Baccarat bottles *not* sold elsewhere. Eau Fraîche, the male scent Dior blended for his own use, is sold only here. New at Dior is their Ethique line of masks and tonics. The spring makeup collection, called Les Eclats, emphasizes a palette of nectarine spiked with fiery Eclat Rouge lipstick and nail polish, and sunflower eye pencils that shade into amber. Two years after being launched, Dior's very macho Jules line of eau de toilette and bath products for men is still going strong. "Jules" as a matter of fact means "macho," and it is also the name of the race car Dior enters in the Paris–Dakar auto rally. Nina Ricci, the creator of the male fragrances Signoricci 1 and 2, will launch a third variety in the fall.

"Isabel Canovas (16, avenue Montaigne; 720.10.80), opposite the Plaza-Athénée, is my favorite shop for unusual accessories: bags, necklaces, earrings, bracelets, shawls, belts. The selection is small but glorious. I picked up some big, funky wooden earrings, and now all my friends want them."

•

More on Canovas: For spring, the former Dior stylist has taken her cue from Carmen, very à la mode in the wake of Peter Brook's smash *La Tragédie de Carmen* (now playing in New York), and hit films by Jean-Luc Godard, Francesco Rosi, and Carlos Saura. For the gypsy in you (or in your life), pick up one of Canovas's flamboyant fringed shawls, fans, combs, or even daggers. Prices run from Fr 400, for a fuchsia hairpin, to Fr 5,000, for the grand-

Isabel Canovas carries the city's smartest accessories, but she favors an uncluttered look.



FRANÇOISE HAARD

er adornments. Another theme this spring: Tahiti chic, with natural woods and shells. What Canovas doesn't know about style probably isn't worth pursuing. The day she opened her shop, Lauren Bacall was strolling by and stepped in to become her first customer.

•

"We've been buying silver and crystal at Baccarat (30 bis, rue de Paradis; 770.64.30), Lalique (11, rue Royale; 265.33.70), and Christofle (12, rue Royale; 260.34.07) for three years and have never had a problem with shipments. Christofle's prices are about 40 percent below Neiman-Marcus's (as the franc fluctuates, so do the percentages). On large orders they will also engrave free of charge. Ask for Sophie, who really knows what she's doing. At Baccarat and Lalique, you can take potluck with the help; they're all excellent. Savings are 35 to 45 percent over American prices."

•

Spécialités Extraordinaires: Of specialty shops worth a visit, there is no end. Here's a tantalizing beginning.

Au Bain Marie (20, rue de Hérold; 260.94.55) is the invention of the former food writer Aude Clément, who became enchanted with antique and regional kitchen and dining necessities: pieces from asparagus plates to silver and ivory papillotes for a classic leg of lamb. In addition to her collector's items, plain and fancy, her historic cookbooks are available at the store's other branch (at 2, rue du Mail; 260.17.78).

In the Place de la Madeleine, you will find Hédiard (no. 21; 266.44.36) and Fauchon (no. 26; 742.60.11), the ne plus ultra in gourmet shops. Ferdinand Hédiard introduced exotic produce to Paris in 1854, importing mangoes and papayas from the Antilles, India, Brazil, Algeria, and Tunisia, each fruit picked green and tenderly wrapped in tissue. He served Alexandre Dumas his first pineapple and initiated customers into the art of eating a banana ("You take off the skin with your fingers and bite right in"). Over 5,000 brand products (notably celestial jams and vinegars) go out to some 300 Hédiard *épiceries* in France and worldwide. They also feature an extensive selection of excellent table wines. (Their American shop is on Rodeo Drive, in Beverly Hills.)

Every day at Fauchon, twenty-five chefs whip together delicacies like *aspic de crevettes Bloody Mary*, *terrine de [illegible] au canard Troisgros*, and *langouste en Bellevue avec garniture*. A crab quiche is a mere twenty-two francs, but the store Auguste

THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN

On the twenty-fifth of September 1980, as the Paris Antique Dealers Biennale opened its doors at the Grand Palais, a most extraordinary eighteenth-century *bureau plat* was revealed. The ebony desk, with unusual ormolu garlands hanging freely on every side, was neoclassical, although made right in the middle of the Louis XV baroque period—a portrait dated 1763 in which a variant closely resembling it is depicted leaves no doubt on that score. The monumental writing desk was displayed on the stand of the noted Paris dealer Maurice Ségoura, who sold it for 2.6 million francs ($500,000) to Anthony Tannouri. The Lebanese buyer had begun to collect only two years before. While he was not known to be of a timid disposition, such confidence reflects the credibility of the French art-and-antiques trade.

In general terms, the credibility rests on French law itself. If it can be proved that a dealer has deceived his client concerning the "substance" of what he sold him, the dealer can be forced to cancel the sale at any time in the thirty years following the date of the transaction.

The most reliable selling exhibitions are the collective shows held every year by a group of dealers that calls itself Antiquaires à Paris and includes seven top specialists in seventeenth- and eighteenth-century furniture and decorative objets d'art. Ségoura is one of them. (For thumbnail descriptions of them all, consult the captions.) It is ironic that such different men should be going after precisely the same kind of top-notch French furniture of the same period, and operate in harmony on specific points. Selling exhibitions are one of them.

Although the authenticity certificate of the Antiquaires à Paris is delivered by its members individually, each item that could raise questions is the object of a secret ballot before the exhibition. Two black balls automatically disqualify it. Their guarantee is better than most, if only because seven of the cleverest dealers operating together are seven times more anxious to protect their image. Not infrequently two or three of them will decide to buy a piece together, which implies that [illegible] watched them putting their heads together over a thorny case. It all helps to buy better. The guarantees they offer their clients will thus be backed, in effect although not in legal terms, by their collective knowledge.

Needless to say, this does not make them foolproof. It will be wise to remember that while a respected client of long standing or a very rich, influential buyer might have no trouble in persuading the dealer to take back a piece, Mr. Smith from Oklahoma might find it necessary to come all the way to Paris, hire a lawyer, and spend a long, tedious time thrashing things out in court or threatening to do so through her lawyer.

The art market begins and ends with the notion of authenticity; hence the need for guarantees felt by beginners attracted to art—and also, given the money involved, by experienced collectors. Leading auction houses make every effort to set a limit to their liability.

Aware of the potentially devastating effects of their disclaimers, Christie's will agree, under certain conditions, to refund, within five years, a buyer who can prove to them that his acquisition is a deliberate forgery. "When asked for instances of such refunds on fake paintings or furniture, John Herbert, a press officer and director of Christie's, could not think of one. This suggests admirable infallibility. In the case of furniture, the disastrous discoveries are sometimes made when the piece is being sent for revarnishing, which under usual circumstances need not be undertaken until much later than five years after the purchase. So, the French thirty-year statute of limitation is one key psychological factor in the predominance of the Paris dealers in the antique-furniture trade over auction houses like Sotheby's and Christie's.

How effective is the guarantee in real terms? There was a rare live test in a Paris auction conducted by Jacques Tan last November, when Tannouri's collection was sold by order of a Paris court. Conditions were not favorable, yet all but two of his pieces were sold and fetched high prices. Ségoura's *bureau plat* made more than 7.1 million francs ($900,000), as against the 2.6 million francs it had cost Tannouri. If he did not recoup his outlays in toto, that owes partly to his lack of familiarity with market prices at the time he bought and to the hurried forced sale. But that is another story.

By Souren Melikian, who created the world's first weekly art-market column, in the International Herald Tribune.

Jean-Marie Rossi, of Aveline, is built like a paratrooper, often talks like one, and knows how to brazen it out better than any of his colleagues.

Claude Lévy (left) runs Etienne Lévy, S.A., which was established by his father. Etienne was one of the foremost connoisseurs of French baroque and classical furniture and set up his own restoration workshop. Under Claude, it has been expanded and is now the most impressive example of its kind.

Jacques Perrin (below) has charm and is aware of it; he has a quick wit, and is aware of that, too. His gallery, on quai Voltaire across the river from the Louvre Palace, has the nicest view of all.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDUARD HAD

Maurice Ségoura, whose grandfather dealt in Islamic antiquities, owns a posh gallery on the fashionable Faubourg Saint-Honoré next door to high-fashion boutiques. A fast runner, he targets clients carefully, establishes strong relationships, and gets what he's after.

Michel Meyer, who now deals from the expensive avenue Matignon, a stone's throw from the presidential palace, is the son of a onetime junk dealer who acquired a vast knowledge about art dating from early-medieval times to Louis XIII. Michel, like his father, relies more on feel and instinct than on reference books and museum visits. He will run his fingers over a table before commenting on it.

Bernard Steinitz, whose career began in the French provinces and who sold for a while essentially to the trade after moving to Paris, combines a chess player's mind with the nerve of a poker gambler. Like Aaron, he is a cultivated Parisian intellectual; unlike him, he has not defected to the establishment. After President Mitterrand's election, in May 1981, Steinitz could be seen sporting a pink carnation in his lapel at the Sotheby's Monte Carlo sale of French furniture for millionaires.

Didier Aaron, whose mother was a specialist in Chinese art, is the quintessential sophisticated Paris intellectual. A brilliant manager, he anticipated many of the current problems plaguing the trade—not least, the dwindling art supply—and diversified at an early stage. The interior-design branch of his firm has played a major role in his success. He operates from an early-twentieth-century building in the Sixteenth Arrondissement, the impregnable bastion of the Paris upper middle class.

A 315-FOOT-LONG SHOPPING MALL

The world's most unlikely convenience store is located inside the Ritz, installed by none other than Marie-Louise Ritz herself, early in the century. La Galerie des Vitrines de l'Hôtel Ritz came into being after the hotel broke through the rear of its Place Vendôme premises to add an annex, awkwardly connected by a 315-foot corridor only 8 feet 9 inches wide. Marie-Louise judged the long walk "boring." Presto! She lined the walls with display cases and created a shopping center without precedent or parallel.

The 130 vitrines are rented to different Paris shops and attended by three supremely experienced vendeuses with their own order desk and phone (296-6398). Mmes. Geneviève Charraut, Manuela Soarès, and Thérèse Perchet are Ritz employees, working on salary and a small commission. Unlike the agents in hotel shops, who push their wares with a tiring line of patter (or, worse, barely push them at all), they are essentially personal shoppers on the side of the customer.

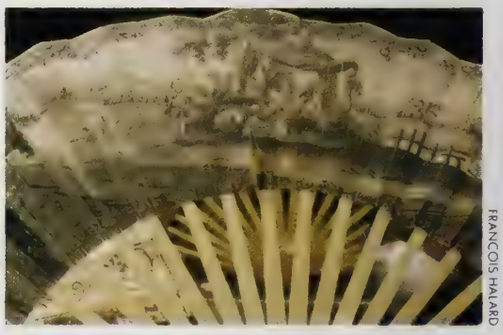
"We never push, and we never rush a customer," says Mme. Charraut, surprisingly free of ritzy hauteur. "After all, we are dealing with clients of the Ritz." (Guests from other hotels regularly stop in, too.)

The ladies will arrange packing and shipping, handle the tax rebate on articles for export, obtain additional samples, accept returns by mail or in person, consult their library of fashion catalogues for styles available elsewhere—and, of course, take the phone orders from departed guests who belatedly decide they can't live without that carved onyx doggie in the window. They transact their business in fluent French, English, German, Portuguese, or Spanish, but no Arabic—which there would, in any case, be little occasion to use, since wealthy Arabs are usually escorted straight to the most expensive shops by members of their own entourage, expecting kickbacks. The ladies of the Ritz give no commissions to the sheiks' secretaries. And they also refuse to bargain, despite the increasing number of pleas. Prices at the Galerie conform strictly with those in the parent shops.

Most of the customers are American, and the goods on display largely reflect the tastes of the clientele. Up front stand cases of internationally known designers' clothes, accessories, perfumes, and jewelry, most collected from shops near the Ritz. Thus, hotel guests can comparison-shop for a complete outfit at leisure rather than rush in and out of the shops on the rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré under the glare of snooty salesgirls.

Another range of cases displays dowdier wares such as beaded blouses and fur-trimmed cardigans in styles and colors the vendeuses diplomatically admit are less subtle than those of the best French fashions. The rest of the cases amount to a high-class souvenir bazaar. There may be no brass Eiffel Towers, but the souvenir assortment is dizzying: small antiques, pleasant landscape paintings and watercolors, leather-bound books, suitcase-

FRANÇOIS HALARD



FRANÇOIS HALARD

FRANÇOIS HALARD

Ritzy displays. Clockwise from left: Maréchal's musical bags; an antique fan for that costume ball at Versailles; knickknacks supreme.

size stuffed animals, art dolls and handmade doll furniture, a good collection of old French fans, gilt door and furniture hardware, snuff bottles, ivory carvings, silverware and china, costume jewelry, and, for good measure, objets d'art from India, Tibet, and Ladakh.

The cheapest item is a washcloth from the hotel's own line of towels and linen, by Porthault, with an embroidered Ritz crest. It is priced at fifty-five francs, reducing the take-away temptation (or maybe increasing it). But every item has its own snob appeal, as does the packaging. All purchases are wrapped in the Ritz's special royal blue paper with silver crests. The vendeuses evince no annoyance when asked to gift-wrap half a dozen Ritz washcloths separately, even if they espy an impatient big spender waiting for help. He just has to wait his turn. After all, the other fellow, too, is a client of the Ritz.

By Lawrence Malkin, the European correspondent for Time *magazine.*

FRANÇOIS HALARD

Souvenirs of the house and family.

FRANÇOIS HALARD

Any kitchen gadget you can't find at Dehillerin is one you will assuredly never need.

Fauchon founded in 1886 is no place in which to seek bargains. With its fifty honeys and prestigious wines, and Armagnacs dating back to the 1840s, it is a place to linger in and savor.

The kitchen utensils and gadgets you have always wished someone would invent are in stock now (some have been since 1820) at E. Dehillerin (18, rue Coquillière; 236.53.13). So are all the standard items. We were especially intrigued, on a recent visit, by the molds for making your own holiday chocolates.

The house of Peter (191, rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré; 563.88.00) has been crafting fine cutlery since 1785, fitting handles of jasper, lapis lazuli, and malachite on silver, both sterling and gilded. It's investment grade. A sterling cheese knife that struck our fancy was Fr 2,676.

More affordable gifts are to be found at Papier Plus (9, rue du Pont Louis Philippe; 277.70.49) in the charming Marais district. Marcel Proust's Gilberte Swann, who delighted in stationery with cachet, would have been enchanted by the creamy papers in hues varying from deep purple to pale pink: fifty to eighty francs per pound, weighed out on bronze scales. The pitch black stock calls for gold ink and a fine, florid hand.

A Little Culture

"For a change of pace, we dropped in to three museums this trip. Our first stop was the Palais de Tokyo (13, avenue du Président Wilson; 723.36.53). The Postimpressionists—Gauguin, Seurat, and others—are splendid, but they're not seen to advantase on those dirty, flat white walls.

"Next, we took a five-minute walk up the avenue du Président Wilson to the Musée Guimet (6, Place d'Iéna; 723.61.65), which ranks with the British Museum and the National Palace Museum in Taiwan as one of the three greatest showcases of Asiatic art in the world. The displays are first-rate. In one particularly stunning room, the walls are covered in coarse, dark grass, with spotlights focused unobtrusively on each, superb object.

"Our final stop was the Musée Marmottan (2, rue Louis-Boilly; 224.07.02), a brief Métro ride away. The site, between the gardens of La Muette and the Bois de Boulogne, is ravishing, as are the miniatures (thirteenth- to sixteenth-century), the tapestries from the High Renaissance, the First Empire furnishings, and the handful of superprecious Impressionists (Monet, Renoir, Sisley)."

Other Alternatives to the Louvre: The cloistered Musée de Cluny (6, Place Paul Painlevé; 325.62.00) is a pleasantly fusty Parisian favorite, remarkable for the admirable series of tapestries *La Dame à la Licorne* (The Lady with the Unicorn) and its fine medieval embroideries, ivories, and sculpture. At the Musée Nissim de Camondo (63, rue de Monceau; 563.26.32)—named for the son of its founder, who demolished and restored a Napoleon III *hôtel particulier* on the romantic Parc de Monceau—you'll find a distinguished assemblage of Louis XVI furniture.

Celestial Harmonies: For the perfect close to a tranquil Sunday afternoon, visit the cathedral of Notre-Dame de Paris, on the historic Ile de la Cité. At 5:45 P.M. sharp, the church organist, Pierre Cochereau, offers a forty-five-minute-long recital that draws music lovers from all over Paris. Uplifting!

NIGHTLIFE

"Sure, the Crazy Horse Saloon (12, avenue George V; 723.32.32) has beautiful girls, costumes, lighting. But nothing could be more innocent, and it's a bore. The juggler and the hilarious puppets steal the show from the chorus girls. The sound system is deafening, and seating is crammed. The entertainment lasts an interminable hour and three-quarters. The crowd is unappealing, too; lots of tourists in shirtsleeves and little ladies in flat shoes. This is gay Paree? Forget it, Charley!"

The Lido and Beyond: Asked to comment on the Crazy Horse, we're told, a Paris chauffeur gagged, at length recovered, and replied, "Go to the Lido." (It's at 116 bis, avenue des Champs-Elysées; 563.11.61.)

Those who would rather dance than spectate are advised that Elysées Matignon (2, avenue Matignon; 359.81.10) leads the list of this season's night spots. Also new and hot: La Piscine (32, rue de Tilsitt; 227.31.39), a swimming pool minimally converted for a new life in disco. More aquatic motifs await at Bains-Douches (7, rue du Bourg-l'Abbé; 887.34.40), Le Garage (41, rue Washington; 225.53.20) is another venue for the young and limber. To dress the part, wear refined French versions of the current British styles. Preferred color: black. □

GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT

The world knows the gardens of Giverny as refracted through the prismatic eye of Claude Monet, who laid them out and watched them change with the seasons. On a balmy spring day, they are a heavenly haven—and just a scant fifty miles from the hustle of Paris. Take a picnic.

STEPHEN SHORE

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PRIVATE LINE

THE NAPOLEON OF THE TRADE

It was with some amusement that we noted the absence of one name in our story on Paris's seven "magnificent" dealers. But how like Jacques Kugel not to join the groups! His gallery, at 279, rue Saint-Honoré, truly is full of magnificent, unique things, but the sinuous, silver-haired, eagle-beaked septuagenarian is, in his own words, "the art dealer other dealers hate! That is because I never try to impress collectors or pull them along or try to change their minds. I never say something's nice. I tell them what it is."

Kugel is a fifth-generation antiques dealer. His father emigrated from Russia to Paris a few years after the Revolution. It was a time, Kugel recalls, "when a Monet would fetch 1,500 francs and the buyer would scream about having to pay so much" and "when Fabergé jewelry was broken up for the gold."

But Kugel flourished. Some of his impromptu aphorisms over a recent lunch will suggest why.

- "A great collector never asks opinions from others."
- "The French collect to speculate; the English, for whim; and the Americans, for financial prestige."
- "Every generation should find something great for itself."

Watch these pages for Kugel's next surprise. As he puts it, "When I tell you I have something great, that's like a call to arms!"

WOLKENKRATZER . . .

When we last visited Idar-Oberstein, the home of the best stone carvers in the world, there was great excitement in the village. Work had just begun on a 250-pound rock crystal that was to be hollowed out, ground, and polished into the image of a very big apple—*the* Big Apple. The shell was to be filled with over one hundred perfectly cut and polished miniature crystal skyscrapers, each covered with eighteen-karat-gold mesh for windows. A crystal replica of the Statue of Liberty would rest on a silver base, in a river of pure, deep blue lapis lazuli.

That was eighteen months ago. Much more recently, our shopping led us to Asprey of London, "Jeweller to the Queen," in Manhattan's Trump Tower. And there we discovered the rock-crystal apple, ninety-five pounds in weight, two feet tall, with an eighteen-karat-gold stem and leaf, filled with all those gold-decorated little scale-model skyscrapers. It had been delivered, unpacked, and displayed without one toot of fanfare. It will sell for one-quarter of a million dollars.

The astonishing thing isn't the cost of this object, but the official version of its provenance. Robin Raw, president of Asprey in New York, maintains that the project originated with John Asprey himself and that it was executed in its entirety under Asprey supervision in Switzerland. Only when pressed did he concede that "perhaps the finishing touches may have been completed in Idar-Oberstein, which is the finest center in the world for stone carving." And when we pressed the anonymous, publicity-shy gnomes of Idar-Oberstein, they finally admitted that the apple—minus bridge, stem, and golden leaf—was theirs. "We even invented a special machine for attaching the gold decoration to the skyscrapers. We call it our *Wolkenkratzerfenstermaschine* [skyscraper-window machine]."

KABUKI UP CLOSE

Tamasaburo is coming back. The greatest of the young Kabuki actors, and a special favorite of New York audiences during the visit of the Grand Kabuki to the Metropolitan Opera in 1982, he is an *onnagata*, one of those exotic players who make their careers in women's parts. There are no actresses in Kabuki.

On the vast Met stage, Tamasaburo achieved an almost archetypal transcendence. This time, he will play the 279-seat theater of the Japan Society, and he will play by himself.

"The performances at Japan House," says Peter Grilli, the associate director of performing arts, "will show a more intimate side of the actor's art. Details of movement and facial expression impossible to observe in a larger space will be strikingly visible, and the flow of empathy back and forth between actor and spectator will be assured in a very special way. The performances will also give us a wonderful chance to learn about the variety of styles of Kabuki dance"—rather like hearing Maria Callas experiment with the whole gamut of her repertoire at a single *salon musical*.

The recitals at Japan House, on May 4 to 11 (with repeats at the Japan America Theatre, in Los Angeles, in mid-May), will be, if anything, more special. At home

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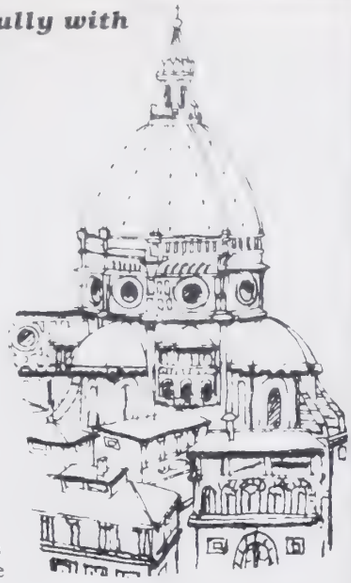

Quant'è bella giovinezza...

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But how fleeting!
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Lorenzo the Magnificent

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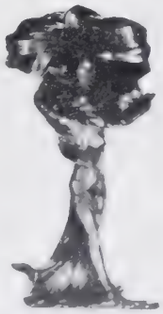

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in Japan, such evening-length solo shows are unknown, since artists consider them too demanding. But for his American public, Tamasaburo was glad to take the gamble.

A VENEER OF LUXURY

Back in November 1982 we published an article on Museum Tower, the fifty-two-story apartment building designed to provide New York's Museum of Modern Art with steady income. The architect is the renowned Cesar Pelli, and the apartments are supposed to be the last word in luxury. But an observant, articulate construction supervisor, who has worked on preparing several of the brand-new apartments, tells our editor-in-chief, "Watch out! The workmanship is really bad."

ITEM: "The teak floors they make such a fuss over are only three-eighths of an inch thick. In some areas, the teak is not properly glued to the concrete. And you can't sand it. Zip, in an instant, you'll go right through to the concrete."

ITEM: "In one apartment not a single wall was plumb; the floors and the ceilings were uneven as much as two and a half inches."

ITEM: "The air conditioning comes in separate units, not centrally. The heating system has no thermostats, just high and low settings. The heating pipes were placed in the outer walls of the building. Last winter, as a result, some froze and busted. In some apartments, the wallpaper had to be entirely replaced."

ITEM: "Between apartments, there is nothing but two-by-three-inch metal studs with five-eighths-inch Sheetrock (sometimes of a double thickness) and a little insulation, just three and a half inches thick. That's not much soundproofing. There's lots of noise."

ITEM: "Some metal conduits in the floors were knocked over before concrete was poured. Now there are places where you can't run electrical wiring without hacking into concrete."

ITEM: "Some of the telephone lines are simply bare wires running through the closets. At the prices some of these apartments bring—up to five million—you don't want naked wires."

Why all these problems? Our expert says, "The general contractor rushed construction and skimped on supervision. They wanted to save a buck."

What to do? Our man suggested that if you're thinking of buying into any other new luxury address in Manhattan, like

the Trump Tower or the St. James, "bring a smart lawyer to the closing. Better still, bring a construction man along with the lawyer. Point out what's wrong before the closing, and they'll fix it. It's worth it.

"Personally, though," he added, "I'd never buy an apartment there."

GRAHAM'S LAW

As explained by Robert C. Graham, Jr., of New York's Graham Gallery, the economics make perfect sense. When there's a sudden rise in prices for the work of an artist whose style looks simple, forgers get busy. The most recent victim of his own success is Thomas Hart Benton, whose enthusiastically primitivist brand of American realism is being ripped off with enthusiasm. To Graham's practiced eye, the fake Bentons (ranging in size and ambition from little drawings and watercolors to large-scale canvases) "stick out like sore thumbs," as in the case of our illustration, *Leaving Home,* by M. Rosenblatt. Bonnie Burnham, the executive director of the International Foundation for Art Research, in New York, cites such intrinsic flaws as lack of detail, poor anatomical rendering, and compositional disharmony—not to mention such extrinsic evidence as patently spurious documentation. Unsuspecting buyers have nonetheless been bilked of over $150,000.

Graham warns that several forgers are at work but predicts that eventually the market for their productions will go soft. As their work gains notoriety, they will have to move on to safer marks, and the cycle will start all over again with another "undervalued" artist.

THE TROUBLE WITH TWYLA

Since the sixties, she has been turning out sensational choreography, but watching her dance can be a real ordeal. That judgment was upheld earlier this year at the

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Brooklyn Academy of Music, where Twyla Tharp and her troupe played their first New York season in over two years. When the stage was left to her disciples—sixteen highly individual and fiendishly accomplished kinetic crackerjacks—there was a lot of superabundant high-voltage beauty. Best of all was *The Golden Section* (1981), in which Tharp's art soars to its dizzying pinnacle with thirteen gypsies (Tharp not among them), all in golden

tatters, hurtling, spinning, sailing through space in a new-minted, free-form state of grace. In the bauble *Nine Sinatra Songs* (1982), seven couples, outfitted by Oscar de la Renta, took turns under a glittering mirrored globe in exhibition pieces that are to ballroom dances what Piaget is to Timex. In our photo, it's Jennifer Way and William Whitener showing their fabulous stuff.

But then there was Tharp herself, spoiling the party in *Sue's Leg* (1975) and *Eight Jelly Rolls* (1971) with her grim, exhibitionistic horsing around. Her footwork was virtuosic as hell, but every time she came out, we wished we were somewhere else. Her fury is so intense, it drives out enjoyment.

That fury has eaten its way into some of her more ambitious new choreography, too. In *Fait Accompli* (1983), in which she appears, and in *Bad Smells* (1982), in which she doesn't, there's not even the dubious comic veneer. Their depersonalized, percussive images of violence are glimpses into the inferno.□

Contributors: Thomas Hoving, J. Thomas Rimer III, Helga Tilton
Edited by Matthew Gurewitsch

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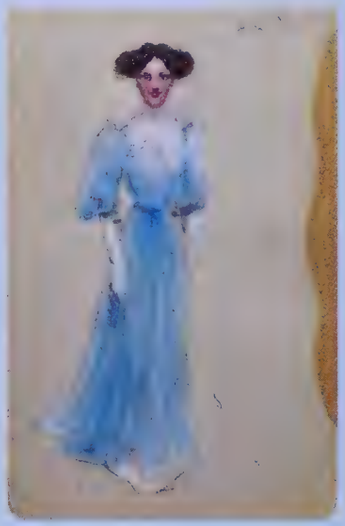

Mme. Billy Will

Billy Will

Schulz

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A QUESTION OF IDENTITY

In the late 1930s, Dr. Max Tamir, then an architecture student, was browsing through books on a Paris quai when he found a small red-leather album. On thirty-three of its pages someone signing himself "E.S." had done a series of vivid watercolor portraits. Many, but not all, were identified with a name lightly scrawled in Cyrillic script. They look like big shots in Saint Petersburg some eighty years ago—statesmen, diplomats and naval officers. But what are their histories? That the album came from England, that E.S. signs himself in Roman script, and that at least six Englishmen are among his subjects suggest that the gifted amateur artist was a member of the British diplomatic corps. Others not shown: Suzanoff, Brink, Doubrof, Koralski, Novitski, Pilli, Obinietz, Teglisson, Titoff, Princes Louvomirsky and Dolgorouki. Can any reader help? □

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